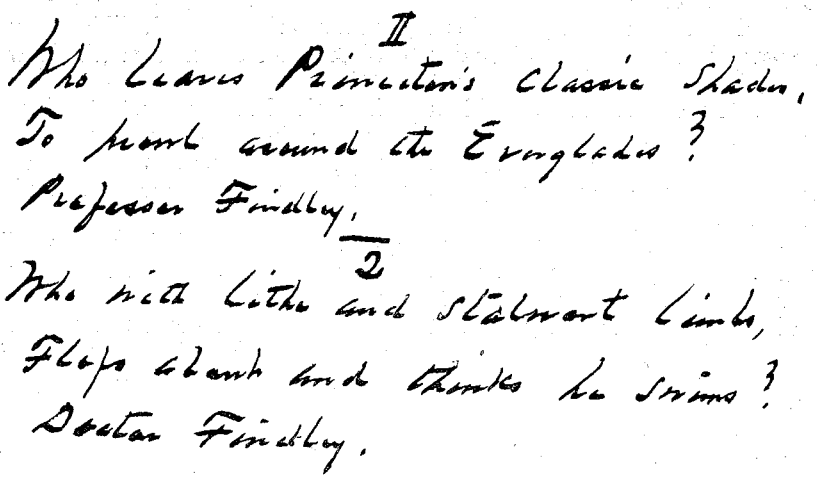
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXI *APRIL, 1927* *NO. 4*

Grover Cleveland

AS SEEN BY THREE FRIENDS

THE ninetieth anniversary of Grover Cleveland's birth was commemorated on March 18 by dinners and other gatherings. It was thirty years ago on March 4th that he completed his second term as President of the United States. The perspective of years is ever throwing into stronger relief the important part Grover Cleveland played in our history. He is seen in his true light as a great American citizen and statesman. He was reticent, modest, unassuming. He had no desire for publicity, and afforded little material for the "human interest" writer. It is our privilege to present here three articles giving for the first time much valuable material on the personal side of the man. They are in no sense estimates of his career, but are intended only to show his delightful human qualities. Mr. Cleveland moved to Princeton upon his retirement from public life, and lived there until his death in 1908. Doctor John Finley, of the New York *Times*, knew him on the campus and in the social life of the university town. Doctor Paul van Dyke was his companion on hunting and fishing excursions. John G. Milburn knew him as a young man in Buffalo, and was his friend until Cleveland's death. Many of the illustrations are made from autographed and presentation material owned by the three authors.



The only poem written by Grover Cleveland.
From an autographed copy presented to Doctor John Finley (whose name he purposely misspelled).

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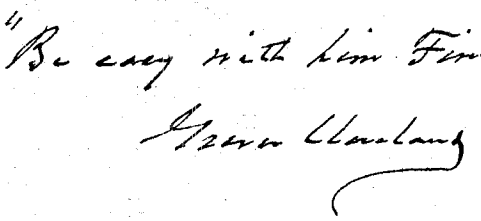
Cleveland—Gentle but Inexorable

BY JOHN FINLEY
Of the New York *Times*



MY personal acquaintance with Mr. Cleveland did not go back of his Princeton days. I went to Princeton from New York one late afternoon in 1900 to hear his first lecture on the Independence of the Executive. It proved a fateful night for me, for not only did I hear this historic lecture, which will always be included in the literature on that subject; something happened which led to a friendship with Mr. Cleveland of far more influence upon my life than his views as to the functions of the executive. I received a message from the Professor of Jurisprudence who, learning that I was in town, asked me to meet him after the lecture. This professor was none other than Woodrow Wilson, under whom I had sat when he was a lecturer at Johns Hopkins University. I was told by him that what then seemed to me a very large fund had been given to Princeton University for the establishment of a Chair of Politics, that he had been asked to recommend some one as the first incumbent, that he had a list of a half-dozen names, and, to my utter amazement, that my name was at the head of the list. So began a chapter in my own life, in which Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson became the two outstanding figures.

It was in the following autumn after I had found the only available house for the year in Princeton, about a block from "Westland," that I was invited with Mrs. Finley to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, he wishing to share with his neighbors (Doctor Henry van Dyke, Laurence Hutton, and Professor Sloane among them) some venison which a brother hunter had sent him. I arrived first among the guests, and found Mr. Cleveland alone. He remembered that we had met before, which greatly surprised and complimented me. Some years earlier I had come from Knox College, of which I was then president, to invite him to make an address at the celebration of the anniversary of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate, which had been held in the shadow of the walls of this college. I had brought a letter from some one, he seemed to remember. I said that I could hardly have ventured to call without an introduction. But from whom? I mentioned the names of one or two men of his administration whom I knew.

"No," at last he said. "You brought a card of introduction from Woodrow Wilson."

I speak of this to illustrate his unusually retentive memory (of which I had many proofs later) and to show how again these two men became associated with my own fortunes.

But that night of the venison dinner was a memorable one for me and my family, for before the evening was over Mr. Cleveland had proposed to build a house for me in one corner of the spacious grounds of "Westland"—in what was once the orchard; for professors' houses were hard to find in that end of town at that time, and I had no prospect of one for another year. I thought at first that he was speaking in jest. But in due time the house was built. When it was nearing completion it was discovered that there was just one defect; the cellar was not quite dry; in fact, there was some water

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in it, and I felt obliged to speak to him about it. So finding him alone in his library one day, I expressed our great pleasure in having for a home such a beautiful and comfortable house and then at last, after considerable hesitancy, I referred to the water in the cellar. Without a moment's hesitation and with a sober face he said: "Well, my dear fellow, what did you expect, champagne?"

And no one ever had a kindlier neighbor. Nor have I ever known a man who was more considerate and less demanding in his relationships or more tender in his treatment of those near to him or more chivalrous. I remember particularly his gentle ways with the children and especially his own. One day in an illness which kept him in his room, I found him in play with his boy Richard, for whom he had made a boat out of a cucumber with matches for masts, and was sailing it in a foot-bath. On another day during the same illness he had himself made a water-wheel for the boy, which he had rigged up so that it was spinning under a stream of running water. Another memory is of his patient, gentle treatment of the same boy when, on the way home in the twilight of a summer's day of fishing up in New Hampshire, the lad had in sleepy carelessness lost a valuable reel of still more valued associations, for it was one that some old friend of Mr. Cleveland's had given him. These are petty incidents, but they tell more of the real inward man than the public deeds and utterances in which he did not permit his own feelings to enter. He was incapable of any brutal or cruel thing, however brusque his manner in the presence of injustice or deceit and however unyielding he was in the maintenance of a position once he had reached a conclusion.

So deep in his nature was kindliness that his resolution and courage in not permitting this disposition to control his public decisions are the more to be praised. He was "firm with the powerful" and "gentle with the weak," but he was inexorable with the dishonest, the perverse, the self-seeking. He was like Lincoln in the processes by which he arrived at decisions, for Lincoln said of himself that in "handling a thought" he was never easy "till he had bounded it North and bounded it South and bounded it East and bounded it West." Mr. Cleveland bounded a subject on all sides before he reached a conclusion; then he was immovable, whatever the effect might be upon his personal or political fortunes. To be true to his conclusion was a moral obligation which was to him unescapable. In fact, he would never think of abandoning it even if there were opportunities for escape. He had been intrusted with an idea, which was as sacred to him as a financial trust. The office was nothing to him. Fidelity to what he conceived to be the right course for his country was everything. What seemed to many to be pure obstinacy was but honesty—trueness to himself, which forbade his being false to any man. And his honesty was not a cloistered virtue. It was an aggressive honesty that evaded no responsibility, asked no quarter, sought no shelter of dubiety in the minds of the public. All who knew him would say with one who knew him intimately through all his years of political stress and strain: "He was the honestest man I ever knew."

This, I know, did not get for him a better fame than Aristides had for all his justness. He had, like Aristides, his period of political banishment and, like Aristides, he hoped that no crisis would ever overtake the people that should compel them to remember him; but he was called back, as was the ancient Greek statesman (who deemed it right that the good citizen should base his confidence on serviceable and just conduct, but for the sake of general safety was willing to make his chiefest foe the most famous of men), and finally he resembled Aristides in that he was free of ambition—a freedom which "is no slight requisite," as Plutarch said in comparing him with Cato Major, "for the gentleness which should mark a statesman." His famous Hawaiian message, which in face of a "manifest destiny" doctrine insisted that there was such a thing as international morality, that there should not be one law for the strong nation and another for the weak, and that even by indirection a strong power may not with impunity despoil a weak one of its territory, was but a mature expression of an innate sense of honesty and justice which showed itself in

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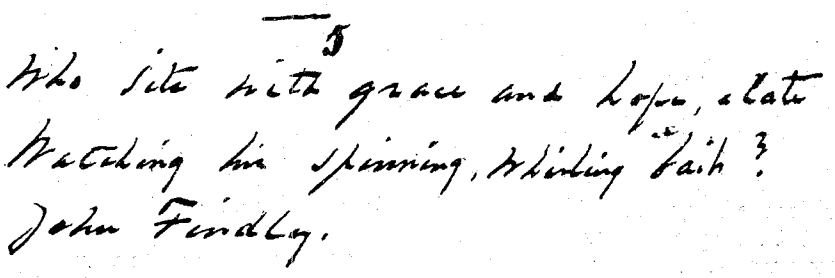
him as a boy in Fayetteville, when he insisted upon returning the egg that a neighbor's hen daily laid on the Cleveland side of the fence.

There was never any equivocation or periphrasis. He went straight toward his objective. The style of his addresses and documents was often criticised as being out of character with his simple Saxon, straightforward way in going at things. But my explanation as an auditor on whom he tried out his addresses in his later years is that this manner of expression was due to his conscientious effort to state with utmost clearness and fulness and with every shade of accuracy the truth in regard to any question as he saw it. That is why he drew so heavily upon the Latin vocabulary. He had to use it in order to be more than roughly accurate. But his purpose was never devious.

Up in New Hampshire there is one monument to this characteristic of his nature. After the death of Ruth from diphtheria, he wished for the family's sake to spend the following summer away from Gray Gables. He asked me to find a place if I could in New Hampshire where my family was to be. This led later to his purchase of a farm for a permanent summer home there. Close to the house there passed a winding road of steep grade. It was one of his first tasks to build a new road straight up the hill. This he gave to the town, and it is now used instead of the old road. At an old-home-week gathering in the town he said to his neighbors: "I anticipate there will be (a hundred years hence) a highway climbing, with easy grade, the steep on Stevenson Hill, which for a century will have made less strenuous the toil of man and beast. Perhaps, according to the new standards of honorable mention I have suggested, it may not be thought amiss to recall the fact that I laid out and constructed it." It turned out to be of easier grade than the old winding road. It is now the "Grover Cleveland Memorial Road," with a monumental wall the length of it. It suggests his way of doing things for his beloved democracy. His life was indeed as a straight road up a hill.

His writings in a semi-serious mood are among the most delightful of essays, especially those on fishing and shooting. I have even one unique composition of his in verse, written in rhyme of nine or ten stanzas, cataloguing in an amusing way my own shortcomings as a fisherman, for I fished with him enough to disclose all the shortcomings that there are, and yet he tolerated me for many delightful days. This was, so far as I knew, the only poem he ever wrote, except a quatrain in Latin. Best of all was his essay, "A Defense of Fishermen," which has a humor all of its own.



Another stanza of the autograph poem referred to on page 339.

My acquaintance with Presidents goes back to President Harrison, at whose side I sat at my first great public dinner. I knew the great heart of McKinley, the world-appealing genius of Roosevelt, the judicial mind of Taft, touched by a wonderful kindliness and good nature, and the penetrating intellect of Wilson; but in sheer strength of character, in clear discernment of right and wrong, in moral fibre, in upright doing, and in downright courage, Mr. Cleveland was second to none of these. He was every inch a President and a man. He had, to be sure,

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to do almost exclusively with national questions. He did not have an "international mind," but he had such an innate sense of justice and such an unalloyed, deep, human sympathy that if he had had to face such international conditions as came with the war, no problem would have resisted the sound analysis of his reason. "He held righteousness the

From a photograph by Doctor Finley.

Mrs. Cleveland on the Grover Cleveland Memorial Road at Tamworth, N. H., 1910.

one law of the world," and he built on the deep basis of democratic humanity.

Modest as he was about his own abilities and attainments, he yet would have stood unabashed in the presence of the greatest of all history. He was often puzzled by the subtleties of those who used words profusely or vaguely, but he was never confused by real issues. He was not, as one has said, either a demigod or a demagogue, but he had the qualities out of which the ancients did create their Titans and demigods. And he was as far from being a demagogue as noonday is from midnight.

He is best characterized by those who were his political opponents. It was Mr. Taft, then President, now Chief Justice, who said of him at the time of his death that he was "as completely American in his character as Abraham Lincoln." It was Mr. Hughes, then a successor of Mr. Cleveland as Governor of New York, and until recently Secretary of State, who, after naming the fundamental principles for which Mr. Cleveland stood, said that "we can never grow so large, and the importance of emphasizing the rule of the people can never become so great, that we can afford to forget those principles that are illustrated in the life-work of Grover Cleveland as Mayor of Buffalo and Governor of New York better than in any other public servant this State has ever had." It was Elihu Root, then United States Senator, who said that, whether one agreed with his views or not, it was "impossible not to find inspiration in the example of a man who could not wait for a safe re-election to do what he believed to be right," and added: "To honor him is to be lifted in spirit; to remember him is to be grateful for our country's happy fortune and to be possessed of a cheerful hope for the future of a people that can

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bring forth such sons." Mr. Cleveland believed in the people and their ultimate decisions. He strove "with all the honesty and intensity of his great soul" to have them go forward with him.

But I think he would have appreciated most the tribute of his coachman, who was accustomed to say of him that he was the finest Democrat he had ever known (the coachman himself being a Republican); but when Mr. Cleveland died the coachman added that he was the "finest man" he had ever known—Democrat or Republican. It was this same coachman who could hardly see the street for the tears in his eyes when he drove the family carriage to the cemetery.

If Richard Watson Gilder, that gentle soul through whom I came to know the kindly as well as heroic qualities of Mr. Cleveland, were alive he would be speaking of him on this ninetieth birthday anniversary and repeating the lines he wrote about him long ago:

"He shrank from praise, the simple-hearted man,
Therefore we praise him. Yet, as he would wish,
Chiefly our praise not for the things he did
But for his spirit in doing. Ah, great heart
And humble! Great and simple heart, forgive
The homage we may not withhold. Strong soul,
Thou brave and faithful servant of the State
Who labored day and night in little things
No less than large, for the loved country's sake
With patient hand that plodded while the others slept!
Unto the hands of one of humble soul
Great trust was laid, and he that trust fulfilled
And rests immortal among the immortal great."

Every year in the village of Caldwell, N. J., where he was born in the "Manse," which has been purchased and is now kept as a memorial house, the anniversary of his birth is observed by exercises in the church of which his father was the pastor. As his centennial approaches, the whole nation should prepare to mark its growing and lasting esteem for him who his trust so courageously, patiently, and nobly fulfilled.

Cleveland's View of Public Life

BY JOHN G. MILBURN
Former President, New York State Bar Association; Former President, Association of the Bar of the City of New York, etc.

WHAT follows is not an attempt at an appreciation or estimate of Grover Cleveland as a lawyer, private citizen, or statesman. That is the province of the biographer or historian, and I am neither. My more modest rôle is to recall, to the extent that I can, incidents in my intercourse with him which, random and disconnected as they must be, may throw some light on the characteristics of the man and his career.

There is a dramatic phase to his career which evokes a special interest, quite irrespective of his public service. To have been elected Mayor of the city of Buffalo in November, 1881, when forty-four years of age, without any previous political experience or public service of moment; Governor of the State in November, 1883, and President of the United States in November, 1884, is an unique and picturesque record which in and of itself arrests attention and curiosity. It was an amazing procession of events. The secret of it is not disclosed in its antecedents. Some day it may be more fully explored; and to such an effort these jottings may be a helpful contribution, however slight.

The period between January 1, 1874, and January 1, 1882, was a definite period in Grover Cleveland's life. It was in January, 1874, when he was thirty-seven years old, that, after an absence of three years from active professional work and a somewhat desultory activity at the bar previous to that time, he and Lyman K. Bass and Wilson S. Bissell formed the firm of Bass, Cleveland & Bissell, for the practice of the law. Bass, about the same age as Cleveland, an able lawyer and prominent in Congress, soon retired, because of a serious illness which required a residence

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in Colorado for an indefinite period. Bissell was a young man of ability with an excellent training in one of the prominent law offices of the city. The firm soon established a varied and growing practice with an important clientage. I was admitted to the bar in April, 1874, and began my professional life in Buffalo with all the accessories of a law office, excepting clients. As a "briefless barrister" I spent much of my time in the courts watching their proceedings, and thereby met, in the course of time, the active lawyers of the bar. Grover Cleveland was one of them, though not engaged in a miscellaneous way in the trial and argument of cases. By 1877 or so our acquaintance had ripened into a friendship and ultimately an intimacy which continued during his lifetime. So much has been written about his professional standing that I shall not add to it more than to say that he was a very distinct personality at the bar, forceful, deliberate, rather slow-moving, impressive, genial; a very earnest advocate, confining himself to the main points in question without any of the arts of the rhetorician; a sound lawyer always thoroughly prepared; a dangerous opponent before either a court or a jury; and wise in council.

In after years I often thought of the impressions I had formed about him at this time in seeking to reconcile them with the course his life took. For instance, it had often occurred to me that he lacked ambition to a singular degree, with respect to both his profession and public life. There seemed to be deeply rooted in him an antagonism to compelling professional demands on a large scale that would seriously interfere with his personal freedom or comfort. He never seemed to be actuated by the desire for a large or impressive practice, either for its emoluments or the enhancement of his position at the bar or in the eye of the public. Such a practice restricts a lawyer's freedom at every turn, because its demands are the first claim on his time. It requires him to come and go wherever he is needed, without regard to his personal convenience or plans. Cleveland's indifference to wealth as such is easily understood, but not so his indifference to professional eminence as evidenced by a conspicuous clientage and the representation of diversified and important interests. My only explanation to myself was that in his scheme of life professional eminence as such was not a controlling factor; but rather such a degree and amount of employment as would produce a sufficient income for all his purposes and leave him free to control fundamentally his time and efforts to his own liking. One illustration of this attitude was that he was always inclined to be impatient if the argument or trial of a case took him out of town to Rochester or Syracuse or Albany, though these are the opportunities of extending a lawyer's contact and acquaintance outside of his own bar and courts. I remember the difficulty I had in persuading him in 1881 to lead me, in the absence of my senior partner, in the trial of an important case in an adjacent county that would occupy four or five days, simply because he would have to be away from home and his usual round of life for that length of time. Another and more significant illustration is, that some time in 1880 or 1881 he was invited to be the senior counsel in the Buffalo territory of the New York Central Railroad Company and other Vanderbilt railroad interests as the head of a reorganized firm which would also be engaged in general practice. No greater opportunity could have been offered to a member of the Buffalo bar for leadership and eminence in the profession. It was an offer that an ambitious lawyer would have seized without hesitation. He gave it long and serious consideration. He asked me for my views, as my firm had an important railroad clientage with which I was in close contact. I was emphatically for acceptance, for reasons which seemed to me to be obvious and unanswerable, as it assured him association with important litigation that was not exclusively local, a much wider contact with the bar of the State, and distinction in the profession. A few days after, he told me he had declined the offer, for the reason that to accept it would restrict his personal freedom in the choice of his work and the control of his time and mode of life more than he could endure, and that it would be more to his comfort and satisfaction to continue on his present line and enjoy the independence it afforded him. It was not inertness that controlled

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his decision, but positive disinclination, because no man could be more eager and thorough in his work or more devoted to it. But it must be work that he could largely regulate as to time, character, and volume. There were apparently no impulses of ambition that swept aside responsibilities and obligations regardless of their consequences.

Looking back, I remember that I had the same impression at that time as to his attitude to public life and public service. He was a Democrat and loyal to the interests and policies of his party. He was partisan enough to have little patience with critics inside his party. I recall a good scolding he gave me for complaining, in the campaign of 1880, that the party was running a soldier on his record as a soldier in the Civil War, which was a device that the Republican party had exhausted and abandoned. His activity in politics was somewhat more than that of the ordinary private citizen, but not much more. He was not identified with the machinery of the party, national, state, or municipal. He did not seek or maintain relations with prominent Democrats throughout the State for political purposes, and, I should say, was acquainted with very few of them. At the same time he was one of the prominent men in the community and highly respected for his force of character, ability, and independence.

In 1881 municipal misgovernment and corruption in one form and another were so rampant in Buffalo that a movement was set on foot to elect a strong, able, and fearless Mayor, and all eyes turned to Cleveland. There was a great work of redemption to be done, and he was deemed the man to undertake it. He could have the Democratic nomination. To get his consent was a hard and prolonged task. He was not indifferent to the claims of public service, but for a long time he stood fast to the position that there were others who would do the job just as well or better than he; that his tastes did not run in that direction; that the claims of his clients were urgent and paramount; and that it was too radical a dislocation of his course of life. There was to him no lure in the prospect of political honors. We gave him no peace, but it was only at the last moment that he surrendered. After the election I had occasion to have a long talk with him, and, though still resenting the disturbance of his course of life, the purport of what he said was, that having been elected, he would do his full duty without fear or favor; but that he would long for the end of his term, when he could resume the life he preferred. There was not the slightest sign of any realization on his part that the mayoralty might be the stepping-stone to fame and a wider sphere of service. If I had been asked at that time for my forecast, it would have been a highly effective administration of the mayoralty followed by a return to a position of dignity and distinction at the bar, adjusted to the largest measure of personal freedom to live the unhurried and simple life he preferred, in which the love of rod and gun would have been no small element. There were, however, latent forces and tendencies that I did not perceive and that it took later events to develop.

My later memories are even more scattering and detached. After his inauguration as Governor in January, 1883, Buffalo ceased to be Cleveland's home, and as I was not in politics I saw him only casually, or in connection with some particular matter, from time to time in Albany, Washington, or New York. There are a few circumstances that linger in my mind and are perhaps interesting for what they reveal. One is the first time I noticed that the political life had taken a hold on him with its new outlook and aspirations, quite inconsistent with his previous dominating attitude. Something latent in the inner man had evidently been set in motion. It occurred in 1882 in the first conversation I had with him in which the governorship was mentioned as a possibility. He minimized the matter at first as merely the suggestion of enthusiastic friends. I thought there was much more to it, as a good deal of organizing was going on and the general situation seemed to be favorable. When we parted, it was plainly visible to me that he was keenly interested. Though reserved in what he said, it was enough to convince me that if a wider public life was his destiny he would not resist it.

There is another incident of the same sort. It was at the Executive Mansion in

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Albany, probably in the latter part of 1883. I was spending the night with the Governor, and he invited three or four of his Democratic friends to join us at dinner. One of them was E. P. Apgar, a brilliant and amusing talker, thoroughly conversant with State politics, and with a wide political acquaintance. Toward the end of the dinner Apgar let himself go in urging an active campaign for the nomination of the Governor for the Presidency by the national convention of 1884. Having thoroughly surveyed the conditions and chances, he marshalled the favoring circumstances with great force and amplitude. After that there was no other topic of conversation that evening. The Governor listened and said little, but that little was sufficient to indicate that he did not regard the discussion as one in the region of practical politics. We occupied rooms separated only by a dressing-room, and in the morning he opened the door into my room with the remark: "What do you think the attitude of the Buffalo delegation would be?"; meaning whether, in view of complications in the local party machinery, it would be a favorable delegation for his nomination by the national convention. This led to a discussion of the political situation in Buffalo and the influences that would control the party politicians. The conversation at dinner the night before had evidently not passed as a dream. On the contrary, it had set his thoughts in motion toward the Presidency. There was not much left of the old scheme of a quiet, comfortable, unadventurous life. The deeper forces and impulses of the inner man had been awakened and were in play.

During his two national administrations our relations continued, enhanced in interest and attraction, after his marriage, by the presence and charm of his beautiful and gracious wife. Such an intercourse of the ordinary social kind does not lend much material for comment or illustration. Two or three incidents, however, occur to me that have an interest as sidelights. One of them indicates his independence in making appointments when he had occasion to resort to it, which did not tend to ingratiate him with influential politicians. On one of my visits, during a general conversation he mentioned a Colorado situation as one of his troubles. The party there was split into two or more factions. The United States district attorneyship was vacant. At that time there were extensive and persistent depredations on the public lands. Vigorous prosecution of the offenders was necessary, which required a courageous and able United States district attorney, free from political influences. No faction of the party had proposed such a man. I casually mentioned a young man practising in Colorado, whom I knew to be not only able, but independent and fearless, and said what a pity it was that one of the factions had not urged his appointment. In saying this, there was no thought in my mind of suggesting his appointment. The President made no comment excepting to ask his name. It was a great surprise to me when, a short time after, the appointment of my young friend was publicly announced.

In the last week of January, 1896, Mrs. Milburn and I were the guests of the President and Mrs. Cleveland at the White House for four or five days. It was the last year of his second term. The national convention for the nomination of his successor was looming up. It was a time of disorganization and confusion in the councils of the Democratic party. There had been deep antagonisms between the President and a bloc of Democratic senators over the legislation of his second term, and particularly the maintenance of the gold standard. The signs of personal estrangements were very visible. The routine of daily work at the White House was the same as usual. But outside of that routine the White House was a quiet place undisturbed by political commotions. It was not a council-chamber of high politics or a centre of influence respecting the future of the party. The last feature of each evening was a long talk when we were alone. It was characteristic of him that there was no room set apart for that sort of intercourse. His office was the place he liked, and there he sat at his working desk and his visitor in an easy chair by his side. He paid no attention to the passage of time. It was usually between one and two o'clock in the morning when he put out the lights, but there were no signs of late hours at early breakfast

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the next morning. His physical endurance was phenomenal. Though he showed in these conversations that he was deeply concerned about the incoherent policies and leadership of his party, with a presidential election so close at hand, it was not a topic he pursued. I urged that he should take hold of the situation by enlisting the co-operation of strong representative men in the party to promote a satisfactory nomination and sound platform: but the only response was a shake of the head. It was a delicate subject to press, because I could not help wondering whether there was a sort of subconscious feeling that a situation might arise out of which there would be an irresistible call for him. He said nothing to indicate anything of the kind. On the contrary, he more than once expressed his gladness that his retirement was so close, and he was all the time in a reminiscent mood, giving me an inside view of the important measures and policies of his last administration, with a strong light on the personalities of the opposition which did not tend to exalt their motives or patriotism. Comparing this visit with others I had made when his administrations were in full swing, I could not but be impressed by the obviousness of the transition from homage in the time of power to almost indifference when the sun was setting.

In our house log there is the following entry:

"*October 9th*, 1903. Bissell's funeral. Met ex-President Cleveland and ex-Secretary Carlisle on their arrival this morning. They spent the day with us at the house and left in the evening for home."

Bissell was the junior member of the firm of Bass, Cleveland & Bissell, formed in 1874; one of Cleveland's closest friends from that time to the day of his death; and his postmaster-general for the first two years of his second administration. The ex-President and ex-Secretary of the Treasury came to Buffalo to attend his funeral. I installed them in my library, where they spent the day, excepting during the funeral ceremonies—the same room where Vice-President Roosevelt received his friends and callers when he opened the Pan-American Exposition in May, 1901, and where President McKinley received his friends when he made his fatal visit to the Exposition in September, 1901. During the day many prominent men of the city, Democrats and Republicans, called to pay their respects. There was a constant stream of conversation, largely on public affairs and conditions. It was an elevating and inspiring day. In the attitude of the distinguished visitors toward the political problems of the time "there was nothing but the motive of public spirit and patriotism." There were no asperities; no prejudices; no party spirit; only a broad, sane, constructive outlook. I heard many comments on the scene afterward, all to the same effect. That is my last vivid memory of Grover Cleveland among his friends.

Wooden law "shingle" from Mr. Cleveland's Buffalo office.
In possession of his son, Richard F. Cleveland.

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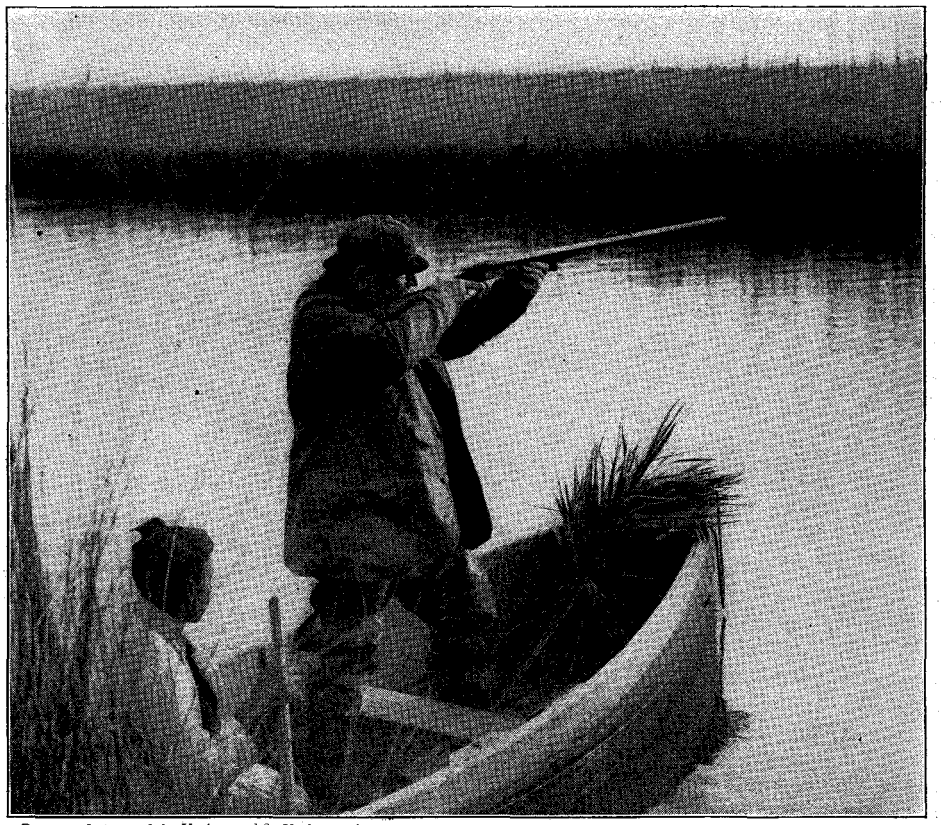

From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Grover Cleveland shooting ducks at South Island, S. C. (His last shooting-trip.)

My Neighbor: Grover Cleveland

BY PAUL VAN DYKE
Professor of History, Princeton University

[All but two of the fifteen incidents or expressions used in this article are recorded, not from the writer's present recollections, but from his notes for a speech made within a few months of Mr. Cleveland's death.]

BEFORE Grover Cleveland retired from public service he was to me only a great name. During the last ten years of his life he became in the fullest sense of the word my neighbor.

It is said that no man was ever a hero to his valet. But I helped Grover Cleveland to put on his ducking-boots before daylight on December mornings and cooked supper for him in the fishing-camp on summer evenings, and the better I knew him the stronger seemed to me the personal qualities that a life of struggle and service had formed in him.

He was humble about himself, and that was a trait hardly to be expected in one who had been so resolute to follow the path he chose. The same tough will that straightened the backbone of Martin Luther before the Diet of Worms was in him. Plainly this man too would have been willing if need were to stand in a minority of one in any assembly in the world. But he was not egotistic.

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People who did not know Grover Cleveland well thought him a silent man, but as a matter of fact, when he was with friends, he loved to talk, and I have heard him discuss every one of those stormy episodes when he denounced the perfidy of his own party, tried to defend the public's money by hopeless vetoes, saved Chicago from riot, kept the Republic from bankruptcy, wrote the Venezuela message, or deliberately published the letter on the tariff which his friends said would bring certain defeat at the polls. In all those talks about crises of his public service there was not a single word or phrase to suggest that the motives which had determined the bent of his will were mingled with pride or touched by vanity. After an explanation of his deep anxieties and careful inquiries during the Chicago riots, he ended, "and I woke up one morning and as I got out of bed I asked myself: 'Did the people elect Eugene Debs or Grover Cleveland President?' And that settled it." The thing that settled it in his mind was neither the wish to beat down opposition, nor wounded dignity, nor a restless desire to do something great—it was the sense of duty developed to the highest degree. None of his intimate friends was surprised to hear that the last thing he said was: "I have tried so hard to do right."

He did not show in his talk at the end of his life the temperament of "a great reformer." On the contrary, he was inclined to be afraid of grandiose plans to bring about in startling new ways a different sort of a world from the one we live in. The fact that he had done his duty in high places and in great crises, never suggested to him to try to remake society or recreate government. If his lot had been cast in times of revolution he would have done the tasks that came to him as best he could. But for large new schemes for changing the entire frame of things he was too humble. "How could a man like me," he once said, "a man without great learning or much experience, go into the White House for the first time and get along at all?" I was silent and he answered his own question: "Well, I'll tell you. The Constitution is so simple and so strong that all a man has to do is to obey it and do his best and he gets along."

Perhaps no man in the service of the Republic has ever suffered quite such bitter abuse. But bitter calumny had not embittered him. Even against those who had stabbed him in the back there was no sign of rancorous desire for vengeance, nothing but the natural anger of an honest man against a liar and the scorn of a fair fighter for a sneak. Upon every honorable opponent, who fought fairly, he looked back with kindness. When President McKinley, who had been so long the leader of the high-protectionists, was murdered, Grover Cleveland made at Princeton a beautiful, simple little speech which showed the fullest understanding of the qualities of his old foe. I was with him on a ducking-trip when he got word of the death of ex-President Harrison, who had fought him in the Senate and beaten him at the polls, but his intimate talk after the news was all praise of the honesty and faithfulness of the dead and the good things he had done for the Republic.

News came one day of the death of a leading advocate of free silver, and as we sat that evening before the fire he said: "(So and so) is dead. He said some awful hard things about me. He must have thought I was a bad lot, and I used to get mad at him, too, but you know even in those days I never could dislike him. He was such an honest old fellow. He wasn't playing politics. He really believed his fool ideas with all his might. He was an honest old fellow."

No great political fighter in our history gained more friendship from the men who fought around him. And you had only to talk with him about his old lieutenants to see why. He had never been a cold-blooded politician with his eye on conventions and votes using the influence of men he picked to gain his own ends, and then forgetting them. His relation to those who in the old Saxon phrase "kept his back" was like that of the Teutonic war-chiefs to their chosen bands—they were his comrades and his friends, and to the end of his days he never ceased to be glad for their triumphs and sorry for their griefs.

It may be strongly suspected that the thing which enabled Grover Cleveland to do what no one else but Andrew Jackson

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From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Grover Cleveland, Richard his son, and Ricky on the steps of their home, Westland, Princeton, N. J.

has ever done, win three times in succession the majority of the votes of the people of this Republic, was just the streak of rich, red-blooded humanity in the politician and statesman which showed on the one side in the iron will and strong anger of the hard fighter, and on the other in the honest humility and simple kindness of the man.

But to one who listened much to his talk during the last ten years of his life his justice seemed as strongly marked as his kindness. From the day when he went out from his mother's house with twenty-five dollars in his pocket to make his way in the world, his life had been one of manly independence. In his last years this was a part of himself and showed in many little ways. When he was nearly seventy and just out of a sick-room he rejected with some indignation the offer of a younger comrade to carry his gun-case out of the

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railroad-car. "No, go away. You've got your own to carry. It isn't fair for you to take mine too." A young man who in the middle of Cleveland's life used to be taken fishing with him told me this story. They were trolling for blue-fish and the boy hooked his first fish. A little astonished by the strong tug at his hands, he called for help. Cleveland took hold, but after a haul or two let go, saying: "No, every fellow in this boat must pull in his own fish."

This independent self-reliance freed his talk and his feeling from all maudlin pity for those misfortunes which men owe entirely to themselves, nor was he prone to offer to his fellow men, even in thought, the kind of help he would have scorned for himself. His talk after he had retired from public life constantly suggested that this trait of his character had supplied, perhaps unconsciously, one of the strong impulses for much of his political action and judgment. For example, it was easy to see that it was one of the deepest roots of his dislike for a high-protectionist policy. Frequently, in talking about it, he showed his belief that it coddled those whom it benefited, trained them away from courageous self-reliance, and taught them to look to the government for help—a help which he believed was often given unjustly at the expense of other people—and especially at the expense of our farmers.

The misdeeds of a man who ground the faces of the poor never failed to stir him to outspoken anger. But he hated the sentimentality that condones cheating when the wrong-doer happens to be poor and the victim rich. I remember his pleasure when I recalled to him this passage from the Bible: "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment: thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the presence of the mighty, but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor."

No ruler of a great nation was ever more deserving of the nickname "the Father of His People," but it was easy to see from his talk on many different subjects why, when governor of New York, he had signed his celebrated veto of the bill to reduce the fare on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad because it was against law and good faith—in spite of the fact that it would have been an advantage to that plain people whom he so truly loved.

Grover Cleveland, like many men of very simple and very deep convictions, had strong prejudices. But there was one way to break through his toughest prejudices in a moment—that was to show him that the subject under discussion was a matter of personal justice to some one. I remember his telling me about an Indian condemned to death in the Far West, who appealed to the Great White Father, saying that his doom had come from perjury and hatred. "They wanted me," he said, "to let some one else look through the papers, but I felt that the poor friendless Indian had turned to me for justice, and I must myself decide what was true and right."

Another marked trait of Grover Cleveland's later years was his strong faith in the good side of human nature. He was a democrat to the marrow of his bones, and he believed in the rule of the people through their chosen representatives. This faith in the people rested on his feeling that, underneath any folly and excitement of the average man, there is common sense and patience and a belief that right ought to be done. In those years when the party he loved and had led to victory was continuously led, by methods he disapproved, to repeated defeats, gloomy thoughts not infrequently ruled his talk for a time, but his indestructible faith in the common sense of the American people always in the end broke through the clouds. For, after all, he felt sure the stronger side of men was their better side, and his belief in the sense and honesty of the people made him trust the destinies of the Republic. Speaking of a certain noted politician of the sort to whom a party is only a machine for winning elections by craft, he said to me once: "The trouble with that sort of fellow is that he is always ready to make the mistake of thinking there is no political force in a moral idea."

The strong man, with a judgment which worked slowly but inevitably like some great machine and a will that overcame his feelings as the tide the waves, had in him traits of gentleness which showed

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plainly in his later years as they had showed in his life to those who got close enough to know him well. He was a faithful friend, sharing both joys and sorrows. Even in regard to the minor goods of life he was not disposed to keep things to himself. When Joseph Jefferson sent pompano from Florida or Ernest Gittings redheads from Baltimore, a brace of fish or a pair of ducks found their way up the doorsteps of neighbors able to appreciate those delicacies. He was very hospitable and loved to see a little circle of friends around his fire smoking some of the good cigars sent him for Christmas. If the mood was light, he often enlivened it more by some story that smacked of the soil. But though he liked stories with a sharp tang to them like roasting-apples or fresh-baked gingerbread, he had no predilection for ill-odored anecdotes. His own humor and the humor he liked most in others was dry and not infrequently took the characteristic American form of solemn exaggeration. For instance, I heard him tell with much appreciation how returning to the White House from a shooting-trip he sent the only swan he had shot* to his secretary Mr. Thurber. Some days passed and he heard nothing about the swan. So finally he asked some one in the office: "Has Thurber said anything to you about that swan I sent him?" "No, not a word." "Well, I'm going to ask him whether it was good." Not long after, Mr. Thurber came in, and the President said: "By the way, Thurber, how was that swan I sent you? Did you find it good?" "Yes, it was a good swan all right. But I don't think we quite knew exactly how to cook it." The profound silence which followed was broken by the question: "How did you cook it?" "Well, you see, we boiled it only twelve hours and I think it would have been just a little bit better if we had boiled it twenty-four."

If the talk was serious around the fire, again and again he would, after listening in silence, hit the nail straight on the head with some concise, hammerlike phrase of shrewd judgment. Toward the end of his life a curious, almost childlike, and altogether lovable shyness made him shrink from going to other houses than his own. But when he was persuaded, as he usually was, to accept the invitation of a friend, he always enjoyed himself hugely and was reluctant to say good-night.

He was devotedly attached to his home and family, and when death crossed his threshold the grief of the strong man was pitiable to see.

He cared little for classic music or art, but he loved the song of birds and was extremely fond of flowers. He had a tenderness toward all children and he more than once said to me: "The hardest of all the things in life that are hard to accept seems to me that little children should suffer." For the inmost heart of the rugged man, the stalwart fighter for the right as he saw it, was gentle, and sensitive to the beauty and tenderness of life.

* This was before the present law protecting swan was passed. Mr. Cleveland was very scrupulous about keeping the game-laws.

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Soldier-Dead

BY GILBERT EMERY

O Beautiful Young Dead!
. . . . . .
Still, still I see them pass,
So gallant and so young, so gay,
Down their bright, terrible and unpremeditated way.
Still, still I see them pass,
Laughter and lightness on their lips—
Each lad a battle-flag that breaks and dips
In morning wind
Full with the Spring and sun and sea and upper hills.
Good lads, clean, strong and straight;
For soon or late
I think Lord Christ forgave them all the sins they'd sinned.
Still, still they pass;
Their beat of marching feet along the street still thrills
In the heart-breaking music. . . .
. . . . . .
Now rest they in the stillness of the earth—
The youth of them, with all their youth's rich seed,
Sane essences of life, denied incarnate birth
In women's wombs;
  Now rest they, well beyond life's need.
Nor lonely eyes;
Nor any voice; nor stars; nor deeps; nor hills
Shall call and they give heed.
The homely light that fills
An evening window; children with happy hands;
Dear women soft and warm
To hold and shelter from the night and storm;
All the familiar dream which lies
Within familiar ken of the bright lands
Of youth—denied.
Lord Christ, be merciful to those that died!
. . . . . .
Still breaks the Spring
And still the orchards bloom;
The twilight valleys flow again
With tranquil tides of blue;
Belovèd birds up-wing
Shrill singing. . . .
  Nights are sweet with rain
And the wet fragrance of sown fields;
Lilacs and sunny morning at the open door. . . .
And Love. . . .
  So the strong loom
Of earth weaves mercifully and new,
And men beget what death shall claim once more.
. . . . . .
O Beautiful Young Dead!

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Two Stories

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Author of "The Sun also Rises," etc.

In Another Country

IN the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds blew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.

We were all at the hospital every afternoon, and there were different ways of walking across the town through the dusk to the hospital. Two of the ways were alongside canals, but they were long. Always, though, you crossed a bridge across a canal to enter the hospital. There was a choice of three bridges. On one of them a woman sold roasted chestnuts. It was warm standing in front of her charcoal fire, and the chestnuts were warm afterward in your pocket. The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you entered through a gate and walked across a courtyard and out a gate on the other side. There were usually funerals starting from the courtyard. Beyond the old hospital were the new brick pavilions, and there we met every afternoon and were all very polite and interested in what was the matter, and sat in the machines that were to make so much difference.

The doctor came up to the machine where I was sitting and said: "What did you like best to do before the war? Did you practise a sport?"

I said: "Yes, football."

"Good," he said. "You will be able to play football again better than ever."

My knee did not bend and the leg dropped straight from the knee to the ankle without a calf, and the machine was to bend the knee and make it move as in riding a tricycle. But it did not bend yet, and instead the machine lurched when it came to the bending part. The doctor said: "That will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion."

In the next machine was a major who had a little hand like a baby's. He winked at me when the doctor examined his hand, which was between two leather straps that bounced up and down and flapped the stiff fingers, and said: "And will I too play football, captain-doctor?" He had been a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy.

The doctor went to his office in a back room and brought back a photograph which showed a hand that had been withered almost as small as the major's before it had taken a machine course, and after was a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and looked at it very carefully. "A wound?" he asked.

"An industrial accident," the doctor said.

"Very interesting, very interesting," the major said, and handed it back to the doctor.

"You have confidence?"

"No," said the major.

There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines sometimes we walked back together to the Café Cova, which was

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next door to the Scala. We walked the short way through the communist quarter because we were four together. The people hated us because we were officers, and from a wine-shop some one would call out, "A basso gli ufficiali!" as we passed. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to be rebuilt. He had gone out to the front from the military academy and been wounded within an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time. They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right. He went to South America and worked in a bank. But this was a long time ago, and then we did not any of us know how it was going to be afterward. We only knew then that there was always the war, but that we were not going to it any more.

We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk bandage across his face, and he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals. The tall boy with a very pale face who was to be a lawyer had been a lieutenant of Arditi and had three medals of the sort we each had only one of. He had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached. We were all a little detached, and there was nothing that held us together except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. Although, as we walked to the Cova through the tough part of town, walking in the dark with light and singing coming out of the wine-shops and sometimes having to walk into the street when the men and women would crowd together on the sidewalk so that we would have had to jostle them to get by, we felt held together by there being something that had happened that they, the people who disliked us, did not understand.

We ourselves all understood the Cova, where it was rich and warm and not too brightly lighted, and noisy and smoky at certain hours, and there were always girls at the tables and the illustrated papers on a rack on the wall. The girls at the Cova were very patriotic, and I found that the most patriotic people in Italy were the café girls—and I believe they are still patriotic.

The boys at first were very polite about my medals and asked me what I had done to get them. I showed them the papers, which were written in very beautiful language and full of *fratellanza* and *abnegazione*, but which really said, with the adjectives removed, that I had been given the medals because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little toward me, although I was their friend against outsiders. I was a friend, but I was never really one of them after they had read the citations, because it had been different with them and they had done very different things to get their medals. I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that being wounded after all was really an accident. I was never ashamed of the ribbons, though, and sometimes, after the cocktail hour, I would imagine myself having done all the things they had done to get their medals; but walking home at night through the empty streets with the cold wind and all the shops closed, trying to keep near the street lights, I knew that I would never have done such things, and I was very much afraid to die, and often lay in bed at night by myself afraid to die, and wondering how I would be when I went back to the front again.

The three with the medals were like hunting-hawks; and I was not a hawk, although I might seem a hawk to those who had never hunted; they, the three, knew better and so we drifted apart. But I stayed good friends with the boy who had been wounded his first day at the front because he would never know now how he would have turned out; so he could never be accepted either, and I liked him because I thought perhaps he would not have turned out to be a hawk either.

The major, who had been the great fencer, did not believe in bravery, and spent much time while we sat in the machines correcting my grammar. He had complimented me on how I spoke Italian, and we talked together very easily. One day I had said that Italian seemed such an easy language to me that I could not take a great interest in it; everything was so easy to say. "Ah, yes," the major said. "Why, then, do you not take up the use of grammar?" So we took up the use of grammar, and soon Italian was such

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a difficult language that I was afraid to talk to him until I had the grammar straight in my mind.

The major came very regularly to the hospital. I do not think he ever missed a day, although I am sure he did not believe in the machines. There was a time when none of us believed in the machines, and one day the major said it was all nonsense. The machines were new then and it was we who were to prove them. It was an idiotic idea, he said, "a theory, like another." I had not learned my grammar, and he said I was a stupid impossible disgrace, and he was a fool to have bothered with me. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand thrust into the machine and looked straight ahead at the wall while the straps thumped up and down with his fingers in them.

"What will you do when the war is over if it is over?" he asked me. "Speak grammatically!"

"I will go to the States."

"Are you married?"

"No, but I hope to be."

"The more of a fool you are," he said. He seemed very angry. "A man must not marry."

"Why, Signor Maggiore?"

"Don't call me Signor Maggiore."

"Why must not a man marry?"

"He cannot marry. He cannot marry," he said angrily. "If he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose."

He spoke very angrily and bitterly, and looked straight ahead while he talked.

"But why should he necessarily lose it?"

"He'll lose it," the major said. He was looking at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and jerked his little hand out from between the straps and slapped it hard against his thigh. "He'll lose it," he almost shouted. "Don't argue with me!" Then he called to the attendant who ran the machines: "Come and turn this damned thing off."

He went back into the other room for the light treatment and the massage. Then I heard him ask the doctor if he might use his telephone and he shut the door. When he came back into the room I was sitting in another machine. He was wearing his cape and had his cap on, and he came directly toward my machine and put his arm on my shoulder.

"I am so sorry," he said, and patted me on the shoulder with his good hand. "I would not be rude. My wife has just died. You must forgive me."

"Oh—" I said, feeling sick for him. "I am *so* sorry."

He stood there biting his lower lip. "It is very difficult," he said. "I cannot resign myself."

He looked straight past me and out through the window. Then he began to cry. "I am utterly unable to resign myself," he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both his cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door.

The doctor told me that the major's wife, who was very young and whom he had not married until he was definitely invalided out of the war, had died of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he came at the usual hour wearing a black band on the sleeve of his uniform. When he came back, there were big framed photographs around the wall of all sorts of wounds before and after they had been cured by the machines. In front of the machine the major used were three photographs of hands like his that were completely restored. I do not know where the doctor got them. I always understood we were the first to use the machines. The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window.

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A Canary for One

THE train passed very quickly a long, red-stone house with a garden and four thick palm-trees with tables under them in the shade. On the other side was the sea. Then there was a cutting through red stone and clay, and the sea was only occasionally and far below against rocks.

"I bought him in Palermo," the American lady said. "We only had an hour ashore and it was Sunday morning. The man wanted to be paid in dollars and I gave him a dollar and a half. He really sings very beautifully."

It was very hot in the train and it was very hot in the lit salon compartment. There was no breeze came through the open window. The American lady pulled the window-blind down and there was no more sea, even occasionally. On the other side there was glass, then the corridor, then an open window, and outside the window were dusty trees and an oiled road and flat fields of grapes with gray-stone hills behind them.

There was smoke from many tall chimneys coming into Marseilles, and the train slowed down and followed one track through many others into the station. The train stayed twenty-five minutes in the station at Marseilles and the American lady bought a copy of *The Daily Mail* and a half-bottle of Evian water. She walked a little way along the station platform, but she stayed near the steps of the car because at Cannes, where it stopped for twelve minutes, the train had left with no signal of departure and she had only gotten on just in time. The American lady was a little deaf and she was afraid that perhaps signals of departure were given and that she did not hear them.

The train left the station in Marseilles and there was not only the switch-yards and the factory smoke but, looking back, the town of Marseilles and the harbor with stone hills behind it and the last of the sun on the water. As it was getting dark the train passed a farmhouse burning in a field. Motor-cars were stopped along the road and bedding and things from inside the farmhouse were spread in the field. Many people were watching the house burn. After it was dark the train was in Avignon. People got on and off. At the news-stand Frenchmen, returning to Paris, bought that day's French papers. On the station platform were negro soldiers. They wore brown uniforms and were tall and their faces shone close under the electric light. Their faces were very black and they were too tall to stare. The train left Avignon station with the negroes standing there. A short white sergeant was with them.

Inside the lit salon compartment the porter had pulled down the three beds from inside the wall and prepared them for sleeping. In the night the American lady lay without sleeping because the train was a *rapide* and went very fast and she was afraid of the speed in the night. The American lady's bed was the one next to the window. The canary from Palermo, a cloth spread over his cage, was out of the draft in the corridor that went into the compartment wash-room. There was a blue light outside the compartment, and all night the train went very fast and the American lady lay awake and waited for a wreck.

In the morning the train was near Paris, and after the American lady had come out from the wash-room, looking very wholesome and middle-aged and American in spite of not having slept, and had taken the cloth off the bird-cage and hung the cage in the sun, she went back to the restaurant car for breakfast. When she came back to the lit salon compartment again the beds had been pushed back into the wall and made into seats, the canary was shaking his feathers in the sunlight that came through the open window, and the train was much nearer Paris.

"He loves the sun," the American lady said. "He'll sing now in a little while."

The canary shook his feathers and pecked into them. "I've always loved birds," the American lady said. "I'm

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taking him home to my little girl. There —he's singing now."

The canary chirped and the feathers on his throat stood out, then he dropped his bill and pecked into his feathers again. The train crossed a river and passed through a very carefully tended forest. The train passed through many outside of Paris towns. There were tram-cars in the towns and big advertisements for the Belle Jardinière and Dubonnet and Pernod on the walls toward the train. All that the train passed through looked as though it were before breakfast. For several minutes I had not listened to the American lady, who was talking to my wife.

"Is your husband American too?" asked the lady.

"Yes," said my wife. "We're both Americans."

"I thought you were English."

"Oh, no."

"Perhaps that was because I wore braces," I said. I had started to say suspenders and changed it to braces in the mouth to keep my English character. The American lady did not hear. She was really quite deaf, she read lips, and I had not looked toward her. I had looked out of the window. She went on talking to my wife.

"I'm so glad you're Americans. American men make the best husbands," the American lady was saying. "That was why we left the Continent, you know. My daughter fell in love with a man in Vevey." She stopped. "They were simply madly in love." She stopped again. "I took her away, of course."

"Did she get over it?" asked my wife.

"I don't think so," said the American lady. "She wouldn't eat anything and she wouldn't sleep at all. I've tried so very hard but she doesn't seem to take an interest in anything. She doesn't care about things. I couldn't have her marrying a foreigner." She paused. "Some one, a very good friend, told me once 'No foreigner can make an American girl a good husband.'"

"No," said my wife, "I suppose not."

The American lady admired my wife's travelling coat, and it turned out that the American lady had bought her own clothes for twenty years now from the same maison de couturier in the Rue Saint Honoré. They had her measurements, and a vendeuse who knew her and her tastes picked the dresses out for her and they were sent to America. They came to the post-office near where she lived up-town in New York, and the duty was never exorbitant because they opened the dresses there in the post-office to appraise them and they were always very simple-looking and with no gold lace nor ornaments that would make the dresses look expensive. Before the present vendeuse, named Thérèse, there had been another vendeuse, named Amélie. Altogether there had only been these two in the twenty years. It had always been the same couturier. Prices, however, had gone up. The exchange, though, equalized that. They had her daughter's measurements now too. She was grown up and there was not much chance of their changing now.

The train was now coming into Paris. The fortifications were levelled but grass had not grown. There were many cars standing on tracks—brown wooden restaurant cars and brown wooden sleeping-cars that would go to Italy at five o'clock that night, if that train still left at five; the cars were marked for Rome, and cars, with seats on the roofs, that went back and forth to the suburbs with, at certain hours, people in all the seats and on the roofs, if that were the way it were still done, and passing were the white walls and many windows of houses. Nothing had eaten any breakfast.

"Americans make the best husbands," the American lady said to my wife. I was getting down the bags. "American men are the only men in the world to marry."

"How long ago did you leave Vevey?" asked my wife.

"Two years ago this fall. It's her, you know, that I'm taking the canary to."

"Was the man your daughter was in love with a Swiss?"

"Yes," said the American lady. "He was from a very good family in Vevey. He was going to be an engineer. They met there in Vevey. They used to go on long walks together."

"I know Vevey," said my wife. "We were there on our honeymoon."

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"Were you really? That must have been lovely. I had no idea, of course, that she'd fall in love with him."

"It was a very lovely place," said my wife.

"Yes," said the American lady. "Isn't it lovely? Where did you stop there?"

"We stayed at the Trois Couronnes," said my wife.

"It's such a fine old hotel," said the American lady.

"Yes," said my wife. "We had a very fine room and in the fall the country was lovely."

"Were you there in the fall?"

"Yes," said my wife.

We were passing three cars that had been in a wreck. They were splintered open and the roofs sagged in.

"Look," I said. "There's been a wreck."

The American lady looked and saw the last car. "I was afraid of just that all night," she said. "I have terrific presentiments about things sometimes. I'll never travel on a *rapide* again at night. There must be other comfortable trains that don't go so fast."

Then the train was in the dark of the Gare de Lyons, and then stopped and porters came up to the windows. I handed bags through the windows, and we were out on the dim longness of the platform, and the American lady put herself in charge of one of three men from Cook's who said: "Just a moment, madame, and I'll look for your name."

The porter brought a truck and piled on the baggage, and my wife said good-by and I said good-by to the American lady, whose name had been found by the man from Cook's on a typewritten page in a sheaf of typewritten pages which he replaced in his pocket.

We followed the porter with the truck down the long cement platform beside the train. At the end was a gate and a man took the tickets.

We were returning to Paris to set up separate residences.

This April

BY BERNICE KENYON

It would take so small a fire to burn me—
  So little water to drown. . . .
I wonder what intrepid forces turn me
  Back to this dreadful town?

Here the lengthening winter broods and lingers;
  No spring breaks here.
And I am sick for seeing the grass's fingers
  Pricking pale and clear,

For seeing in one brief day the sky unclouded,
  For breathing meadowy breath. . . .
Here is only the sound of footsteps crowded,
  Hollow, empty as death,

Over sealed pavements, over the wild seeds springing
  In arid places apart—
Over the sound of terrible futile singing
  Secretly in my heart.

It would take so light a blow to sunder
  Body and hopeless brain. . . .
What can ever hold me now, I wonder,
  Safe in this town again?

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Is the Preacher a Professional?

BY THEODORE WESLEY DARNELL
Author of "Is the Minister a Student?"

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was closing his campaign for the governorship of New Jersey he spoke one night at the Steel Pier, Atlantic City. With his inimitable skill at repartee, he turned a statement that was rapidly becoming a club in the hands of the opposition into a strong weapon of defense. He said: "They call me an amateur. If they mean by the word what we mean in college athletics, I accept the epithet gladly. An amateur in college athletics is one who does not take money for his playing, but who plays for the love of the game." Let me steal the statesman's thunder and say that the preacher is, at least, one man who should not take money for his playing, but who should play the game for the love of the game.

The most noticeable fact about the ministry is that it encourages professionalism. It is quite safe to say that every thinking minister has felt the pull of professionalism. The very garb that he wears immediately distinguishes him from the rest of humankind. And if he does not affect a distinctive dress, his manner of wearing his clothes, his manner of talk, and his manner of walking are sufficiently different to set him apart from men. He is not long in the ministry before he becomes a man of mannerisms. Almost the highest compliment that can be paid a young, progressive clergyman is to tell him how little he looks the part. I have seen young graduates from the theological seminaries blush with joy at such a compliment, even when given by a book-agent who would never think of addressing an older minister other than as "doctor." Nobody knows the foibles and idiosyncrasies of the ministerial mind so well as the book-agent.

It is not, however, with his clothing and his manner that I am concerned. It is with his mind. The preacher has a professional mind. His attitude toward his work is professional. If he speaks to the sick it is as one whose duty it is to do so. His ministrations at the grave are regarded by himself and by the family of the deceased as matters of form. It is the proper thing to have a minister present at weddings and funerals, just as it is the proper thing to join a church in a church-going community. He enters his pulpit in the same frame of mind. Whether he has anything to say or not, he *must* preach about ninety-five sermons every year. These sermons are not as a rule the results of his own spiritual or intellectual experiences, but the gleanings of his reading highly influenced by the particular text of systematic theology which he studied in the seminary. Chiefly they are either a defense of dogmas which he is expected to defend, or they are a collection of very pretty but, for the most part, meaningless essays on topics in which the people have no real interest, but against which there can be no charge of heresy. He must preach something. His salary depends on it, and should he rise in his pulpit and frankly declare that on that particular Sunday morning he had nothing to say, his "official board" would begin to reason among themselves as to the advisability of securing a new pastor, especially since, in all probability, such an honest man would already have made enough enemies to furnish adequate cause for his removal.

Now this sense of compulsion that lurks constantly in the back of the minister's mind cannot be other than an encouragement to professionalism. To preach becomes, therefore, not a glorious opportunity, but something of a bore which comes once a week and intrudes itself into one's study. It is unnecessary to add that a task approached in such a manner is mentally debilitating and morally destructive; and if the ministry tends not to the development of the mind and the spirit

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of the minister but to his mental and spiritual degeneration, it is obvious that the ministry is a menace rather than a benediction. The whole lake, no matter how sparkling the water may appear, is contaminated if the fountain be impure.

The professional attitude influences the minister's whole life. It warps his definition of honesty. Surely, the most important characteristic of a minister's life should be honesty. He is the spokesman of God, responsible not to man or government or church board, but to God alone. Being an "ordained man," and assuming —as he most emphatically does—that his ordination is "of God," he must speak what God gives him to speak—not half of it, but all of it. "The whole truth and nothing but the truth" must be his motto, from which he departs only at the cost of his own self-respect and the confidence of those over whom he has been placed as "shepherd." But he is not in the ministry long before he comes to understand that there are certain subjects upon which he is *expected* to preach. His church is founded on a distinct system of theological doctrine. This system he must advocate. In some denominations he is questioned by those in authority as to his fidelity to this part of his work, and if he admits that he has "neglected" it he is reprimanded. The writer recalls one incident which furnished the group of ministers present not a little amusement. A middle-aged minister was being questioned as to family prayers. He had admitted that he did not have family prayers and was being severely reproved with much stinging sarcasm. The official at last, in great exasperation, demanded why the offender did not have family prayers, whereupon that gentleman replied: "Bishop, I am a bachelor." The event, however, is not always so pleasantly terminated. Many a man is frightened by this whip, and consequently defends the dogmas more earnestly than if he believed them.

Other and more subtle forms of control are employed. For example, on one occasion a prominent minister, whose word would go far toward recommending a young and ambitious minister in seeking promotion to a better church, rose in an official gathering to make a report as a delegate to a national convention of the denomination. After vigorously condemning the trend of ministerial thinking, he concluded his report by saying: "If I had my way about it, I should not permit any young minister to read any book on theology published within the last fifty years!" The writer could not refrain from asking himself what would have happened if these words had been used by a medical doctor in an address to his fellow practitioners. Doubtless, the speaker would have been driven from the platform with laughter. In this case he took his seat amid hearty applause, though a few sly winks were exchanged in his clerical audience.

The minister is even more rigorously controlled by his "flock." Does he have people in his congregation who own stock in a sweat-shop or in a concern which employs child-labor? Will he speak against such forms of inhumanity when he remembers that his salary depends upon the liberality of the individual who owns that stock? Well, perhaps; but when he sits in his study and thinks of his wife and children and their immediate needs, will there not be a tendency to rearrange the sermon so that it will not offend that particular individual? "Oh, there are so many other topics on which you can preach; why speak on that at all?" Such was the answer that a brother minister gave the writer. Suppose that one of the most liberal supporters of the church was the daughter of a man who had made his fortune as the proprietor of a distillery. Wouldn't there be a tendency to speak softly on that subject, though one might wield a big stick on all other topics? Imagine a minister's predicament in Tennessee during the Scopes trial. Would he be likely to advocate the freedom of investigation and the possibility of the validity of the theory of evolution while he looks into the faces of his leading members and realizes that to a man they applaud the action of the Tennessee legislature? Well, he may be that honest, he may follow the divine leading and speak forth boldly the convictions of his mind, but if he does, let him have his grip packed before he preaches the sermon. However, the probability is that he will begin to rationalize his position. In this art of

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rationalization the preacher is a past master. It will not be disputed that the minister, at the beginning of his career, wants to be honest. He is an idealist whose conscience lashes him into honesty. He detests subterfuge and evasion. But he is not long in the profession before he realizes that forth-rightness is impracticable. At once the conflict between these two opposing forces compels him to discover reasons which are only camouflaged excuses. His position is tolerable only by that worst form of dishonesty—dishonesty with one's self. His situation is well illustrated by a conversation which I heard not long ago. Two very sincere ladies were discussing the question of racial equality. Both of them expressed belief in racial equality. One, however, candidly admitted that when she entered a crowded car and came to a seat occupied by a colored person she passed on further to find a seat with a white person. Admitting that such an action was inconsistent with her theory, she said: "Now you, I suppose, would sit with the colored person."

"Oh, no," returned her companion, "I wouldn't; but I have figured that out. I assume that the colored person would be as much embarrassed as I would, and so, to save her feelings, I would go on to sit with a white person."

Obviously, that is a case of rationalization, but not more so than that of the minister who once said to me: "I don't believe in the Genesis story of creation, and neither do I believe in the story of the virgin birth; but it would confuse my congregation if I were to say so. For their sakes I say nothing as to my position on such questions."

Perhaps this position might be laudable if we were living in primitive times, but evidently that preacher has forgotten to observe the fact that books and magazines are filled with questions, that high schools and colleges are asking questions, and that the theatre and motion-picture are asking questions, and that 95 per cent of his congregation are affected by these various agencies. Of course, the position of the preacher is not laudable at all because he is not really thinking of his congregation. He is thinking of his pay-envelope and of the effect that his public espousal of liberalism would have on his "continued usefulness in the ministry."

In addition to the control of his brother ministers and of his congregation, the preacher is subjected to a community control which forces him to be professional despite his desire and determination. Let us assume that a man enters the ministry determined to elude the critics by avoiding altogether those subjects which would bring him into conflict with those who hold different opinions. Let us also assume—though it is almost impossible for one who knows the ministry from the inside to make such an assumption—that he is able to keep clear of doubtful doctrines, as well as escape the control of his superiors and his congregation. He preaches a gospel which save for its negative attitude satisfies his convictions. He refuses to become entangled in the current controversies. He stands nobly for social justice, that is, in an abstract sort of way, for to stand for social justice in any positive manner would mean inevitable conflicts. He cannot, of course, hold the student spirit; for that, too, would introduce conflicts which he has determined to escape, but he follows a sane and helpful ministry which, if it is not enlivened by the spirit of investigation, certainly is enhanced by the absence of controversial preaching. Has he freed himself from the charge of insincerity? Has he avoided professionalism? Not at all, for he will be *understood* as standing for those things which he fails to preach about unless he bluntly denies them, which, of course, he cannot do without confronting the very thing he has determined to be free from. Since conservative theology is accepted as the background of the orthodox churches, he will be understood as holding all that conservativism teaches unless he denies, and denial will bring him at once into trouble with the authorities. The minister is a professional, inevitably. He cannot have the distinction of playing the game for love of the game. He takes money for his playing and cannot avoid the stigma of professionalism.

The professional attitude of the minister springs out of the ceremony through which he is introduced to his work. He believes himself to be "called of God" to preach. This idea was suggested to him

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when he was a boy. His parents, probably very good people who have been unconsciously influenced in their desire for the son's welfare by the social status a minister occupies in the community, have encouraged the boy to "give himself to the Lord's work." He has been fed on the idea that he is separated from others in some mysterious manner. He enters the seminary with a superiority complex. The "call to the ministry" is different from all other calls. It is a divine setting apart. He is not simply a man endowed with teaching ability, devoting himself to religious teaching. He is different. The elaborate ceremony of ordination completes the process of creating a different kind of being, a sort of infallible being intrusted with the magic word that opens to him the eternal verities that remain mysteries to all but those who have felt the "laying on of hands." The possession of this knowledge is not his because of any superior intellectual powers or because of deep spiritual experiences or unusual evidences of wisdom, but because he has been admitted into the sacred rites of ordination. He is an "ordained man." He looks upon himself as specially favored of the Almighty, God's interpreter to men less fortunate. He feels keenly the distinction and resents contradiction. He has become the standardized product of theological training, a dogmatist. From his pulpit, thereafter, he speaks by special sanction. He is a divine oracle and speaks on any subject with equal assurance.

Now it is apparent that such a regard for himself and his position must have a very deleterious effect upon the minister, both mentally and spiritually. It serves to make him an insufferable egotist, a little god in his own eyes. Some dear old lady innocently adds to his grand opinion of himself by approaching him some Sunday morning, after he has preached a sermon satisfactorily to himself, and saying: "Why, when you were preaching I thought I could see a halo about your head." The old lady was perfectly sincere, of course, but if there was any halo about the preacher's head it was probably formed of the emanations of his own vanity.

The deplorable thing about it all is that this class consciousness prevents the minister from coming into intimate contact with those he would like to help. They have temptations which he has never met and with which he knows not how to deal. They have struggles into which he cannot enter. Behind his study doors he applies to these struggles his doctrinaire treatment, thinking that he is offering some valuable assistance to burdened souls. In fact, he is only serving up a new dish to his appetite for self-glorification. His ordination and the professional attitude it creates disqualify him as a genuine minister to humanity. Let him get out of his cleric's robes. Let him take off that high vest and back-buttoned collar. Let him escape from his position of cloistered security, and by the sweat of his brow earn his bread, dependent, as other men are, upon the economic condition for the continuance of employment. Let him face the challenges of every-day life away from the shelter and the sweet protection of his profession. In short, let him come into contact with the hard, stern life of the world where men reckon achievement and worth otherwise than in terms of belief in ancient shibboleths. Then he will know the problems of life in such a way that whatever advice he offers and whatever sympathy he gives will be straight to the point and eagerly listened to. But then, too, he will probably be less inclined to give advice, less inclined to preach and more disposed to recognize the inevitable limitations of human nature. All this first-hand knowledge of life is denied him as a minister. As a preacher he says to the discouraged man: "The Lord will provide." As an outsider he will discover that the Lord is a mighty good provider when provisions are not needed, and that when they are needed it is a pretty good plan to forget the obligation of the Lord to provide for his elect, and get out and dig. The Lord's provision for his elect is not so obvious to the man in the street as it appears to be to the man behind the pulpit.

Perhaps I have been too drastic, too sweeping in my criticism. Perhaps there are men who have escaped all the influences to which I have called attention, and who, therefore, remain sincere interpreters of the divine will. I have no

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doubt that there are a few who by reason of favorable conditions are able to maintain control of themselves and be exponents of the highest ideals. Men who are financially independent and who are socially sympathetic may have that freedom and courage that will enable them to strike deep and let the chips fall where they may. But few, indeed, are thus situated. The financially dependent man is at the mercy of his masters. He will be either a professional or a bolter. And since the vast majority of ministers are economically dependent, the majority will sink into professionalism as man's remote ancestor sank back into the water. That was a rare and fine spirited beast that first elected to risk itself on land. He was the ancestral spirit of Jesus, of Hus, of Gandhi.

It is my observation that the ministry divides itself into two classes: the one class obviously professional but quite unconscious of the fact; the other, cognizant of the danger, constantly harassed by it, and struggling against it with but little assurance of victory. There is a third class which recognizes the influences as too deeply intrenched to be overthrown. These, a growing number but still a very small minority, are gradually leaving the ministry in order to attain a position of intellectual and spiritual freedom. They are seeking a chance to be honest and to serve human needs without endangering their own mentality and spirituality—a chance to be, first of all, men, then ministers, ordained by no imposition of clerical hands, but ordained by an urge to fellowship with others, like themselves, humble seekers after "the light and the truth." They are not ceasing to be ministers; they are ceasing to be professionals. They are refusing to continue an alliance with any institution which requires, either publicly or secretly, a vow to believe to-morrow what they believe to-day. They are demanding the right to study spiritual life as carefully and as frankly as the scientist studies the wrigglers in a jar of slime or the constellation in the grand arch overhead. They are willing to affirm neither theism nor atheism as a settled question. They regard the matter as a quest. They refuse to think of religion merely as a restraint. They insist that it is an adventure.

Such a ministry, liberated from the entanglements of antiquated formulæ and freed from the control of economic dictation, is bound to supplant and destroy the fossilized forms which corrode the soul of the idealist, not by fighting over those forms but by forgetting them and looking away to the hills whence another day's sun is lifting its glow, and by bringing to the hungry human soul the dear assurance of a real kingdom of brotherhood among men.

Destiny

BY LOUIS DODGE

I AM a harp in a high silent attic
  At the top of dusty stairs,
Where always a dead calm reigns, or the erratic
  Stirring of vagrant airs.

Down in the street you pass, lonely and musing,
  The power to strike great chords in your rapt gaze;
But on you pass with the throng, swift and confusing,
  Down the world's empty ways.

Never for you the rapture of eager climbing
  Up to my attic high,
And for me only the ghostly chiming
  Of great songs that must die.

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The American Countryside

BY HARVEY M. WATTS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

IT seems to have escaped the critical eye of many observers who seem to be ready to accept a very small and undetermining part for a very large whole that the great ellipse that runs from one focus, Portland, Maine, to the second focus, Washington, D. C., with its longer axis along the Piedmont divide, parallel to the coast, contains within its varied surface at the present day the most supreme appeal in the way of beauty of rural landscape that this hurrying globe knows. Even in this automobile age, when the many (as well as the expert few who have a deep knowledge of the significance, the dignity, and the nobility and the rare charm which this region reveals and exhales) are more or less aware of its superficial scenic features, the real glory of the American countryside is not realized as profoundly as it should be, though beautifully revealed by the rustic and placid externals, the garden reaches, the cultivated and fallow fields, the woodland vistas, the river valleys, and the lakes, and the mountains of this tremendously important population ellipse! It is a region that can challenge any other section of the temperate zone, about which rural loveliness has been predicated by poet and painter, and win most easily. In extent it has a little more than the actual area in square miles of England. It ranges from the sea-washed rock ledges of Maine to the southern part of New Hampshire and Vermont, reaches Albany and the upper Hudson and the Catskills, all southeastern New York and the northeastern extensions of the Alleghenies, as it swings down in Pennsylvania through the Wyoming Valley and the Susquehanna and the Juniata to the southern focus, taking in on its southeastern side all of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and most of Delaware and eastern Maryland, and, of course, the most important region of all from the point of view of the sheer ravishment of a countryside that is almost theatrical in its beauty, all southeastern Pennsylvania!

In this enchanted ellipse the characteristic aspects range from the most concentrated urban appeal—since, despite its fastnesses, in population it is overwhelmingly urban with nearly thirty million people, representing, in their highest aspects, a civilization of such refinement and elegances as puts the whole world in tribute to satisfy the needs and supply the luxuries that flow to it as if drawn by some overwhelming magnet—to the suburban, while the tributary rural districts, varying in topography and in climate, reflect a "New World" beauty which is the result of natural conditions and of a settlement cultivation running back for three hundred years. These intermediate districts themselves interlock with and impinge upon the wilder and more picturesque areas which, whether they be the mountains and lakes of Maine, the White Mountains and lakes of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains and lakes of Vermont, the Adirondacks and the Catskills and the Alleghenies and their subordinate ranges, such as the Highlands of the Hudson and the Berkshires, or the sea, on the rocky south side of this ellipse and the great river valleys, all are part of a huge decorative background, as it were, for what even a conservative view-point must consider one of the most amazing population centres of the earth. The socio-natural contrasts even within what might be called the rural, as well as the city, sections of this great ellipse are of a most extraordinary character. On the one hand taste, wealth, and luxury have everywhere crowded homes, villas, country houses, and country clubs, which have

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commanded and evoked beauty and invested themselves with the finer amenities that ever concern themselves with the poesy of all outdoors; and, on the other hand, there are still the primitive stretches of sparsely settled communities, the untrodden woods, and the gloom of the forest primeval. One easily recalls, for comparison, in sweeping along the roads, be it by wood, or lake, or sea, the Imperial Roman period when from Pliny's numerous villas at Como to Caligula's palace at Capri every outlook was seized upon to yield the "bella vista," yet the general countryside with us, with its greater simplicities of home- and farm-side, not forgetting the incredible loveliness of the college-side and the school-side, is redolent of the kind of thing that years ago gave palm for rural picturesqueness to northwestern Europe and, particularly, to England itself. It is this truly rural and garden-like aspect of the countryside in this great ellipse which is worth while thinking about. For one hardly needs to take a brief for the greater and more extended and sublimer aspects of American scenery that have had their enthusiasts and apologists, whether one is dilating over Niagara, singularly out of fashion these days, or the Yellowstone National Park, or the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, or the Yosemite, or the Rockies, or even the great plains and the very mesas and deserts themselves. But, speaking of rural scenery only, one must admit that the countryside of England and the Continent, whether it be picturesque or otherwise, has an easy handicap of advantage in the glamour that belongs to all historic regions that are supersaturated with what might be called the overtones of human association. One, indeed, could well agree with Rupert Brooke that the Canadian Rockies, or our own, possess less interest for us than the Alps, since they, the Rockies, are almost a mere concrete panoramic appeal of rock and tree and ice, without the slightest element of human association to give them what might be called the literary value that belongs to the Alps by reason of their every aspect being shared by the great deeds of men and the peoples of all times running back to the very dawn of civilization; Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon give the most rugged vistas a magic that counts and cannot be duplicated.

However, in this inevitable comparison with this older humanized landscape, which is held up to us as the very model of all that is beautiful, those who dispose of the American rural countryside in one sentence, and declare it "insignificant"—after viewing it apparently from the ugly suburban reaches of Long Island City and Far Rockaway—seem to forget that while the European and English landscapes considered as a whole enjoy this tremendous advantage of human associations, there is, also, another accidental advantage on the other side, which comes from climatic effects and particularly from the lighting effects of the high northern latitudes in which all those countries lie, the beauty of whose gardens, of whose greenswards, of whose woodland vistas we are continually hearing. Except in the mountainous regions not only is the European landscape an arranged and planted landscape, but these arranged and planted landscapes, planted and replanted for over thousands of years, and more than ploughed and watered with human blood and legendary associations, in the northwestern region are suffused with moistures and the mists, the low clouds and the frequent rains of an oceanic climate. Consequently, every aspect of landscape, even when most literal and commonplace, has an atmospheric glamour—misinterpreted by the casual as a subjective poetic effect—that comes from a low range of color and an indefiniteness of outline due to the absence of the sun and the prevalence of mist and fog and haze. Look at the contrast in latitudes, for, although latitudes do not condition climate, they do fix the place of the sun in the sky and all those effects that go with a high or a low sun! For instance, Avignon, in southern France, in the "Sunny South," as they see it, is in the latitude of Mount Washington. Moreover, all northern France, and all of England, Belgium, and Holland are many degrees north of the northern boundary of Vermont. England begins at latitude 50 north, and the famous lake region in England, praised by all the minstrels, is ten degrees further north than the waters of Lake Champlain that

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lave Plattsburg. All these high latitudes of Europe, and it is the Europe in which landscape-painting has reached its highest development, have a very low arctic sun, even in the summer-time, with consequent long twilights, long dawns, long shadows at all times, the crepuscular and the gloaming effects never being very far away even from high noon, with a silvery diffused light from the ever-present clouds; while astronomic and climatic factors have brought it about that what is considered "the thing" in landscape-painting abroad is merely a matter of the literal external recipe, which, when depicted, passes for the effects of mood supposedly originating within man himself. The American countryside, which lies wholly within the lower latitudes, under a continental climate, cannot expect to equal these atmospheric enveilments. Yet it is this climatic softness of the other side, with its gray-green distances, its wet rain-washed foliage, its masked aerial perspective, that has been more or less the fashion in landscape art for many years. For under such climatic conditions even the most commonplace outlook takes on the character of a Corot or a Whistler, while it is the low sun that gives those remote enchanting prospects where "the long light shakes across the lakes" that we all grew up on in art and literature, and, thinking of which, we find our own scenery too near, too strong, too bright, too hard of outline.

But, surprising as it may seem, even with these disadvantages, climatic and historic, the fact of the matter is, that the inherent and developed beauty of the eastern American landscape has come into its own and magnificently. This is not only proved by the unimpeachable evidence of the ravishing reaches found everywhere throughout this great ellipse—those around Williamstown, Mass., Raymond Recouly, the French publicist, noted, were "a caress to the eye"—but by the extraordinary fact, not dwelt upon by foreign observers, that it is through the interpretation of this scenery that American landscape art has triumphed in presenting the vernacular in terms of a real poesy. The American painter has done this despite the lack of a literary glamour and, more than that, despite the rather refractory effects of the high sun, clear dry air, tremendous contrast of color, vivid sunshot green against blue skies of great intensity, of snow, under deep blue, glittering in a winter sunlight with a brilliancy that is unknown in northern Europe. These effects, quite unlike the gray vistas that have been accepted as the test of mood and subjective beauty in Europe, have made the way of the American painter and the American poet a hard one, but that both have triumphed without the adventitious aid of the legendary and mist-touched glamours, which Europe evokes to save the most commonplace of natural surroundings, is a double triumph and is shared by the landscape itself. Yet it is not wholly without its traditions or its humanizing aspects. The New England school of poetry, with Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell in the van, has celebrated its natural beauty and they knew it and loved it; and the Middle States writers, with Bayard Taylor glorifying the Kennett country, have not been far behind, with Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper throwing a golden veil of romance over the valley of the Hudson and the Catskills of such a character as not only to affect our imagination but also to give a rich literary background to one of the most admirable periods in American landscape art, the panoramic work of the early Hudson River School. This school of Cole, Durand, and Kensett and their followers, not only builded better than they knew for themselves, but, through the influences that finally produced an Inness, brought about that continuity in American landscape art that has needed nothing of the older schools of Europe to give it traditions or a reputation in the face of an achievement that has even dispossessed and supplanted the works of the Barbizon School in the current art sales in the auction galleries.

But what are the elements of this rural beauty with us that give our landscapes significance plus whatever value any vista gains from the human relationships of three hundred years and the historic and poetic incidents with which individual places are associated? In what does the American scene differ from rural Europe? Well, in a greater variety and wealth of

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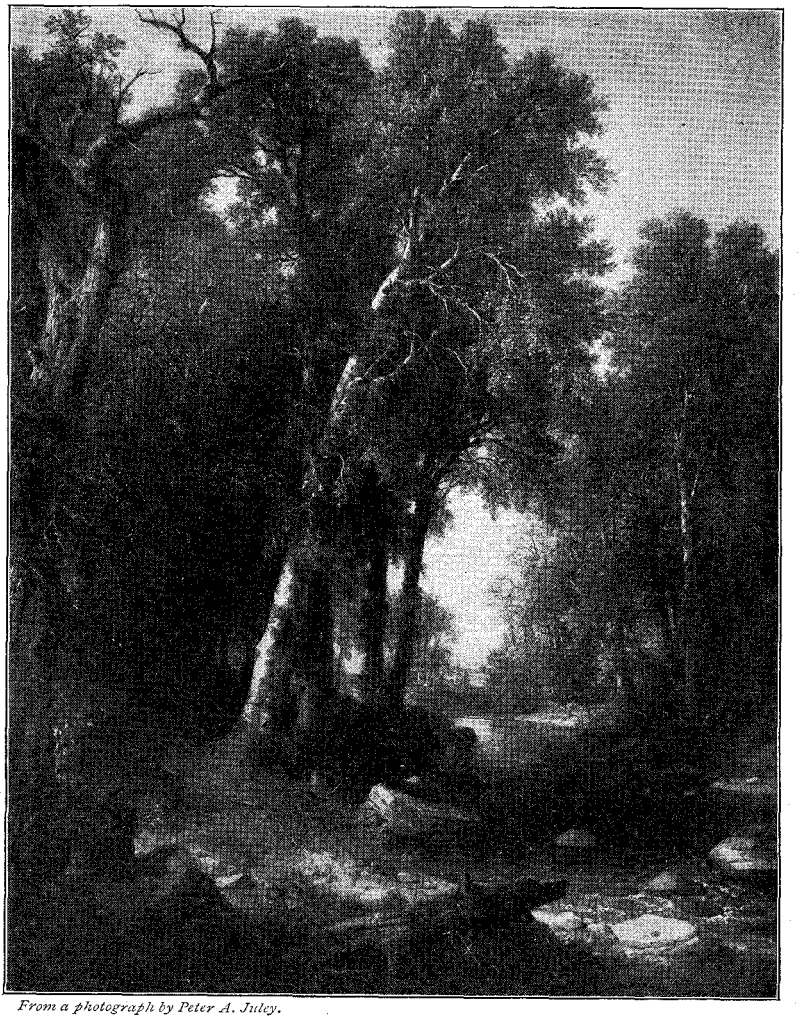
tree life, a more varied surface, and, above all, an amplitude that even the most closed-in section of glen or gorge or valley cannot conceal. In the first place, one great distinction of the landscapes in this with us climbing the highest trees and dowering them with a canopy and cascade of rich foliage and swaying tendrils. In fact, the vine over there is cultivated and is kept down—cribbed, cabined, and



From a photograph by Peter A. Juley.

"Woodland Brook"—a reminiscence of the Catskill Clove.
Painted by A. B. Durand.

Portland-Washington ellipse is the pervading grace that abounds in the wilder reaches as a result of the embowered effects of the wild grape in glen and creekway and the other vines with which the American flora are enriched, but which are not native to Europe and are not the key-note of the European landscape. For it is to be remembered that the grapevine in Europe is not seen in the wilds as confined—in the fields and on the terraces for utilitarian purposes wholly, and, in a large part of Europe, in the colder and rawer climates, it is unknown in garden or in forest. With us the wild grape is one of the most extraordinary features of our natural scenery. If Hobbema's famous painting "The Avenue" with its neat lines of pollarded poplars and tight vegetable-gardens tells the story of the arranged Eu-

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ropean landscapes, the very key-note of our own landscape in the wilds is Daniel Garber's painting, "Towering Trees," medalled and secured by the Chicago Art Institute in 1911, which, indeed, might be well named "The Clambering Vine," since Garden of Eden. The vines, indeed, add a unique touch to the American countryside; and if a roadside in June, when the wild grape is pouring forth its spicy odors, sweeter than those of "Araby the blest," under a full moon, coupled with the aroma

Courtesy of W. Vivian Chappel.

"Towering Trees." Landscape owned by the Chicago Art Institute, in which Daniel Garber strikes the characteristic key-note of the Delaware Valley scenery.

it depicts a familiar aspect of the Delaware River Valley scenery, tall buttonwoods, entwined to their very tops with the tendrilled grapes. The painting, with the mirror-like canal in the foreground and the rushing river and the great hills in the background, represents that rural loveliness and picturesqueness inherent in the works of the so-called Delaware Valley School of painters, with Redfield as the great interpreter of the winter scenery in the same region; of which school it has been said that they have made the farmlands of Bucks County take on the characteristics of the legendary glories of the of the honeysuckle and the resinous breath of the sassafras and the spice-bush and the poplars and hemlocks and junipers and the hickories and magnolias and the sweet fern, be not enchantment, then there is no enchantment anywhere on this earth. If the Hobbema picture, too, suggests on the part of Europe a certain economy in trees and a scarcity of species, which is true of all the planted landscapes of England and the Continent, despite the reputation of the oaks and elms and beeches and lindens and ash-trees, it must be said that when H. W. Nevinson ran home to England in order, so he said, to

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"The Avenue, Middelharnis," by Meyndert Hobbema.

"see trees and not saplings," if he had but bestirred himself from the saplinged purlieus of Manhattan and had visited New England, New York, or Pennsylvania, he would have been unable to overlook trees that are not only worthy of having inspired Joyce Kilmer's poem on "Trees," but are veritable, even venerable, glories in themselves. The American elm, to take a notable case, cannot be overpraised for its compelling beauty. Our own species is in every way a much more beautiful tree than the English elm, which has figured longer, however, in literary history. The English elm is a broad, heavy, sturdy tree, branching at right angles near the ground, and is rather like a low beehive in its outline, while the American elm is lithe and svelte, and soars into the sky, feathered as to its bole, with that wonderful fan-like effect that in the most perfect specimens gives an outline of such rare design and proportions, the very beauty of a perfected symmetry, as might have been invented by the most consummate of artists. In some, the papyrus or ostrich-plume effect, conventionalized as it were, with the pendulous hanging branches, when seen in silhouette reaches almost the balanced patterned tracery of an interlaced mural decoration. Then the familiar vase form in which the boskage is carried as if it were a lovely bouquet with a trail of greenery cascading over the edge of the central masses is most characteristic. And as one sees these great elms, all through New England and in the valleys of the Hudson and the Delaware, it seems incredible that any scenery in which they play the determining part can be called "insignificant" if the ordinary meaning of "insignificant" be attached to the quoted word. One, indeed, must wonder at the blindness of visitors from the other side as to what are the elements of beauty in the American landscape. And yet that they have a blind spot is shown by Hilaire Belloc in his commentary on the United States, entitled "Contrast," in which he proves himself to be one of the fairest and most sympathetic of our interpreters; but he almost expresses horror over the Charles River, quotes another foreigner as

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saying our rivers are merely "places with water in them"—the Hudson forsooth!—and, himself, almost gets irritated over what he calls our ugly "Y-shaped trees," in sparsely forested panoramas—in this instance all too evidently referring to our elm-trees, which one would suppose he would rhapsodize over.

"The Road to the Mill." Typical Delaware Valley village scene.
Painted by E. W. Redfield.

But the elm is only part of our vernacular wealth in trees which make for the abounding beauty of our roadside and homeside vistas. For if the elm excels in some places it is replaced in others, even in New England, by the glory of the sugar maple; and when these two may be wanting or may be in the unique combination of friendly roadside competition then the American woods can call on the tulip-poplar for a greater significance, since the tulip-poplar is one of the most superb trees that any country or climate has ever produced, not only unique in its blossoming time in that it carries the calyxed loveliness of the greensward in the shape of tawny tulip-like flowers high in the air, but also for its size and its candelabra-like symmetry of the branches of the finest trees, seen at their best in the silhouette of the winter-time. Its extraordinary leaves, of the sunniest gold-green in the summer and of the purest yellow-gold in the autumn, are in themselves a great contribution to beauty that clothes itself in foliage; though be it remembered that the older condescensions of our British friends, expressed through Ruskin, held it that the tulip-poplar was an ugly tree because its leaf was not a Christianized Gothic leaf in its outline, since, unfortunately for this glorious species (that is unfortunately as Ruskin saw it), the palmate leaf of the tulip-poplar is flat at the top, sometimes with a re-entrant angle, and does not have the converging curves and point of a Gothic arch, which Ruskin held any true Christian leaf must have to be admired by him or his followers! And in this matter of the comparative significance of American versus European tree effects, in which we score heavily with our own splendid "New World" genera, it is also overlooked that

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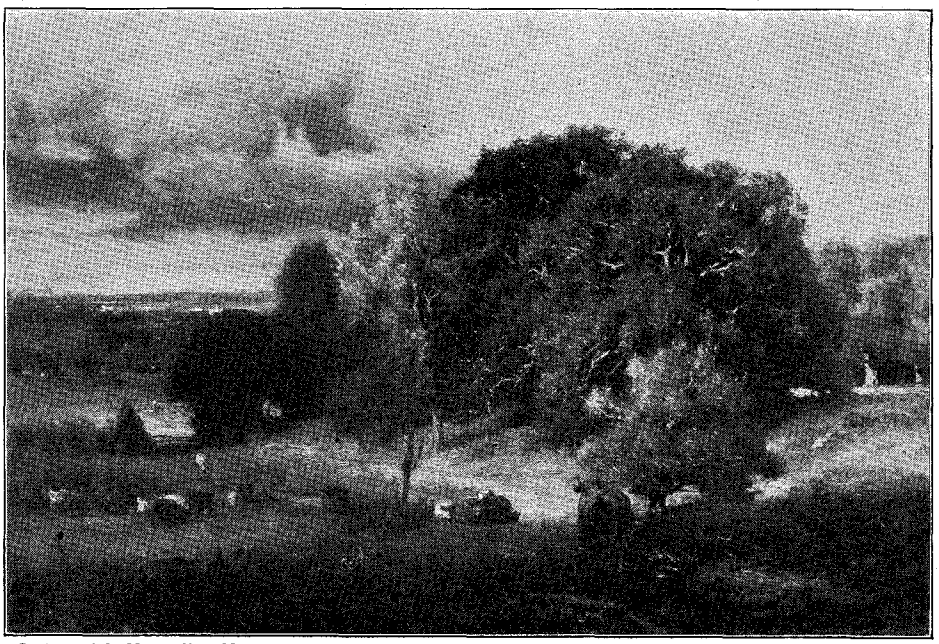
the supposedly local beauty of European tree vistas is often due to the fact that an American tree is the cause of the charm, since the locust (Robinia), indigenous with us, has quite conquered Europe as a tree for avenues and garden effects. It is thus used at Chenonceau and all through France and England and Germany, and been naturalized in Europe and is a decorative feature of the gardens of Venice, of Italian villas, of German parks and parkways, the Kaiser Wilhelm monument in Berlin being almost covered by it, while the romantic outer aspect of Luther's and Tannhäuser's castle, the Wartburg at Eisenach, is due entirely to the Virginia



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

"Autumn Oaks," by George Inness.

even in Italy, where it is much tortured on the many sun-heated piazzas to make topiary effects; while those who prate about the "local" characteristic effects of the Mediterranean garden reaches also forget that the cactus and the agave, that figure there as native plants, came from America, though the picturesque combination of these two with the yucca, also from America, is supposed to be wholly local, Latin, and Oriental. And they also forget as they praise the sombre beauty of the evergreen ivy, when they are thinking of the romantic splendor that

> "falls on castle walls
> And snowy summits old in story,"

that part of the splendor in the autumn is due to the Virginia creeper, an American vine that gives a glory to many other autumns than our own, for this vine has creeper, loosely green in the summer and crimson in the fall. But in our case we have not only the Virginia creeper but a baker's dozen of native vines, such as the wisteria, trumpet creeper, moon-seed, wild smilax (cat-briar), climbing rhus (poison ivy), climbing bittersweet (wax-work), climbing fumitory (Allegheny vine), the various honeysuckles, clematises, and the wild grapes differing picturesquely in leaf, flower, and berry throughout the changing seasons, to give that entrancing character to the fence-ways and the copses so familiar to us all. And this phase of tree and vine reaches its most decorative feature when one sees the red cedar, the juniper, bronzed and stately, almost equalling the cypresses of the Tuscan hills in evergreen beauty, festooned with the grape, the climbing rhus, bittersweet, and the Vir-

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From a photograph by J. B. Carrington.

A typical New England "Elm Street," Wallingford, Conn.

ginia creeper as a riot of color contrast in the late autumn, or, again in the spring in strong outline against the white drifts of dogwood blossoms. The latter, a tree all our own, is of such ingratiating beauty that when Walter Crane, the English decorator, saw it in a design he was ravished at its charm and never ceased his quest for it until he saw it in full bloom against a Pennsylvania hillside in the gorge of the Wissahickon, lovelier than the Vale of Tempe itself, though confined within the bounds of a great city.

One would like to dwell on what some of the choice aspects of the picked places within this great ellipse reveal. There is Boston, that from the shade of its Common carries you out to Blue Hill, miles away, with ever-present greenery, and makes the whole countryside tributary to its parks and parkways. And that all this vast region has the most romantic possibilities is shown in the extraordinary beauty of the publications, out-of-door and garden books, magazines, and what-not, that are devoted to the American countryside, the very advertisements in themselves telling a story of charm in house and surroundings unequalled anywhere in Europe; and it is no insignificant thing that there is now coming out a series of photographic booklets devoted to the beautiful this and beautiful that, since the choice of beautiful scenery to photograph is bewildering as to quantity and quality. If, indeed, all the arranged and planted and protected areas of this great ellipse be linked together, if one will but add up all its beauty spots in the shape of the Berkshires and their approaches, the valleys of the Mohawk and the Hudson, the Susquehanna, the Juniata, the Delaware, and the Connecticut, it will be found that you will have an aggregate of loveliness, whether a panoramic beauty be your test or the more exquisite effects of the intimate countryside, the "paysage intime" of the French, that will more than equal in area the picked places of northwestern Europe or even of England itself. It is a delusion that all England is beautiful, and that all its vistas are worthy of a Constable or a Morland in painting or a Wordsworth or a Tennyson in poetry.

From Emerson on down through Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Richard Grant White, and Henry James, we have ever been sedulous in our admiration for those

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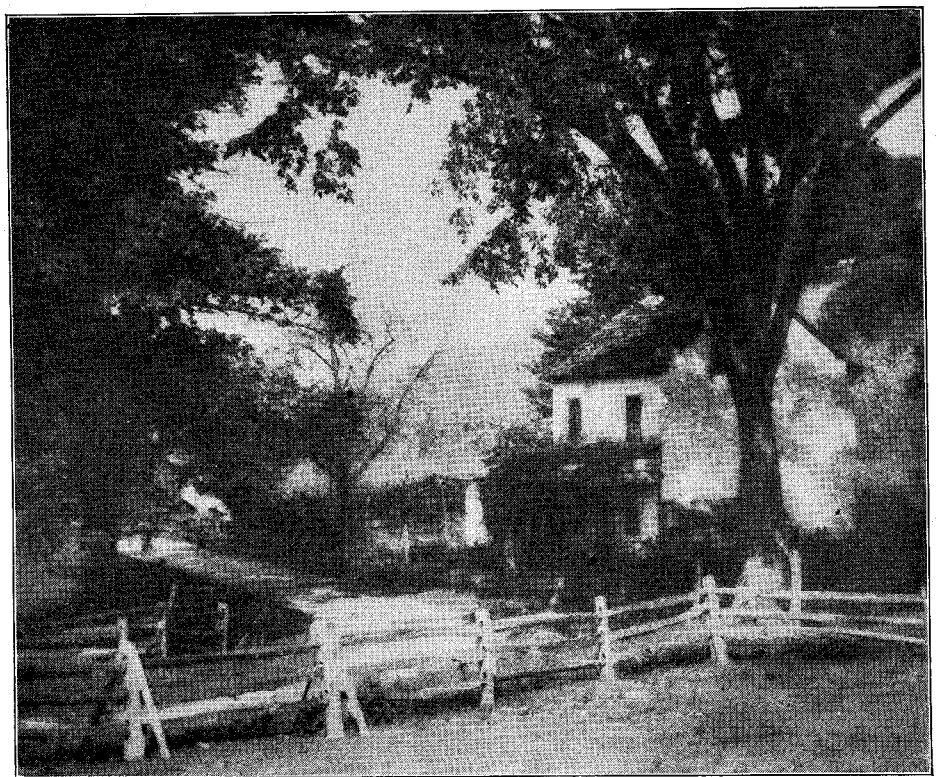
lovely tranquil aspects of our old home that reveal it as a smoothed and combed and cultivated garden. But in doing this to-day we must not forget that what we have achieved ourselves in the New World in this great population ellipse is almost a miracle. For we have taken the wild natural beauty in hand and have done wonders with it. A few kindly and keen foreign eyes have sensed all this, for it was Maurice Donnay, the Academician, though he was rushed through eastern America in seventeen days, who opined we had all that was necessary in the way of a romantic and historic humanized background for all cultural purposes. And is it not evident that even to the most casual the current use of such touring phrases as "The Mohawk Trail," "The Susquehanna Trail," conjures up an iridescent something by which the past haloes the present at every turn of the road? These suggested ideas are everywhere potent to-day, for, truly, landscape effects are as much matters of man's moods as of nature's moods, as Thoreau, William Hamilton Gibson, and Burroughs have made clear, and to realize the beauty of any countryside one must see it in all seasons of the year and on all occasions, for every day has its variations of beauty, which are only realized by those who live in and with it. And as one to-day walks, or even moves autowise rapidly, through this familiar roadside beauty it is worth recalling that in this year of grace we come to the fiftieth anniversary of the first real revelation of "picturesque America," which came from the hands of William Hamilton Gibson, illustrator, artist, poet, a Gilbert White of Selborne, as well as a Ruskin at his best in the matter of singing prose, and a Thoreau and a Burroughs all in one, who knew this Eastern countryside as no other before or since and, knowing it, made his story of it a classic of pencil and pen. Gibson described it all serially, month in, month out, but if one were to mention one particular American contribution to landscape loveliness one would have to speak only of the "American Autumn" to evoke



Photograph taken by Henry P. Bailey for the Summer School of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Chester Springs, in the Pickering Valley of Pennsylvania.

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a radiant vision of form and color that the Old World only knows by hearsay; while the glamour that is inherent in the words "Indian summer" tells another story of our contribution to the metaphors that sum up something olden and golden and mellow, that are, however, merely an outgrowth of our own every-day scenic effects of the late fall after the first frosts.

That our own scenery has inspired poet and naturalist into ecstatic appreciation and has led to the triumph of the American landscape-painter is also not without an additional significance in that it has equally inspired the American architect, who in developing an architecture suited to the climate and the vernacular of the scenic background, has also surpassed any contemporary effort in the line of architecture in European countries. That with whatever accessories of a high civilization, including splendid roadways, we have let our native trees speak their own poetic language is the reason why the beauty of the countryside in and about our great centres of population, that make this ellipse so notable, reaches such a significance and such a perfectitude.

A Little House in Chiswick

BY STANLEY JONES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

JOHN CRAMER slapped the light fall mist from his gray felt and entered the elevator marked "Employees Only." Salespeople crowded in, clerks, a buyer or two. "Have a good day yesterday, Mr. Horgan?" inquired a pale youth whose face seemed to have been pulled to an acquisitive point. He smirked hopefully at the furniture-buyer. "Yah, fair, but not up to my figgers. Late summer's holdin' us back. Don't look too good," and straightway a sadness descended on the elevator as it climbed silently. For in most large stores, so it seemed to Cramer, the key which pitched the spirits of the employees for the day was struck by the respective buyers. And the note was the sales of the day previous. Good sales, good spirits; falling off in sales, gloom and depression.

Once behind his counter of half-hose on the men's furnishings floor, Cramer became the ideal "salesman of the old school," as the manager used to say. He knew his stock, never got an address wrong, had an excellent appearance, minded his business. And he never asked for a raise. He had sold men's furnishings for almost thirty-nine of his fifty-seven years.

"How about putting some of these in the window to-morrow?" he asked Schulteis, the window-trimmer, holding up some light wool hose. "Just in from England, nothing like 'em here." Schulteis eyed them without emotion. "Not a chance—shirts an' neckwear to-morrow. We got just as good socks made in this country, anyway. I seen 'em myself. You think anything bearin' a limey trade-mark is miles ahead of what we got——"

"Where did you see any like this?" interrupted Cramer. "I'd like to check up on 'em for price." The trimmer moved off, loaded with shirts and ties for his dummies. "Oh, I seen 'em, all right. An' just as good, or better, too. You think because—" His thick voice trailed off to a mumble around a corner. Cramer smiled, patted the "made in England" on the foot of the topmost pair, and began arranging them on the glass shelves. Schulteis was a disgruntled windbag, he reflected, with an unexplainable knack for his particular job. Almost totally devoid of taste, education, or refinement, he could

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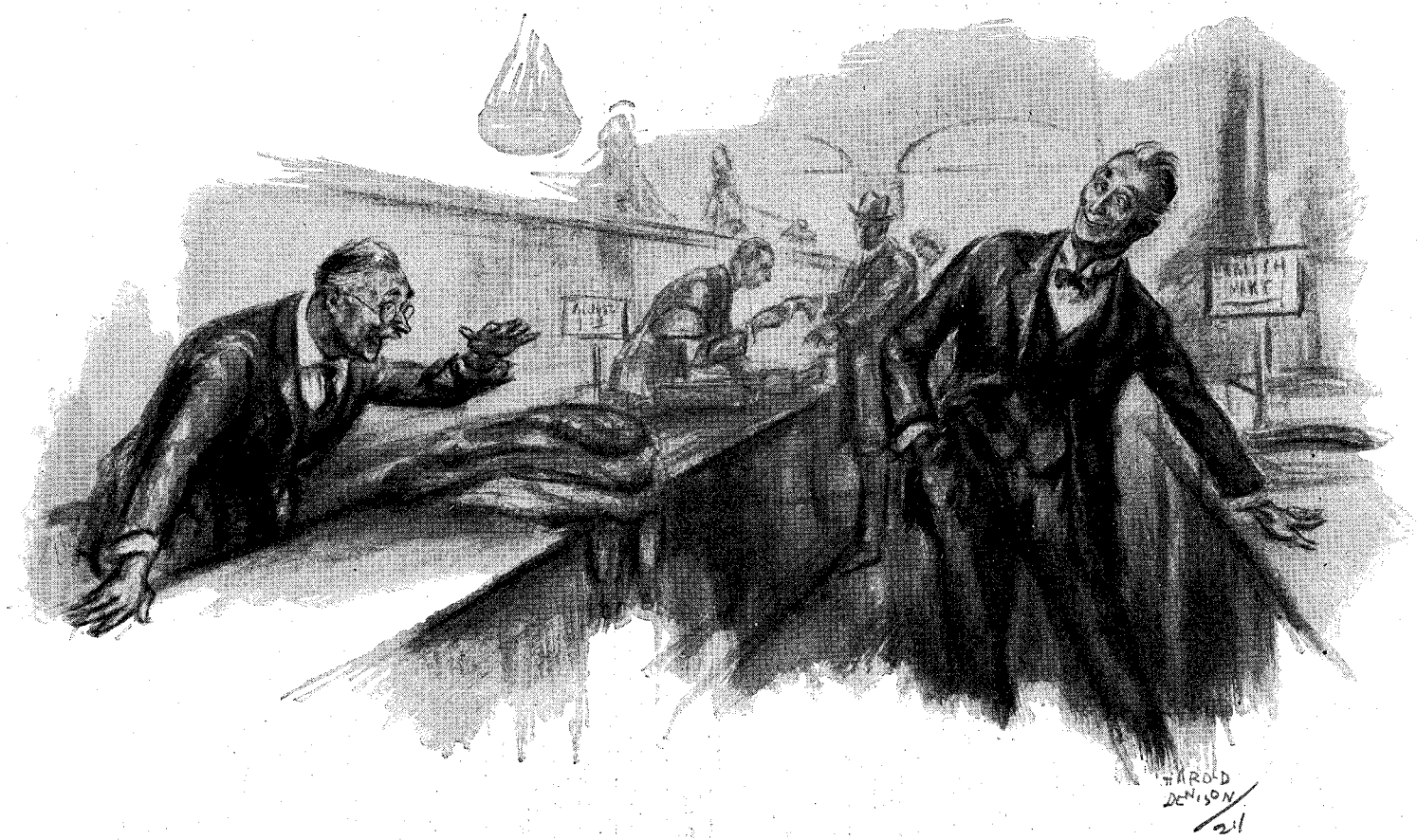

Drawn by Harold Denison.

Their eyes met, lighted up with the quizzical spark so good to see in the eyes of men who thoroughly understand one another.—Page 378.

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yet make the great Fifth Avenue windows breathe and glow with every quality which he lacked himself. And his salary was rumored to run into five figures.

"Well, if I had the right stuff in me I'd be on the other side of the counter by this time," sighed Cramer. He stepped around front and squatted to observe the arrangement, like a tall gray heron in a well-worn blue suit and wing collar. From across the broad aisle a voice came: "Get up and get to work, you loafer." He turned his long, thin head with a quick, inquiring way he had, and smiled at Benton. "You'd better requisition dynamite if you want to move those old sweaters off that counter before July," he rejoined. "Nobody but a blind man would have one, let alone be sold one by a third-rate salesman!" Their eyes met, lighted up with the quizzical spark so good to see in the eyes of men who thoroughly understand one another.

Benton's square teeth flashed in a broad grin. "Oh, I dunno, I dunno. Them socks you got there couldn't be sold to me, f'instance, by no less a person than the Prince of Wales. And durned if I see much chance o' him gettin' a job till you give the house some reasonable excuse for firin' you." Strange it was to hear the salty Gloucester vernacular up here in a Manhattan department-store. Benton's broad, stooped shoulders, square-cut chin, and rugged features bespoke the hardy fisherfolk from whence he came. But the wide blue eyes were not the eyes of the seaman. They were the eyes of the man who waits, resigned, to see what life will bring to him next. Gentleness and care lay in the deep lines etched in the face, and a weariness. Save when he crossed swords with his old friend, John Cramer. Then the years left him for a moment—one caught a flash of the stalwart boy hauling the nets in a forgotten fishing village.

"Meeting's begun, men; shake it up. Can't hold things for you fellows," and Easton, the head floorman, smiled sourly on his way to the reserve stock-room—a tall, dark man, who turned his toes out excessively when he walked. Easton harried the salesmen, stalking on them suddenly, never quite so happy as when some minor delinquency fell under his brooding glance.

Cramer and Benton exchanged a wink, then hurried after him. "That cuss sent up a mean note on me to the big boss yesterday," whispered Benton. "Been after my scalp ever since I told him what I thought of him for dockin' that check boy's pay." Cramer shook his head sympathetically. Easton gave each man his rating for the year—it was no joke to be in his bad graces.

The meeting opened with the salesmen tilted back in their chairs round the four walls. John Cramer watched them, especially the youngsters, the ghost of an understanding smile flickering at the corners of his mouth. One or two would, with hard, grinding work and a smile from fortune, become buyers after many years. And one of them would become, also after many years, a big boss in some store, somewhere. The rest would be—perhaps where he was, at fifty-nine.

It must be a pleasant feeling, thought Cramer, to be "sirred" and "mistered" by everybody. To speak at conventions and store gatherings, and even, holy of holies, to have a cut of oneself printed in a trade paper along with an article on retail conditions. That was success, or its most obvious symbols.

But to John Cramer, ultimate success was symbolized by a tiny gray farm nestling in the rolling green downs of Sussex. Sussex, which he had left, an orphan, at the age of twelve. The green of Chiswick village rose before him ringed with gracious elms. Serene, ivy-walled, a small white church at one end patiently awaited each Sunday. The weather-beaten inn, sunned and rained on for longer than any one in the village could remember, with its low, sweeping roof and broad gable-ends—the stone horse-trough before it, larger than the largest coffin—and all about Chiswick the trim, busy farmhouses, strung along the winding white highway at ever-widening intervals. Quiet there, and green fields to rest the eye.

A scraping of chairs announced the end of the meeting. Benton hooked his long arm through Cramer's. "He took a swipe at you in passing, too, didn't he, John?" with a jerk of the head toward Easton, who was wrinkling his domed forehead at Mr. Bell, the big boss. Cramer drew mind and eyes back to reality. "Why, did

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he really? Guess I missed it, Tom." He looked away again, thousands of miles, and smiled a sad little smile. "Don't make very much difference, I'm afraid—this late in the game."

At noon the two followed their long-established habit of lunching together, with Prentice, the bald, round little man who sold shirts at the adjoining case. They formed the senior triumvirate of the store, in years of service. They invariably occupied a corner table in the shining white store cafeteria in the basement. The other employees had come to look upon it as the private table of the three. Prentice fixed bright, birdlike eyes on Benton as the latter pushed his soup aside, half finished. "What's up, Tom, the back again?" Benton nodded, resting his gray head heavily on a gnarled hand. "Thought I'd have to call in the both of you to get me up this mornin'," he said, mustering a pained smile. "It's this damned cold weather comin' on again, and standin' all day on the stone floor. It's gettin' to my arms this fall, somehow—can't hardly write an order." He worked his hand back and forth with an effort. "Wrist seems to be swellin' up a bit. Feels like there was grains of sand between the joints."

"What's the new doc say?" inquired Cramer, concern clouding his deep-set gray eyes. "No meat and some place besides New York in winter. Some warm, dry place." Tom looked at Al Prentice. "You ain't rentin' your viller at Palm Beach this winter, are you, Mr. Prentice?" But his suffering was so evident that Prentice could only shake his head and drum the aluminum tray with anxious fingers. A silence descended on this small island in the ocean of noise that filled the room. Silverware clashed, trays banged, dishes rattled, and everywhere was the shrill laughter and staccato chatter of girls and youths.

Finally Benton asked: "How's your book runnin' this month, John? Pretty good?" Cramer shook his head. "Quite a bit behind last year. Guess folks are buying less and mending more, or the stock isn't what they want." "Or maybe the bright-eyed boy behind the counter is losing what Easton calls his 'selling hop,'" suggested Prentice with a broad wink. "I'll bet a hat that if the boss announced a free trip to Lunnon for the

"From England," he cried delightedly, looking up from the stamps.—Page 381.

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largest increase over last year's book, you and I would be escorting the boy here up the gang-plank, p. d. q., eh, Tom?" "You said it. How large a book did you run at Wanamaker's, in Philly, the year you won the trip abroad, John?" Prentice raised a hand in pretended disgust. "Don't, for Pete's sake, get him started on that infernal trip again. If we've heard it once we've heard it a million times. I know it by heart!"

A slight flush tinged Cramer's lean face. He laughed good-naturedly. That hard-won trip, now twenty-four years past, had given him memories of happiness and relighted every latent spark that was England in his heart. Being closest to him, Cramer seldom mentioned the subject save to his two friends, but to them he enthused like a boy of twelve. And though they made elaborate pretense of being fed up on it, they actually enjoyed every trivial incident, new and old. It was their one adventure into far countries, dreamed of since boyhood—never made a reality save in the case of one.

"That *was* a selling contest. Nearly did me in before I finally squeezed by!" laughed Cramer. "Couldn't sleep nights for the excitement. I wanted to see this uncle who lived in Chiswick—we'd been writing back an' forth—for he'd been in the tropics when I ran off as a kid. And he wanted to see me. Guess we were about all that was left of the Cramers." He paused, eyes roving back through the years.

"And you had six weeks of it on the other side, without costing you a cent," observed Prentice wistfully. "Fat chance of that happening here." He dug a shiny spoon into his cup custard. "And when we got to London," continued Cramer, oblivious to the brown veil forming on his coffee, "there was a rate war on between the tourist companies, and they couldn't do enough for us. Why, every morning a spanking tally-ho and five sorrel nags was waiting at the door—ours for the day. And off we'd whirl, yours truly holding his hat on the top seat, rear. It's got bus-riding beat all hollow. That soft, fresh green everywhere—trees and hedges screening the roads!" He stopped, the longing in his eyes had crept into his voice.

"Some day you'll go back again, John, and we'll be along to scratch in the garden 'side of the house," consoled the round little shirt salesman. Cramer nodded slowly, but his smile was not so hopeful as he sought to make it.

Mr. Bell and his buyers sat in conference. At least that is what his secretary said. And as each had a pad and pencil before him, and as each head nodded vigorously to Mr. Bell's remarks, questions, and suggestions, there seemed reason to believe her.

"We've got to put forth our best efforts from now till the end of the month, or we'll be in red on the books," he announced. "How'd the boys take it if you suggested they cut down the lunch hour to forty-five minutes?" Mr. Bell polished his already shining glasses on a silk handkerchief the size of a table-cloth.

The buyers wrinkled their brows. They made meaningless geometric figures on the little pads. Each waited for the other to speak. Mr. Easton, the inevitable, finally cleared his throat. "I might say, sir, that I do not think they would all look with favor on the suggestion. But some of them, those who have been here for a longer period of time, perhaps, would be perfectly willing to co-operate to that extent. The younger ones, who have not developed that spirit of loyalty which——"

Mr. Bell broke in: "I see, Easton. Guess you're right, too. Now, which ones do you—*would* you feel safe in approaching?" The buyers' brows cleared. O'Hara, who bought the shoes, pulled a covert Celtic wink at Hovey, the furnishings man. Easton would bring the glad tidings to the boys. Fine! The atmosphere brightened perceptibly.

The head floorman drew forth a typewritten list of names from his inside pocket. "Adams, Ahlquist, Altenburg?" he began, then looked up questioningly. O'Hara squirmed; the first three happened to be shoe men. "Well, er—I'd say, try it on Altenboig foist," rubbing his lean, red jaw reflectively. He had a brusque manner, had O'Hara, but a warm spot beneath the watch-pocket of his flannel vest. And he had been a salesman for more years than he cared to remember. Easton made a little cross before Altenburg.

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"Barends?" Hovey shook his head. "Uh—uh, not that bird." "Benton?" "O. K.; count on him to the limit." Mr. Bell nodded. "A fine man, one of the old school of salesmen. With us for nearly eighteen years, I think." The buyers nodded approval on the salesman of the old school. "Cramer?" Mr. Bell looked at Hovey. Both nodded vigorously. "Best man we've got," beamed the big boss. The buyers beamed on each other. "Isn't he the fellow who hasn't been late in twenty-two years?" asked O'Hara. "He's the man. They don't come like that nowadays," smiled Mr. Bell, shaking his head reminiscently.

Easton ran down the list. "Prentice?" elicited "Sure, he's all right," from the buyer. When the last name had been called, the conference adjourned. "Easton," admonished Mr. Bell, as the floorman stalked out, smiling genially, "remember this is not an order. It is a request—nothing more—for co-operation in a difficult situation." Easton wrinkled his domed forehead with an injured air. "Sure, Mr. Bell, sure; I got that all right."

An early fall mist pearled the lights strung along the most famous avenue in the world. John Cramer flipped up the collar of his old gabardine rain-coat as he squeezed out past the timekeeper in the chattering, laughing crush. Down the Avenue he swung, brushed by men and women with that home-and-supper look in their eyes. Elbows swinging, heels clumping, eyes squinting at the misted clocks on the traffic towers. Crowds, always hurrying, regardless of the objective.

It was good to eddy into the comparatively still backwater of 19th Street, East. Past Nij, the Greek, volubly cheerful beside his gay cut flowers in the brown terra-cotta cylinders. He and John were old, if not intimate, friends. On days when business had been good, Nij would insist on slipping a flower in Cramer's buttonhole. The fact that the gift was invariably a horticultural cripple did not lessen its charm. And the tall man's thanks were worthy of the most elaborate bouquet. Nij would beam "fit to bust," as Benton used to say.

Half a block farther, then up the broad gray steps, and his key swung the old walnut door ajar. Home. For the past nine years. Under the kindly reign of Miss Edith, of the sad, wise, brown eyes. Three flights up the dim, curving whiteness of the stairway, hand sliding easily on the solid mahogany rail.

It wasn't a large room, but everything in it, from the scuffed leather slippers to the stout yet sagging easy chairs, proclaimed a man who knew how to put himself at ease. Cramer twitched the cord, a mellow glow enveloped each familiar object, softened hard lines, shadowed odd corners with a seemly privacy.

He hung coat and hat in the wardrobe and thrust his arms into an all-enveloping gray sweater, darned in countless places. He then disappeared behind a tan curtain, from whence presently issued the "plunk" of a peeled potato dropped into water, the "clop, clop" of knife on bread-board, and the succulent sizzle of a mutton chop meeting hot grease. He was an accomplished cook, and much preferred getting his own breakfasts and suppers to scrambling after them in restaurants and lunchrooms.

Dishes dried and cupboarded, Cramer shoved the worn, low-set easy chair close to the window and settled into its familiar embrace with a sigh of contentment. A grayish, nondescript shade now, the little gathered places beneath the remaining tufts revealed its pristine glorious bottle green. He called the chair "My Wife," because it was always "silently mindful of his comfort," he said. A gentle knock brought him to his feet in the midst of lighting an old brier, deeply charred on one side. "Come in," he called. Miss Edith entered. "You didn't stop for your mail," handing him several large envelopes of second-class matter.

"From England," he cried delightedly, looking up from the stamps. "Not from the King, surely?" smiled Miss Edith. Cramer shook his head, then looked away. The folders were shuffled awkwardly, he started to speak, stopped, started again. "Fact is, Miss Edith, this correspondence isn't even unsolicited. I guess I'm sort of, well—cracked on the subject. England, I mean." He opened up one of the folders. It was from a

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realtor in Sussex, showing modest little farms and cottages, with descriptions and prices.

"How lovely!" murmured Miss Edith, the eager girl suddenly returned to her soft, faded features. "Look, a thatched roof, and those tiny windows that swing out! Are you really thinking of buying one?" John Cramer tossed the enticing sheets to the low table beside the big chair. "Miss Edith," he said, and there was pain, and a sort of defiant shame, in his voice, "you know me better than that. You haven't tided me over for weeks at a time without learning how I'm fixed by now." "But you give it away," she cut in, indignant at seeing him unjust to himself. "Mr. Purdy, down-stairs, told me how you—" Cramer raised a protesting hand. "You can't believe half you hear, and the future looks about like the present, when you get along as far's I have, in one game." A flutter of the leaflet on the table recalled him to the subject. "But," his eyes glowed suddenly, "we all have to have one little something tucked away in the corner of our minds labelled 'dreams' to play make-believe with if we're not to dry up entirely." She nodded slowly, eyes clouded with a feeling which she could not put into words. The man gestured toward the pamphlets, his hand dropped to his side. "There's my make-believe world, inside those covers. And about as near to it as I'm apt to get, in this life, Miss Edith."

He turned his long, gray head to look at her sidewise, with the quick, inquiring way he had. He smiled gently. "That's mine, and I love it. But we all have something—some dear thing—that is always out of reach." His eyes strayed to the window, then back again, thoughtfully. "What's yours, Miss Edith?" The mellow glow of the lamp gave her soft skin a golden, peach-like quality which John Cramer had never remarked. He was even aware that her scalp was delicately pink, where the thick wavy gray hair was parted, far over on one side. Wide brown eyes, recalled by his question, met his squarely, clouded, and wavered as he had never seen them do before. She turned, walked slowly to the door. Pausing, their eyes met again. "I'm sure, I—I don't know," she murmured. The door closed quietly. And John Cramer, forgetful of the wonders just received, sat looking out into the gray mist till evening melted into night and the green corner of Gramercy Park became a black wedge of shadow.

The following Monday, at lunch, Prentice remarked: "This is your week to dine Messrs. Benton and Prentice, ain't it, John?" "Ready and waiting," answered Cramer. "To-night?" Benton shook his head. "I can't make it to-night or to-morrow. The doc's coming to try out some new stunts on me. But by Thursday—" "Thursday it is then. And if you don't care for my bill of fare, bring along a sandwich and sit in a corner with it, will you?" The three had dedicated one evening a week to dining together, each acting as host in turn. Cramer and Prentice were bachelors, Benton a widower, with a son away at college. All three, oddly enough, were in the habit of cooking their own meals, so the weekly get-togethers witnessed wholesale swapping of recipes and experimentation with new dishes.

"My," cried Miss Edith, opening the door on a veritable bedlam one night after knocking unheeded, "are you men fighting the Revolution again?" Benton heatedly sought her support. "These two stoneheads allow you should parboil potatoes before putting them into the oven with a roast, Miss Edith! Ever hear of such foolishness?" Cramer and Prentice rushed at her. "It's so, isn't it? Isn't it? Tell that ignoramus!" She stopped her ears with her fingers. "Mercy, all that fuss over potatoes! Never talk to me about old maids again." And out she backed, with an appealing look at Cramer, who yielded his point for the sake of the other lodgers.

On Thursday evening Prentice thundered on the door. "Where's that salty old cod?" he demanded of Cramer. "Not here yet, but come in and cast your eye over this layout." Behind the curtain, their voices mingled with the noises incidental to preparing dinner so that neither heard the arrival and departure of a taxi out front, or the labored footfalls ascending the stairs. Only the creak of the old easy chair as Benton sank into it brought them out.

"Tryin' to sneak in on you," he said weakly. "Sorry you boys weren't on

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hand to see me arrive in state." The other two exchanged an anxious glance. "Hell," retorted Prentice scornfully after a moment, "we seen you all right, but decided not to give you that much satisfaction!" Cramer nodded with a grin.

They mused over the old print, Prentice's bald head shining between the two gray ones.—Page 384.

"What's more, we were able to get together a real dinner without you and your half-baked ideas."

They hustled him gently to the table, drew up their own chairs, and brought on the feast, talking volubly the while. Under the distraction of food and conversation Benton relaxed and was able to forget his ailments. By the time dishes were done and pipes aglow around the squat table, he seemed quite the old Tom once more. "New doctor's really helping you out, eh?" asked Cramer, through a haze of smoke. Benton nodded slowly. "He's doing as much as any one can do—here. Takes me over to a big hospital, gives me baths in hot salt water and other things, and tells me what to eat. He's a great fellow," he went on. "Knows just what he's up against, and that he could be doctorin' some one who could pay him what he's worth. But he says the only sure way to get well—if I can—is to spend about a year at one of these big Southern spring resorts. He thinks that'd do it." The momentary glow left his eyes. "Can't one of you fellows get to be a buyer right away quick, and take me along on a Southern trip to see what the rich resorters are wearin'?"

"Mebbe we can fix it up with Hovey for you," laughed Cramer, for the furnishings man was rumored to make the most of his trips South and abroad. Tom smiled wryly. "Afraid I couldn't keep up with him, though I'll bet he's first-rate company."

Prentice's slightly popped blue eyes wandered to the colored folders. "What's this, John, private?" "No, just some more of my foolishness on the old country with which to enjoy myself—and bore my friends," responded Cramer, in some confusion, none the less. The other two looked at the attractive cover, a winding highway stretching its way between hills to the sea. In the foreground squatted an ancient, gray stone cottage with a "Sus-

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sex roof." Across the road white ducks bobbed in a pond. Edging the road was the smoothest, greenest hedge ever seen. "Hasn't your uncle's place got a roof like this, John?" asked Benton, eyes fairly devouring the pleasant scene.

Cramer stepped to the great brass-bound trunk in the corner, heaved up the lid, and rummaged deep in its capacious maw. "A bit faded, but you can still make it out," passing his sleeve over the bent and yellowed photograph. They looked upon an odd, venerable little farmhouse, with a high roof low descending, a roof which snuggled under its protecting wing a dozen haphazard little latticed windows. And each little window caught the sunlight in countless tiny panes. A tall, quaint chimney stood guard at one corner, keeping an eye on the two chimney-pots which peeped over the roof's mossy crown. "This little yard," pointed Cramer, "has a flagged walk, worn by shoes and rain into hollows where the starlings bathe after a shower. And this walk is bounded by the brightest flower-garden I ever saw—pinks, larkspur, sweet-williams, everything. That tiny front door there is so low I had to duck my head, and I hadn't reached my present six feet one, then, either. And trees, great clumps of them—all around the place."

They mused over the old print, Prentice's bald head shining between the two gray ones. "Old boy glad to see you?" asked Benton finally. "Tickled to death," laughed John. "And we sat around, and talked, and walked, and met every neighbor within five miles—in two days' time. He was an old batch, like Al and myself here, and we sure hit it off. I hated to leave—been kickin' myself ever since for not announcing I'd come to stay!" "Hear from him much?" Prentice inquired. "Not for three years. We used to write, then he went to India again for the government, and I only got one letter since he returned."

Prentice clapped Cramer on the shoulder and laughed at a sudden thought. "Wouldn't it be rich to go again, John, and do it up right this time? Can't you see yourself coming up some morning in the customers' elevator and being met by Easton and his eternal sour smile? Then, just as he opens his trap, you remark: 'I have about an hour to catch the boat for London, my good man. Kindly show me some boots.' I'd give six months' salary to see his face," and the little man's robin-like front jiggled joyously at the picture.

Shortly after eleven Benton became drowsy. As Cramer helped him into his coat Tom's eye was caught by the changed aspect of the wall over the couch. Two full rows of similar white squares hung there, eleven to a row, each bearing some typewritten message, each banded by a plain black frame. Five different signatures appeared, and after each was the word "President." The stationery was from "The President's Office," and just below was the name of the firm for which they worked.

"Gosh, twenty-two of 'em," ejaculated Tom. "I been hollerin' 'Number 638' to the same timekeeper for eighteen years, but I've only got nine of those priceless things." Al Prentice stepped close to the nearest and read aloud:

"'This is just to notify you that you have completed the year without a single mark against your record for punctuality.

"'The President, in behalf of the Directors and the executives, takes this opportunity to congratulate and thank you for your interest and your loyalty.'

"Say, John, if you got a bit of a raise along with each one of these you'd be riding easy now, eh?" The tall man nodded; he was suddenly at a loss for words. He wished he had resisted the silly impulse which impelled him to have the testimonials framed. What good were they, anyhow? He didn't know, save that something deep down inside prodded his pride and kept him spurred up whenever he felt the urge to let down on the job. Any number of men had come in, been late countless times, and had gone ahead in the store. He had searched for the answer, analyzing each case as it came up. But he had been forced to abandon it with the unsatisfactory admission that "he just lacked the right sort of stuff somehow." That is why a certain hopelessness struggled with his casual "Yes, but they don't seem to run together, Al, at least not for me," as they filed slowly down the long flights.

With the golden presence of Indian summer the bustling streets fairly

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hummed. Everybody—even those Olympians who boarded up their doors and windows on upper Fifth Avenue—seemed to be back in town with plenty to do. The fall series of "drives" began, scores of dynamically cheerful girls pinning flowers on good-natured visitors and the more witless of the natives. Football stalked into the newspapers, elbowing out the national pastime. Opera subscribers prepared for a barrage of sudden attentions from relatives. The mayor—from his car near an entrance—denounced the "int'rests" for the indecent crowding of the subways. The city's most far-sighted citizens bought the last reduced straw hats, to warp and yellow on their closet shelves till the following May 15. The big department stores were packed with men buying winter suits, and with women in search of the new things for spring. Uncle Sam's tremulous Postal Department besought the citizens to "Shop early for Christmas"; it was even rumored that one or two were considering it. And in the men's wear sections, business swelled so that the harried Mr. Easton had to take on extra help.

"How much is this?" "Send these out, please," and "I want to exchange something" rang in the salesmen's ears from nine to five-thirty. After hours, an evening of quiet relieved the spirit in the same degree that a gentle emollient soothes an actual physical hurt. It was good to be alone. Only on Sundays did the trio get together, generally at Benton's rooms up-town.

One evening, just before Thanksgiving, Cramer returned from a walk with Prentice. Miss Edith, in deep blue, a soft gray scarf encircling her throat, was looking up the street toward him. As his long stride brought him to the steps, she smiled away an anxious look. "I thought you'd never come. And I didn't want to risk your losing this letter." She handed it to him. "It's a special post, from England, and I know it's an offer of a cabinet position from the Prime Minister. Nothing less would warrant all those stamps." Cramer accepted the long, flat envelope. Its upper left-hand corner bore: "Vanderbilt, Morey, Pounds Bros. and Early, Solicitors," with a West End address. "More likely a suit for misuse of the mails by British real-estate men," he laughed, as Miss Edith went off down the street.

His brow wrinkled as he mounted the stairs. What could an English law firm want of him? The top flight sped under foot. But once in the room, force of habit asserted itself. Not until he had washed, and donned the old gray sweater, did he sprawl into the big chair and carefully tear off the end of the envelope farthest from the stamps. 'It'll be nice to keep, and look at, whatever it is,' he thought. Then, ever so slowly, Cramer unfolded the two long sheets. They crackled enticingly. His eyes crept along the typewritten lines, and as he read the color drained from his face and his heart thumped almost painfully. Minutes faltered by before he reached the bottom of the second page. Ten more ticked off while he stared, unseeing, out of his window. Then, with an obvious effort, he rearranged the sheets and began again.

Mr. John Cramer,
946 Nineteenth St. East,
New York City,
U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

It is our unhappy duty to advise you of the sudden and regretable decease of your uncle, Mr. Herbert Cramer, on the 20th of November. The old gentleman finally succumbed to a lingering illness which he contracted in the tropics some four years ago. Needless to state, his passing comes as a sad loss to his neighbors, and to all of us who were privileged to rejoice in his friendship. We sympathize deeply with you, sir.

Under the terms of the will, we are directed to inform you that you are designated sole beneficiary of your uncle's estate. This includes the Cottage and ground on which he lived, in Chiswick Village, and some personal effects.

As you doubtless know, Mr. Cramer was very proud of your success as a merchant, and has, in fact, told us something of the great store in whose growth you have been such an important factor. In the event that you do not desire to take over the cottage, we beg to notify you that we have received several flattering offers for it from local realtors. If you so desire, we would be glad to superintend

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its sale for you, and forward you a draft for the amount.

Assuring you of our sorrow in your bereavement, and of our desire to serve you in any manner whatsoever, we are, sir,

Most respectfully yours,
VANDERBILT, MOREY, POUNDS
BROS. & EARLY.

Realization came slowly to John Cramer. It is a rather staggering thing to build air-castles—or even cottages—for years and years and then have them turn into solid brick and mortar overnight. He was deeply touched by his uncle's pathetic little deception in regard to his own position. Never had he given the slightest basis for such—it must be the pride in blood which had induced the old gentleman to misrepresent him as a successful merchant. "Salesman Number 541," murmured John ruefully. Then other pictures filled his mind, and he looked long at the old photograph of the little place in the rolling green downs of Sussex. Heaven, for a man getting on in years, with the gates swung wide—now. He undressed and lay down, hours later. And when, after fitful dozings, he awoke with the sun creeping along the worn carpet, he laughed aloud to find reality in the crackling letter clutched tight in his hand.

The week that followed was perhaps the happiest he had ever known. Resisting the first impulse to shout his good fortune to every man on the street, he had ended by keeping it to himself—and Miss Edith. She had been in on it from the start, he reasoned, when the letter arrived, so had a right to a share in high enthusiasm. At least that is what he told himself. Her joy was the pure gold of a selfless spirit, quite transcending his own, for that reason. "But I shall miss you, Mr. Cramer," she said simply, her fine eyes fixed on him. "You are much more than my star boarder, you know. You are a real part—and a—a most delightful part—of my old house here." She looked away, out through his window to the wedge-shaped corner of Gramercy Park, adding slowly: "It will not be the same after you go. Ever." Cramer's light "Go 'long, Miss Edith, you'll probably get a man here who won't hold up his rent for weeks," drew only a detached smile and a little shake of the head.

Prentice's heated "Good Lord, man, how you can go about with that simple grin in this madhouse has got me beat!" nearly drew forth the revelation. But he decided to save the great news till the following Sunday, when they were to meet for supper at Benton's. Al's eyes would stick out more than ever, thought John, and he began to lay the foundation of his story which should mount to the climax.

Evenings, he revelled in steamship folders and the seductive literature produced by the travel bureaus. Amazed at his own temerity, he even held a long conversation with the Cunard Line agent in regard to reserving passage. And as a final master-stroke which he could not resist, he asked Mr. Easton for an employee's shopping pass, "to look over some things one might want on an ocean trip." The head floorman, already fuming with the errors and trying adjustments of a bad day, showed marvellous restraint. Three distinct and appropriate rejoinders struggled for precedence, but a second glance at Cramer led him to hold his tongue. Cramer was not a man to joke, at least with him. One more vexatious wrinkle mounted to the already overloaded brow as the tall salesman thanked him and turned on his heel.

The rush of Friday and Saturday was so heavy that John scarcely had time to question Prentice regarding Benton's departure at noon on both days. "Old boy's worse—joints feel like rusty gate-hinges," Al threw out as he disposed of a customer. Cramer sighed, and felt a sudden guilt at being so happy. Tom would simply *have* to get better, he told himself. But it hung over the sheen of his happiness—as one small cloud will throw its shadow over a limitless expanse of sunlit field—crossing his consciousness at frequent intervals.

Sunday afternoon he and his secret went for a long walk. Six-thirty had struck when he entered Tom's apartment and mounted the dim stairway. Pushing open the door he sniffed audibly and cried: "Don't smell any steak or French fried here!" "Sh-h, soft pedal, John!" hissed Prentice. "He's asleep." But the man on the bed next to the window raised his head. "No, I'm not," he said, but not in Tom's vigorous tones at all. "This is a fine party you're in on. I

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tried to warn you to-day; you must have been out." Cramer advanced, quick concern on his face. "Why, Tom," was as far as he got, laying a hand on the swollen fingers that plucked weakly at the gray cotton blanket. The sunken blue eyes met his own in a brave attempt to smile. "They've got me into pajamas, John—for a day or two." It was as if the words came from a great distance. Cramer could only shake his head. He dared not try to speak around the sudden lump in his throat. "A day or two's all, Tom," nodded Prentice, kicking Cramer's foot under cover of the bed. John walked to the aged hat-rack, hung up his coat and the old gray felt.

"Well," he said after fumbling for nothing in his pockets, "things have come to a pretty pass when two good men have to get supper for one poor one." Prentice jumped in eagerly: "I was just tellin' him that. Looks to me like he might be doggin' on us to get out o' work." "Doggin', hell," groaned Benton. His forehead glistened suddenly. Cramer rose abruptly, thrusting clenched fists deep into the pockets of his rough gray jacket. Gone was all thought of the great surprise; he wondered how he could have been so utterly selfish. This was the Tom who had once nursed him through a bad three weeks of ptomaine, sleeping on the floor beside his bed, telling Easton he could go to hell if he didn't approve of his absence.

"Let's duck out and get a bite," suggested Al, "then we'll come back and visit a while. How's that, Tom?" Benton shook his gray mane weakly. "I had some things sent up; they're in the kitchen. Kind o' like to hear you boys fussin' round the place, if it's all the same to you." Thankful for any excuse to busy themselves, the two entered the kitchen and prepared a meal without even once disputing a question of cookery. The even tenor of the rice pudding was interrupted by a step in the outer room. Their eyes met questioningly. John rose. "That you, Tom?" he called anxiously through the dim light. "No," said a strong, clear sort of a voice, "but I'll bet you're John or Al!"

Into the bright light of the kitchen strode a strapping young man, keen eyes smiling behind gold-rimmed glasses. White teeth glinted beneath a close-cropped brown mustache. He set a small black bag on a chair, slapping his hat on top of it. He laughed, following John's eyes. "Yes, I'm the doc. That bag gives me away, every time." The two introduced themselves, and he went on: "Benton's told me so much about you men I've been on the point of calling you up a dozen times. But I'm on the go so much I can scarcely call a minute my own. He thinks the sun rises and sets on just about three people in the world; you fellows and that boy of his." "I think you're about ready to swell the number to four, doctor, from what we hear," interposed Cramer. Doctor Griffiths' clear skin flushed with pleasure. He suddenly became serious. "I don't mind telling you that the next room holds as game a man as I've ever met. And I've met a lot of 'em, too! He even denies himself medicine I prescribe to help put that boy through his course. Luckily, the youngster seems to have the right stuff in him. Works his way and all that, but every cent counts. I gave him hell when I found out what he was doing—I get the prescriptions filled myself now." Prentice asked: "What're the chances of his getting well—soon?"

The doctor lowered his voice. "There simply aren't any, that's all. Getting him well means getting him away where he can get the peculiar kind of treatment his trouble calls for. Otherwise—" He shook his head and looked away. "You'll excuse me, I know," as he rose and took his bag into the next room. Al Prentice followed him, bearing a glass and spoon. Their voices dropped away to a low murmur.

To John Cramer, gazing out into the darkness, it seemed as if his entire life had been built up to the point where he found himself that minute. He suddenly realized that he was face to face with the most difficult decision he would ever have to make. His lean, sensitive face was strained by the bitter intensity of the struggle which gripped him. Head jutting forward, lips a single white line, he seemed face to face with a relentless human adversary. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes he stood, motionless as granite, racked by a spiritual conflict whose appalling fierceness exceeded anything he had ever imagined.

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He turned slowly as a hand was laid on his shoulder. Like a man coming out from an anæsthetic, thought Doctor Griffiths, startled by the grim, drawn expression. He gave a little shake. "What's the matter, man? Seen a ghost?" John Cramer slowly met his worried look. He managed a rather ghastly travesty of a smile. "Yes," he answered huskily, licking his dry lips, "but I think I've laid it. If you're leaving, I'll go with you. I'd like to ask you some questions."

Next afternoon Miss Edith, straightening up Cramer's room, noticed two pieces of yellow paper, emotionally balled up on the table. Uncertain as to their disposition, she hesitated, then smoothed them out flat. They were carbon copies, one of a cable, one of a telegram. She read:

Vanderbilt, Morey, Pounds Bros. & Early,
Solicitors,
4 Gilchrist Road,
London, England.

Accept best offer for Cramer property. Send draft for amount, with uncle's personal effects, immediately. Letter follows.

Signed,
JOHN CRAMER.

The telegram ran:

Dr. James McArthur,
Mineral Springs Hotel,
Mineral Springs, N. C.

Make reservation December fifth for T. R. Benton, patient of Dr. Ed. Griffiths. All expenses payable by

JOHN CRAMER,
946 East 19th St.
New York City.

Miss Edith walked slowly to the window, eyes glistening suspiciously. On the stone sill she chanced to notice a small square of cardboard, its edges roughly torn. She turned it over. A scrap of an old and faded photograph, torn many times across, showing a tiny section of what must have been a high roof, low descending, and the upper half of a tiny latticed window. Miss Edith crumpled it in her hand.

Deep in thought, she did not hear the labored footfalls mounting the white stairs. Cramer entered heavily, his face more worn and tired than she had ever seen it. Miss Edith's eyes suddenly overflowed. She held out the wrinkled yellow papers. "Why *did* you do it, John Cramer? Why *did* you do it? It was wrong!" She sat down weakly on the edge of the old, worn chair.

John dropped with a sigh into the rocker at her side. He felt suddenly old, for the first time in his life. The temper seemed strangely withdrawn from body and spirit. He pressed his hands slowly over his eyes and forehead. "I don't know," he said with an effort. "I don't know. Tom's in a pretty bad way, and I'm—" Something dry and choking caught him by the throat. It was hard to draw a long breath. Then, almost with curiosity, John Cramer listened to a strained sob that forced its way from his lips. Another, and another—out of all control.

He never knew just how it came about. But he found himself—it seemed hours later—huddled on the floor beside the worn chair. And Miss Edith, of the sad, wise brown eyes, was stroking the bitterness from his white face. Quite as though she had never done anything else.

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The George Washington Scandals

BY JOHN C. FITZPATRICK
Manuscript Division, Library of Congress

FEW of our great men have escaped vilification of one kind or another, and truth has not been always an element in the attacks. Benjamin Franklin's case is well known; he naïvely confessed in his autobiography, and never, by word or act, sought to escape or evade the consequences; Alexander Hamilton's lapse from the social conventions is also uncontested, but his deliberate decision to uphold his official integrity at the sacrifice of his personal honor will ever stand a monument to his moral courage; Thomas Jefferson, though proof is lacking, has been flicked by the tongue of slander, but the whispers (they are nearly always whispers) against the morals of George Washington seem more viciously continuous than the attacks on any other great American.

Charges against his business honesty are made openly and have been met; but the indictment of his personal morality seldom comes frankly to the fore. For this reason it is the more difficult to meet; but for this reason it emphatically should be met. The inherent probability of all the stories of his alleged liaisons is so slight that it is difficult to account for the tenacity of the repetitions; they contain, within themselves, the evidence of their own falseness, and it would be a simple matter to demonstrate this by logical argument. Argument, however, does not seem to possess the memory-sticking quality desired, and the average American needs the stimulation of available facts, for these facts will do violence to what seems to be some choice bits of American erotica.

When all the stories and their recognizable variations are examined it will be found that they are rooted in four, more or less distinct, anecdotes or charges; three of which have separate foundations, leaving the fourth a sort of will-o'-the-wisp, depending for its vitality upon the stability of the others.

The worst of these charges and the one that has been the most difficult to meet is the so-called letter of invitation to Mount Vernon in which, it is claimed, the allurements of an octoroon slave-girl are set forth as an inducement for the visit. The seriousness of this lay in the strength of its documentary evidence, the shadow of which has lain across Mount Vernon for years, hiding the roots of the scandal in obscurity. But painstaking examination of this story has produced startling results. The letter, if indeed there is such, is so elusive that it has never been located, nor has an authentic copy of it ever been produced. Dozens of individuals claim to have definite knowledge of it, yet, strangely enough, it seems impossible to find the man who has seen and read the actual letter. The nearest approach to him always is the man who knows the man who has seen the letter, and while the first is comparatively numerous, the second has never been found; for some peculiar reason he is always away, sick, or dead. The letter itself is variously described. It was written, it is said, by Washington to Lafayette, again to Jefferson, yet again to Hamilton, and then, by curious inversion, by Jefferson to Washington, by Hamilton to Washington, etc., etc., etc.; but, despite its Joseph's coat, it is a persistent story.

The basis of it undoubtedly is the letter, written by Benjamin Harrison, in Virginia, to George Washington, in Cambridge, July 21, 1775, which was intercepted by the British and forwarded to Lord Dartmouth, in London, by General Gage, August 20, 1775. What happened after this is worth remembering. Soon after the letter arrived in England it was given out by the government and was

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printed in the London *Daily Advertiser* of September 2, 1775. But when the September issue of *The Gentlemen's Magazine*, of London, appeared it contained Harrison's letter with an additional paragraph, which was not in *The Daily Advertiser*. This additional paragraph told how Harrison met "pretty little Kate, the washerwoman's daughter . . . and but for the cursed antidote to love, Sukey, I had fitted her for my General against his return." This is the foundation of the Mount Vernon invitation slander. It has been exploited in many different guises and has flourished by repetition until the ancestry of its progeny is hardly recognizable. It is peculiar that the letter, as printed in *The Gentlemen's Magazine*, is the one that is quoted and remembered, while no attention, until now, has been paid to the copy as printed in *The Daily Advertiser*, or to the original of the letter itself. This original still exists in the Public Record Office in London, and an exact, verbatim copy of it is in the Library of Congress in Washington, and *no such paragraph as that referring to Kate and Sukey is found in either*. The original letter is complete, has suffered neither mutilation nor alteration, and the brazen forgery in *The Gentlemen's Magazine* seems to have been a facetious attempt to spice up a sober-toned, political news-letter. Harrison, because of his corpulent and somewhat gross appearance, was selected by the British to lend the color of truth to the forgery; he also figures in the Tory farce of "The Battle of Brooklyn," and in precisely the same character of an antecedent libertine, with the lady whom Washington, in the farce, afterward embraced.

The next of the four root charges, in the order of their vitality, is known as the Mary Gibbons affair. It has been characterized as a clumsy, Tory forgery, but for want of proper analysis in the past it still persists as a scandal, which makes it evident that mere denial of these Washington slanders is not sufficient. The Mary Gibbons story is based upon a pamphlet, which was published in London in 1776, purporting to be the proceedings of the New York Assembly Committee in June of that year, for the trial and examination of persons who were conspiring against the authority of the state and the liberties of America.

While the Continental Army occupied the city of New York, in June, 1776, this committee was ferreting out Tory conspiracies against the patriot cause. Tryon, the royal governor, had fled to a British war-ship, from which he kept up a communication with the shore by means of Tory spies and secret agents, whose activities were largely checked by this committee. After the battle of Long Island and the skirmish at Kip's Bay, when the enemy took possession of the city, the record of the proceedings of this committee fell, it was claimed, into the hands of the British. Before the year was out, there appeared in London the "Minutes of the Trial and Examination of Certain Persons in the Province of New York, etc." It was printed for J. Bew, No. 28 Pater Noster Row, and sold for one shilling. The preface stated that the proceedings of this New York committee had been kept very secret, and that the pamphlet was published to "furnish entertainment to those who wish to know the particulars of this mysterious transaction." The so-called Hickey plot against Washington was the mysterious transaction alluded to. Thomas Hickey, a soldier in the Continental Army, had plotted with the Tories to kidnap or assassinate the commander-in-chief, had been detected, tried, and executed with such military swiftness that the word mysterious seemed hardly the right one. Bew's preface was designed to arouse a curiosity that would be helpful to the sale of his pamphlet, rather than to concern itself with either fact or truth. The real mystery is Bew's publication. It is headed by a list of fourteen committeemen, some of whom were neither citizens of New York nor of any other colony. Ten of the names were those of actual, *bona-fide* patriots, though they did not serve on the committee, and four were purely fictitious, being gentlemen created out of the empty air for Mr. Bew's own purposes. Another interesting point is that the New York legislative records do not show that a committee of fourteen operated in June, 1776, to detect conspiracies. A committee of nine handled the matter, and for a part of the time the examination of suspects was left to a sub-

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committee of three. Curiously also none of these real committeemen appear in the personnel of the committee vouched for by Mr. Bew. His London pamphlet is ingenious in that it begins with a list of well-known patriotic names, and even the four manufactured ones have the sound and flavor of old New York; then follow some proceedings of the committee, which agree in general with those of the real conspiracy committee, showing that the real proceedings could not have been so secret as Bew, or his author, claimed. But before the pamphlet proceeds very far this agreement with the real proceedings quickly develops into fiction, and the greater part of the entire pamphlet is deliberate forgery. In the forged portion is the story of Mary Gibbons and George Washington. The cleverness displayed in approximating the correct record long enough to lull suspicion before introducing the manufactured matter is worthy of high praise from those whose credulity has been equal to the opportunity of blindly accepting such evidence.

The testimony in which Washington's name occurs is given by two witnesses, who were manufactured, along with their testimony, for a special purpose, and that purpose was to create dissension between the northern and southern colonies.

The first witness is William Cooper, a soldier, who testified that he overheard John Clayford (another fictitious character) inform the Tory company at the Serjeants-Arms Inn "that Mary Gibbons was thoroughly in their [the Tory] interest . . . Mary Gibbons was a girl from New Jersey of whom General Washington was very fond, that he maintained her genteely at a house near Mr. Skinners at the North River; that he came there very often late at night in disguise . . . this woman was very intimate with Clayford and made him presents and told him what General Washington said." One of the things Washington was reported to have said often was that "he wished his hands were clear of the dirty New Englanders or words to that effect."

William Savage is another mythical individual who testified. His story was that "Papers and letters were at different times shewn to the society which were taken from out General Washington's pockets by Mary Gibbons and given (as she pretended some occasion for going out) to Mr. Clayford who always copied them, and they were then put into his pockets again." These copies were said to have been sent to Governor Tryon.

It would not be necessary to dwell upon such weak misrepresentations were it not for the fact that they have been accepted for truth so often in the past. No such persons as William Cooper and William Savage were examined by the New York committee, and even had there been such, the glaring absurdities of these statements are plainly evident. There is no mention in either Tryon's or Howe's despatches of obtaining information from the rebel commander-in-chief, a thing that would have been reported promptly to the home government in the official, confidential reports had it been true. There is no evidence anywhere to show that Washington carried important papers around with him in his pockets, either in 1776 or at any other time, and there is no evidence, beyond these mythical statements, that Washington was ever away from headquarters, while in New York, on secret or unexplained business.

The main purpose of the fabrication lay in the alleged remark about "the dirty New Englanders." To stir up trouble between New England and the South was to weaken co-operation among the rebels, and the surest way to arouse suspicion and jealousy was to appeal to sectional prejudice. Once break the union of the colonies and Britain's victory was assured. This was the meat of the nut. The slur against Washington's personal morality was introduced for spice, and on the chance that New England Puritanism might react against this disclosed profligacy of the Southern commander-in-chief.

There is no indication that Bew's pamphlet had the sanction or support of the British Government; it was a private venture, and is now of interest only as an indication of the feeling against America then existing in certain parts of England. John Bew was one of the Pater Noster Row publishers, a group of men who were at the forefront of British printing for years. Although he became one of the figureheads, his period was the beginning of the decline of the Row's prestige. He

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seems to have had a twentieth-century sense of the business value of sensationalism, for the very next year, 1777, he issued "Letters from George Washington to several of his Friends in the year 1776, in which is set forth a fairer and fuller View of American Politics than ever yet transpired. . . ." These are better known as the "Spurious letters of Washington," which were composed for Bew by John Randolph, the Loyalist attorney-general of Virginia. In these letters also Washington was made to insult New England by accusing its delegates to the Continental Congress of letting his military plans get to the British. The commander-in-chief was made to say that the struggle was hopeless, "it is impossible we should succeed." In some of these letters Washington protests loyalty to the king, and although there is nothing of a salacious character in any of them, a cunning touch was given in the forged epistle of June 24, 1776, to Martha Washington. The general is there made to sign himself, "Your most grateful and tender Husband." This subscription, in the light of Cooper's and Savage's testimony, this same month, accusing Washington of clandestine visits to a Tory woman, was probably considered a clever exposition of his personal perfidy. Almost as soon as the letters appeared, the British newspapers expressed doubt of their authenticity. Bew's publication reached America in about three weeks, and was promptly reprinted, in New York, by Rivington. This drew from Washington a characteristic comment. From the bleak camp at Valley Forge, he wrote to Richard Henry Lee, February 15, 1778:

"The enemy are governed by no principles that ought to actuate honest men; no wonder then, that forgery should be amongst their other crimes. I have seen a letter published in a handbill at New York, and extracts from it in a Philadelphia paper, said to be from me to Mrs. Washington not one word of which did I ever write. Those contained in the pamphlet you speak of are, I presume, equally genuine, and perhaps written by the same author."

Washington himself suspected "Jack" Randolph to be the author, as he was about the only Virginian in England at this time who knew of the little details of Washington's family life which were given in these letters. This suspicion is now conceded to have been justified, but there is no evidence which connects Randolph in any way with Bew's other publication, the "Minutes of the Trial etc." of 1776. These forged "Minutes" seem to have been manufactured as a companion piece to the clumsy Tory farce entitled "The Battle of Brooklyn," which Rivington published, in New York, in 1776. In this libel of dramatic art precisely the same story is told as that of Mary Gibbons in Bew's "Minutes," though her name is not mentioned. Washington is made to express dislike and disgust with the New Englanders, and to carry on a clandestine amour with a girl of Tory sympathies, and Benjamin Harrison, who was not overenthusiastic about New England, was cast in the farce as an associate with Washington in his amourettes.

Many variations of the Gibbons fairy-tale are at large. Mary is said to have lived in Jersey, and Washington was rowed across the Hudson at night by a devoted aide-de-camp; again it is the Passaic River that was crossed and the New Jersey Loyalists were to effect the capture of the rebel commander-in-chief. Both of these modifications are samples of the ignorant credulity of the scandalmongers. To cross the Hudson often, in a small boat at night, while British war-ships were in the river, would have been a remarkable series of feats, and as the Continental Army was rapidly retreating before the British from the moment it crossed into Jersey, the Passaic River boat crossings become even more remarkable. This Gibbons story was accepted as true and republished several times in the early part of the nineteenth century, and it gained credence in Europe by virtue of such versions as that given by P. V. J. Berthre de Bourniseaux in his "Histoire de Louis XVI avec les anecdotes de son regne" (Paris, 1829).

Mary Gibbons, however, is plainly nothing but cheap political propaganda, manufactured entirely for the purpose of sowing discord among the revolted colonies, and the immoralities charged against Washington therein are merely incidental. Curiously enough, the Ameri-

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can mind, or a portion of it, has seized upon the incidental and magnified it beyond the bounds of decency and common sense.

The third root charge is that Washington was the father of a certain illegitimate boy-child. This charge rests upon such counts as the intimacy which existed between the family at Mount Vernon and the one to which the child belonged; the assumption, by Washington, of a part if not all of the expense of the boy's education; a claimed physical resemblance, and some apocryphal recollections. The boy is specifically named in the slander, but it is not deemed necessary to repeat this name here, as it is that of a worthy man, a firm patriot, and an officer of the Continental Army, with an honorable record both during and after the war. The date of the birth of the boy is one of the undisputed points in the story. According to it the lad was born when Washington was eighteen years old, and one insinuating *raconteur* interprets Washington's trip to Barbados, with his brother Lawrence, as necessary because of this unwelcomed paternity. The ridiculousness of such an inference is a fair sample of the method by which this charge is built up. The family of the boy were close neighbors to Mount Vernon, and there was visiting back and forth. The head of the family seems to have been an improvident, though likable Virginia gentleman who, despite his inability to maintain his establishment had little difficulty in holding the neighborly regard of the master of Mount Vernon. The boy was not the only member of this family who received financial assistance from Washington; the head of the family borrowed from him to a considerable extent, and Washington helped pay for the education of another son in addition to the one distinguished by the scandal. A daughter was the playmate of little Patsy Custis, and Washington paid her dancing-school fees so that she could attend the class, which met, at intervals, at Mount Vernon. His interest in the education of youth led him to undertake the expense of Bushrod Washington's law studies, under James Wilson; of placing two other nephews in school at Georgetown; of the offer of a substantial sum toward the training of George Washington Craik, the son of his friend Doctor James Craik, and to pay for the education of young John V. Weylie, a lad entirely unknown to him, simply because he had been properly recommended as a boy of unusual promise. If every child whose education was assisted by Washington were to be stigmatized, in consequence, as his natural offspring, the distinction of being the Father of His Country might take on a new meaning. But one particular lad has been selected from the many on account of an alleged physical resemblance, and in this we encounter the quintessence of inexcusable credulity. Wise shaking of heads appears at this point; old ladies and old men have remembered this and that; all of the familiar stage effects are present, and all of them, as usual, are worthless as proof. What is claimed to be the best evidence is a miniature likeness, which is said to resemble Washington with startling closeness. This miniature is ascribed to James Peale, because of the initials "J. P." or "I. P." found upon it. It is dated 1795, and we are asked to compare it with the portrait of Washington painted by Charles Wilson Peale, representing Washington at the age of forty-five. The absurdity of this is too obvious, and it is difficult to refrain from asking why the initials "J. P." might not be those of another member of the family whom the portrait miniature could fit just as readily. Some years ago a supposedly important point was brought forward in the shape of a letter, in Washington's handwriting, written to this young man, which was stated to commence "My dear Son." The text of the letter was entirely devoid of anything of a personal nature, and it concluded with the usual, formal Washington phraseology "Your most obdt. & humbl. Servt." It was a military letter, written during the Revolution, and except for the startling superscription would not merit a second thought. But because the letter was advanced in all seriousness as evidence, and because it has, undoubtedly, contributed its share of so-called proof, it must be considered. The trouble lies, not with Washington, but, as usual, with the industrious individuals who have been trying to bolster up a theory. The matter was nothing but unfamiliarity with one of Washington's pen characteristics. It is,

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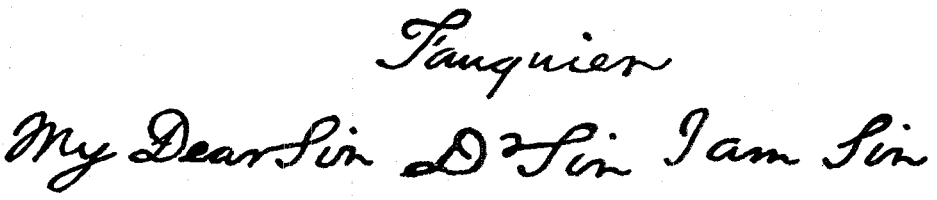
at times, puzzling to distinguish several of Washington's word-ending letters. The final n's and final r's are among these. "My dear Son" was, in reality, "My dear Sir."

Such is the material, collected by sensation-loving minds years ago, and with which they sought to convince by an overwhelming quantity of data, when the data itself was weak in quality.



The last charge is that the fatal illness of December 13, 1799, was the result of an assignation with an overseer's wife. It seems to be based entirely upon the inclement weather of that day, and to be buttressed by the general assumption that all the other stories are true. It is the most nebulous of all the slanders, and seems to date back to 1778, where its foundation will be found in the jealous rage of that saturnine eccentric Major-General Charles Lee. Bursting with spleen over his court martial for an unnecessary and shameful retreat from the field of Monmouth, he charged Washington with cruelty to his slaves, and that he used them immorally, though, with Lee-like absurdity, he stated that it was so very secretly done that it was difficult to detect. Lee's crudities and the general effect of the Bew and Rivington publications seem to account for this overseer's wife creation; certainly there is no documentary evidence. Washington's diaries show that his daily ride around his farms was in utter disregard of the weather or season; snow-drifts that stopped his horse did not always stop the rider, who at times abandoned the animal and plunged forward on foot. If Washington is to be accused of liaisons every time he disregarded the weather in visiting his farms, the accusations become ridiculous by the mere total of them. As special pains seem to have been taken to use the weather as an argument in pressing this charge, it should be remembered that in this particular case the storm did not set in nor become severe for some hours after he had left the Mansion House. As to the charge itself, there seems to be nothing tangible about it beyond the direct indictment, and the story has gathered its strength from mere repetition. In some of the later diaries, after Washington's retirement from the presidency, there is an untranslatable record on the margins of the printed almanac page in which the diary was entered. It consists of dots and sometimes tally strokes and minute circles, followed by the names of various female slaves, or vice versa. This, because it cannot now be explained, has been viewed with suspicion; but the appearance and grouping of these marks strongly suggest some plantation-work record, while the number of them, in any given period, make it physically impossible to sustain an immoral inference.

Plausible theories are easy to manufacture, but substantial proofs are quite another matter. Men do not permit the rehearsal of slanderous attacks, without proof, upon the reputation of a friend, and George Washington has certainly made himself the friend of every American.

Some of these stories may have come to his attention; it is certain that he knew of General Lee's vituperations, as he mentions them in letters to his friends, but, publicly, he maintained silence. Since Washington's death the slanders have gradually revived, and have not always met with proper rebuke; now, by reason of long immunity from question, they have acquired a certain appearance of truth with far too many people. Even the house that Washington built for his business convenience in Alexandria, and in which he occasionally stayed overnight with Mrs. Washington when they journeyed up to town together, has been made

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the excuse for innuendo and slanderous whisper.

One other point has been made occasionally, that a certain well-known and wealthy American bought an incriminating letter, some years ago and, from a mistaken sense of patriotism, destroyed it. This, if true, was most unfortunate, for there are a considerable number of forgeries of Washington's autograph letters in existence, a great many of which pass current for originals, even among so-called experts, and it is not inconceivable that this suppressed letter may have been one of the prize pieces of that exceedingly clever forger Robert Spring, whose best work is by no means easy to detect.

There is no need to apologize for Washington. Such weakness and fault as is attributed to him by the individual viewpoint does not, and cannot, detract in the slightest from the tremendous work he accomplished for America, and solely in the light of this work he should be judged. But if it be insisted upon that his private morals be scrutinized, it is submitted that, no matter what may be the challenge of the future, the slanders of the past, those old and worn stories that have been bandied about for years, are not and cannot be proven. The charges, here briefly reviewed, plainly show themselves based upon an ignorant credulity that accepts forgery without question, and repeats baseless tales without stopping to investigate.

The obligations of the people of the United States to the First American have not yet been lessened. One of these obligations, quite properly, is to reprehend and check with rebuke the loose, unfounded, and despicable slanders directed against George Washington.

Wings

BY AGNES WELCH

Sea-gulls fly in from the far-away sea,
Beautiful motion of supple wings—
How they plane,
How they curve,
How they quiver and dive,
How they love to be free!

Butterflies fly o'er the clover-fields,
Colorful fluttering of exquisite wings:
They may come,
They may go,
They may sip where they will
All the honey the sweet clover yields.

Skylarks fly up from their nests in the wheat,
Vibrant beating of ardent wings,
And they sing
As they mount,
And they tremble and trill
In their joy
The wide spaces to greet.

"Give me wings,
Give me freedom,"
My soul cries to me—
Oh soul, all unwilling,
I'm the prison of thee!

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The Next War and How to Nip It

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD
Author of "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," "Beyond Hatred," etc.

"SOCIETY has historical and immanent ends of preservation, expansion, improvement. . . . Hence the true explanation of war, eternal law of mankind, interpreted by the liberal-democratic doctrines as a degenerate absurdity or as a maddened monstrosity."

These words have a familiar ring. Am I resurrecting our trusty friends, Treitschke, Moltke, and Bernhardi, who used to work double and triple shift in the propaganda of the Allies? No; I am culling them from a speech by H. E. Alfredo Rocco, Italian Minister of Justice. We have heard worse on this side of the Atlantic; no country has a monopoly of Roccos or Bernhardis. But in this case the demonstration was quasi-official—it received the immediate and hearty indorsement of *Il Duce* himself—and cannot be ignored as the mouthings of a mere demagogue. Italy under Fascism has achieved enough to be taken seriously, if not tragically. The days are gone when she was scorned as an impotent nation which American bankers, the British fleet, or the French seventy-five could always hold in leash. Italy is strong in her own right; and in any embroilment she would prove an ally or a foe not to be spurned. Even though war should mean inevitable ruin for her, nations have been known to rush over the brink in a frenzy of enthusiasm or fear. The state of mind of Italy means war: she may not deliberately open hostilities, but her national creed, her diplomacy, her temper, and her manners all tend to reduce the margin of safety, which never was too large.

Now, we may blind ourselves to the ugly aspects of the situation, clutch at straws of Platonic satisfaction, and clamor "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." I think it was Fried, an ardent pacifist, who nominated the Kaiser for the Nobel Prize; and we might offer the same crown of wild olive to Mussolini, because he has not yet started a universal conflagration. Or we may, to use a pregnant Irish bull, "avert the next war by the same method as all wars were averted in the past: by preparing for it"; a method for which M. Poincaré once had a well-known penchant. Finally, we might look the situation full in the face, ugly as it is, and strive to meet it reasonably.

It must be confessed that in this case reasonableness demands an effort. No one likes yielding to a bully; nay, no one can afford to do it. It is a great pity that William II had spiked mustaches, and that Mussolini is addicted to rolling his eyes in a fine frenzy. But the unfortunate tone of Germany before 1918 and of Italy since 1922 should not prevent us from examining their cases on their own merits. What does Italy want, and what does she actually need?

The problem is essentially that of imperialism, of colonial expansion. It is exactly the problem which half-maddened the Hohenzollern empire, and which, with returning prosperity and self-confidence, will engross the mind of the Hindenburg republic. Two great nations are pent in. Europe offers no solution. In Europe, Italy is satisfied, or at least ought to be; Germany will, no doubt, secure what she deserves: a peaceful readjustment of her eastern frontier, and a full measure of self-determination for the people of Austria. Both nations have permanent seats on the Council of the League. They are no longer treated as pariahs, as minors, as poor relations. Yet they feel cheated of their proper "place in the sun." When vigorously expanding nations are suffering from a sense of frustration, a situation arises which is far from reassuring.

To recognize the danger does not imply

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that we accept *in toto* the colonial gospel. A tender-hearted child felt sorry "for the poor lion that didn't have a Christian to eat up"; we are more callous, and can easily bear the thought that Italy or Germany should have no colored people to exploit. The colonial gospel is mostly a fallacy. *In a reasonable world*, at any rate, it would not sound very convincing.

But, frankly, this world is not guided altogether by reason. Nationalism is a fact, potent for evil, as we all know; not eternal, as some believe, but potent all the same, and bound to endure long after this generation has passed away. And in terms of nationalism, there is little doubt but Germany and Italy have a grievance. Not an irremediable material grievance—their life, economic or cultural, is not strangled—but a moral one. They are denied things that are enjoyed by others. Whether these things be desirable or not matters little; Italy and Germany must have them, out of self-respect.

Wealth is a nuisance; a golden mediocrity is the ideal state; poverty itself may be endurable and even enjoyable. But we crave wealth, despise mediocrity, and hate poverty like sin, because wealth is the badge of success, and poverty bears the stigma of failure. In a world that thinks vulgarly in terms of millions of square miles and billions of trade, it is hard to cultivate one's modest garden in philosophical content. Renunciation is the noblest of virtues when you have something to renounce; but to scorn as sour the grapes you failed to reach is a pitiful consolation. Now the fact that Germany and Italy have no colonies—or no colonies commensurate with their ability to govern—is not the result of philosophical self-denial; it is the result of failure; and the failure, felt to be undeserved, rankles. If it were fully deserved, it would rankle worse. Why should Portugal still control, through its language and tradition, one-half of Latin America, and in addition own directly two vast domains in Africa, without counting odds and ends in the seven seas? Are the Portuguese so much better than the Germans, who have not one foot of extra-European territory to call their own, or than the Italians, who are allowed to scratch the burning sand of Tripoli and Somaliland? Yet the Venetians and the Genoese, the Germans of the Hansa League, were second to none as navigators and tradesmen. Italy and Germany missed their chance because at the time of the great colonial scramble they did not exist as nations; and if they did not achieve their unity until 1870, it was because France, England, Austria, Spain, the great dynasties backed by the resources of vast territories, kept up the dissensions of German and Italian princelings, and used the soil of Italy and Germany as their cockpit. The wicked policy of keeping these nations divided was given up—not without reluctance; but its fruit endures in the present distribution of overseas dominions; and that fruit is exceedingly bitter.

Mankind is idealistic at heart and cannot brook injustice. That is why when an injustice has been committed, it must be "justified." What Germany had was taken away from her, and Italy was given nothing—presumably because they were unworthy. Else we acted unjustly; and that cannot be, for we hate injustice. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

But it is difficult for a disinterested observer to accept such a verdict. That Germany has shown herself high-handed and cruel is proved beyond doubt; but England, France, and Belgium live in glass houses. Bad as was the warfare in German Southwest Africa, it did not offend the world's conscience so keenly as the Boer War; and if in Tsing Tao the Prussians were as Prussian as in Saverne or Unter den Linden, the men responsible for Amritsar had better not cast the first stone. Italy was defeated at Massawah, and did not all of a sudden cause Cyrenaica and Benadir to blossom like the rose. Do these failures argue an irremediable racial inferiority on their part? But is there such a thing as a racial gift? For many years the French themselves thought they were no colonists at all; until German and British observers, like Sir Harry Johnston, discovered that the French were doing very well indeed; better in many ways than the British, those heavenly appointed stewards of the lesser breeds. Yet, in spite of their very creditable success for the last thirty years, in Indo-China, in Madagascar, in Western

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Africa, in Tunis, in Morocco, the French have done very little for their equatorial possessions, and have made a mess of it in Syria. "Racial gift," indeed! Our parents knew for certain that the Germans were hopeless landlubbers; both in merchant shipping and in naval affairs, they revealed themselves, almost overnight, as the peers of any nation. The efficiency with which Germany has been run for fifty years, the more recent, but no less striking, progress of Italy on similar lines, are evidences that they too could learn the colonial game.

That some satisfaction will have to be given to Germany is now admitted by most European statesmen. But Italy has given notice that she, one of the victors, would have to be served first. It is not good manners, but it is sound nationalism. If you will not listen to gentle objurgations, be prepared for rough gestures. At present Italy is almost compelled to make her desires known in a way which is both violent and furtive. Fiume saw the mock-heroics of the "D'Annunziad"; Corfu heard the roar of the Roman lion; one day there is a report of a half-hearted grab at Albania; now some high-handed measure in the Dodecanese; then a frown at Turkey, a surreptitious kick at France in Tunis, an attempt to put through a deal with Primo de Rivera over Tangiers, or to carve Abyssinia with England's paid connivance. All that is undignified, futile, annoying in the extreme, and we think too highly of Mussolini to believe that he enjoys it. But what would you have?

> "Fair Cynthia, in her playful way,
> Killed a Bobby the other day;
> What does that girlish prank denote?
> Simply that Cynthia wants a vote."

The method was wrong, but Cynthia got her vote, and Italy should be heeded.

Such a problem of readjustment would lead to cataclysm unless it were faced honestly; and will lead to cataclysm unless it is faced now. Every delay increases the bitterness of those who think themselves defrauded, and increases in the same ratio the irritation of the *beati* (?) *possidentes*. Gestures that were almost intolerable have been made; words that were nearly irreparable have been uttered. It is not wise for the world to be at the mercy of an "almost."

If we attempt to face the problem in as realistic a spirit as possible, we find that it reduces itself to a redistribution of tropical Africa. There is no hope for permanent European settlement in Asia; America is divided into independent States, which could not be parcelled out, even if the Monroe Doctrine were not there to protect them. The Union of South Africa is a self-governing dominion; Egypt has won autonomy and quasi-independence; Tunis, Algeria, Morocco form an inseparable historical and geographical whole, in which there dwell over a million Europeans; Algeria in particular, held by France for nearly a hundred years, has in many ways become part and parcel of the mother country. Abyssinia and Liberia have at least germs of political existence, and as members of the League they are entitled to respect. But from Sahara to Kalahari the rest of the huge continent is still in a plastic state.

A first solution would consist in pooling the whole area under the ægis of the League, or at least under the collective mandate of the western European nations. Italians and Germans would then feel themselves free, and anybody's equals, on the banks of the Niger, the Congo, the Zambezi, or the Upper Nile. There is a sinister shadow across such a fair scheme: the ghost of the lamentable Congo Free State. There we had a Utopia of free trade, fair opportunities for all nations, an administration for the sole benefit of the natives. The result was an exploitation marked by such merciless greed that the world sighed with relief when the unholy Free State disappeared soon after the death of its founder and started a more honorable career as a Belgian colony. One failure, however, is no final argument; how many republics have failed, from those of early Greece to the Spain of Emilio Castelar? History grows, and therefore can never repeat itself entirely. The very precedent of the Congo Free State would be a guaranty against the return of certain obvious crimes.

The chief difficulty is that of language.

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If we adopted some neutral, international speech, some Esperanto, then the collective administration of the whole zone on terms of full equality would be feasible. But if only the two languages of the League, French and English, were official, England and France would apparently at least enjoy an unfair advantage; if Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, were added—and why not all the national tongues of the League members?—then chaos would prevail. The simplest problem of international administration, at Tangiers, is proving insoluble for lack of a genuine international foundation. Partition, although less desirable in theory, would seem more practicable.

In such a partition the danger would consist in systematically sacrificing the weak. It would be easy enough to satisfy Germany and Italy at the sole expense of Belgium and Portugal. Indeed, England was toying, and more than toying, with such a notion just before the outbreak of the Great War. England and France would lose nothing; on the contrary, they might collect a commission for their services as honest brokers; or, in the blunt Bismarckian phrase, receive a tip. Proud Britain is not above pocketing such *douceurs:* her rule in Cyprus has no other origin. Belgium, a nation smaller than Maryland, with two languages and none of her own, should be satisfied with the protection of her vested interests; whilst the future of Portuguese culture is splendidly assured by the existence of Brazil. True enough; but if this were all, the deal would reek of the old Macchiavellian and Frederician cynicism. It might well foreshadow the spoliation of the next weakest; and it would painfully emphasize the lesson: Be strong, and you will be safe; be unscrupulous, and you will thrive.

If, on the contrary, France and England, of their own accord, were ready to give up something, the moral sacrifice expected of Belgium and Portugal would lose much of its bitterness; from the material point of view, it would be no sacrifice at all. If France and England jointly would match, mile for mile, what Portugal and Belgium had to jettison, a very handsome mass would be created wherewith to satisfy Italy and Germany. England and France would retain all their possessions outside Africa; and in Africa their shares would still be larger and more valuable than those of their new associates. The reduction in area would not entail a loss without compensation. Not only would chances of war be reduced, but commercial opportunities would actually be increased if, following the precedent of the Conventional Basin of the Congo and of the Mandates, the Open Door were maintained in all exchanged territories. It would then become possible to arrange European possessions into a few simple blocks, easier to administer and to develop than the present scattered colonies. Roughly speaking, we might suggest that England should keep the east coast, from "Cape to Cairo," and France rule the Niger Basin, leaving the rest to Italy and Germany.

It is not yet too late for such a partition. It has repeatedly been proposed for practical, not for idealistic, reasons by good colonialists. The present boundaries are haphazard: trading-posts were created along the coast by the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the French, and the British; then there was, some fifty years ago, a sudden and wild scramble for the hinterland. If some of the coast settlements are centuries old, the inland boundaries are recent and ill-defined. They coincide neither with geographic divisions, ethnographic lines, or natural zones of economic exploitation. Civilization has barely touched the fringe of the Dark Continent; a transfer of nominal allegiance would pass unnoticed with the enormous majority of the natives; the educated Africans for whom such a change would prove a wrench are very few indeed. But the African world is moving fast. In a generation the present frontiers will have begun to solidify. A large number of negroes will have learned European languages; and a readjustment will prove almost impracticable. Then all the artificial lines drawn across Africa, harmless at present because they are almost meaningless, will become very real indeed as sources of constant friction. The simplification of the map would be a boon to the great African powers, even if it should be accompanied by a serious contraction of their holdings. This is our

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opportunity to apply the City Planning ideal, not on a municipal, not even on a regional, but on a continental, scale. The bigness of the issue does not increase its difficulty. At Paris the fate of empires was disposed of more easily than we find it possible to-day to adjust the quarrel of Peru and Chile over Tacna and Arica.

Such a solution, we are well aware, is but a makeshift, like all diplomatic solutions. It will not settle fully for Italy or Germany the problem of free access to raw materials; generations would pass before the new Italian or German Empires could become self-supporting economic systems; and it would hardly be desirable that they should become thus self-contained; free trade—or at least fair trade—is the solution. It will not settle the problem of surplus population; Africa cannot absorb a million Europeans every year. Unless tropical medicine takes unexpected strides, Africa will not be suitable for European settlement on any large scale. Africa, it should be remembered, is not an empty continent, like Australia and America barely a hundred years ago. It is deserted only where it is desertic. The improvement of living conditions, which is to be hoped for under enlightened rulers, will have as its first consequence a rapid increase in the native population—thus precluding any large influx of the white element. "Africa for the Africans" is not a political cry or a pious wish; it is a necessity which we can bend to our will only in a small degree. Then, such a readjustment can never be final. New claimants may appear; some of the "trustees" may prove unworthy; and the work will have to be done over again, under more difficult circumstances.

The question, therefore, cannot be settled for all time on such lines. But who cares "for all time"? What interests us, in this case, is the next half-century. If this generation, through such a demonstration of reasonableness, goodwill, and foresight, can manage to disarm the suspicion, the resentment, of two great peoples, we may hope that the next generation will take care of its own problems. The forces making for peace will not be denied. The imperialists are so eager now just because they feel that in fifty years it will be too late. Our sons will refuse to fight for conquest, just as we would refuse to fight for the spread of a religious dogma; patriotism and faith belong to the realm of the spirit, and cannot be served by the sword. Hold war at bay for fifty years, and aggressive nationalism will wane, whilst the spirit of world citizenship will grow. The "common sense" of mankind, now so bluntly denied by H. E. Alfredo Rocco, will make armed conflict between Berlin and London, between Paris and Rome, as unthinkable as between New York and Chicago.

It may seem exquisitely futile for a lone student without the slightest official character to be offering these suggestions to an American public. It is too obvious that neither readers nor writer, even if they were in perfect agreement, could achieve anything; even their elected representatives would be powerless. Yet we must believe in the virtue of honest discussion to clarify thought, and in the power of clear ideas ultimately to influence action. We failed to exert our influence at the right time and to the fullest extent during the Great War, because we had never given foreign affairs any serious thought. Let us think now—on the chance. Thought is oddly contagious, and in the fulness of time it may catch responsible statesmen. The alternative for thought consists in rolling one's eyes, balling one's fists, and rattling one's sabre. It is more picturesque than quiet thinking, but we know whither it leads. The other road, at least, has the merit of being less travelled.

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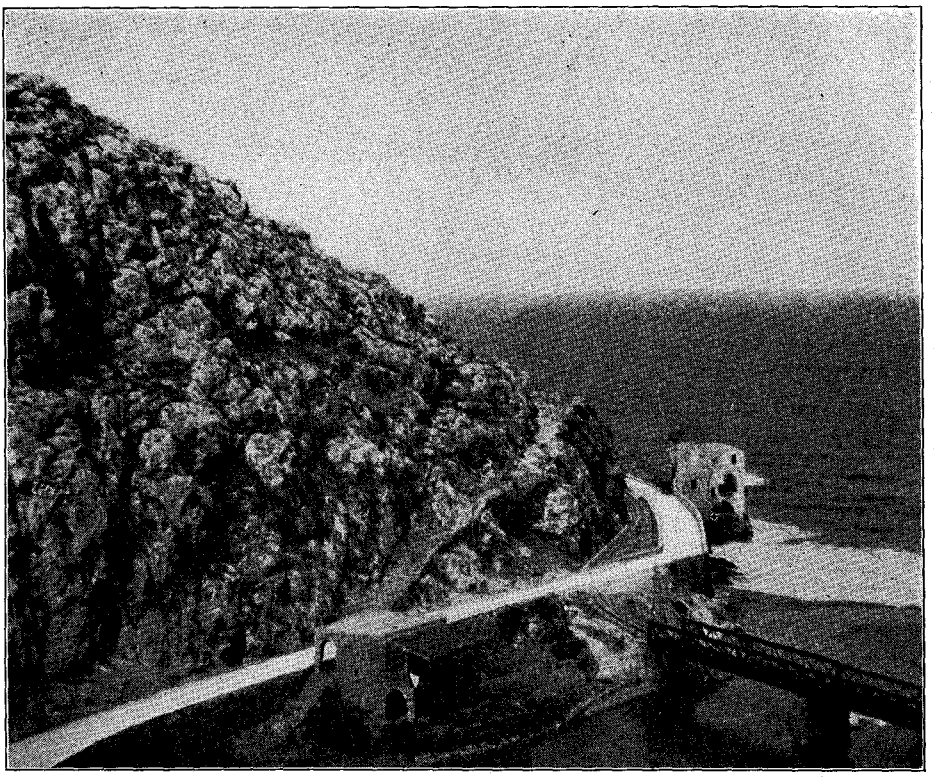

The side of the mountain showing the new motor road at sea-level; and the old Roman road rising as it passes around the edge of the Cliff. High up a terrace is seen where the Egyptian road passed.

The Syrian Battle Mountain

BY M. ALLEN STARR

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE

IN the northern part of Syria the Lebanon mountains, rising abruptly from the shore of the Mediterranean near Beyrout, and extending far to the northeast, form an almost impassable barrier between Asia Minor and the east. High peaks, snow-clad, tower ten thousand feet above the plains. Deep gorges lead up to walls of rock which cannot be surmounted. But traffic between east and west, from Persia, Mesopotamia, and Egypt into Europe, and from Rome and Greece and Turkey into Palestine, has always had to pass these mountains. And as a way over them is impossible, the road has followed the valley of the Dog River or Nahr el Kelb to the coast and around their southern end.

Armies and caravans have used this road from the earliest times. Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans, the Crusaders, and recently English armies have passed over it. As they have made their way along the Cliff, which stands as a barrier to their passage, they have left written records on its face, in the shape of panels deeply carved in the rocks. Some of these are merely accounts of journeys. The majority are records of victories and of triumphs over enemies who have sought to bar the way. From the thir-

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teenth century before Christ down to the last decade these written histories bear witness to the contests which have taken place about the face of the Cliff. Thus the mountain to-day presents a remarkable and interesting record of events in Asia Minor through four thousand years.

This Cliff (which resembles Storm King on the Hudson and is shown in the illustration) has a precipitous side toward the Mediterranean, along which terraces and roads have had to be cut on the face of the rock.

The tablet on the right carved in celebration of the victory of Ramses II over the Hittites in the battle of Kadish, 1288 B. C. The tablet on the left contains the figure of Esarhaddon, 680 B. C., who conquered Egypt.

The first to cross the mountains was Ramses II. In 1288 B. C. he came up from Egypt with an army of twenty thousand men and, passing through Palestine, invaded Assyria. When he reached the mountains, he found his way barred by the army of the Hittites, a warlike savage people who centuries later opposed the Hebrews, and whose descendants are possibly the Druses of to-day. After a battle in which, by the aid of his chariots, a weapon which they had never seen, he drove the Hittites into the sea, he carved deep in the face of the Cliff, two hundred feet above sea-level, a great panel, eight feet high and four feet wide, with hieroglyphic inscriptions shown in the photograph. These have been deciphered by archæologists and give a full account of the battle of Kadish, dated in the fourth year of Ramses's reign, a battle also pictured on the walls of the Karnak Temple in Thebes and on the Rameseum at Luxor. This is thought by Breasted* to be the first written record of a battle in history. At the top of the panel is seen the figure of Ramses II extending his hand in worship to Amnon Ra, the Theban god. Similar figures are to be seen in Egyptian temples of this period, and at Karnak, Ramses's army is shown in chariots.

Four centuries later, in 880 B. C., another panel was carved in the Cliff. This is in cuneiform characters and was made by Azhur-nair-pal, under whose reign Assyria rose to be the most important kingdom in Asia. This king made a conquest of Syria and Phœnicia, extended his power over all of Mesopotamia, and drew tribute from the adjoining regions, including Palestine. The figure of the king

*"History of Egypt," page 424.

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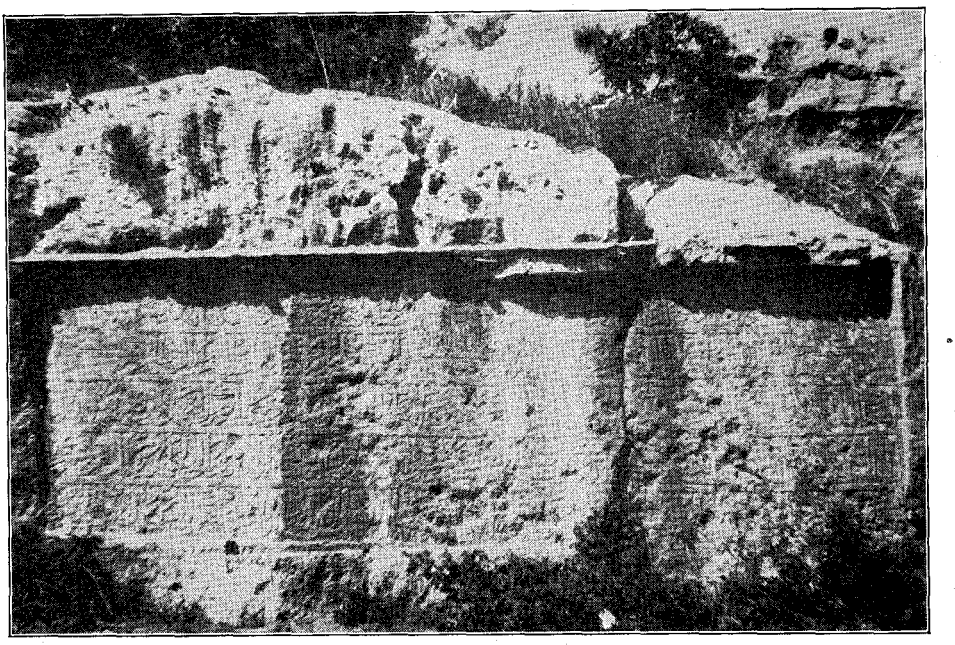
is clearly outlined in the panel, with his right hand raised in an attitude showing command.

This is the first of a series of Assyrian inscriptions in the rock which record the victories of succeeding kings.

Shalmaneser II, who conquered Damascus in 860 B. C., and subdued the Ar-



Tablet carved by Tiglath-Pileser, 745 B. C., in Assyrian characters to celebrate his conquest of Syria and Palestine.

amean Kingdom, and afterward brought Babylon under the dominion of Assyria, placed a large tablet on the Cliff.

In the next century Tiglath-Pileser III (745 B. C.) had a panel cut to record his conquests. He was a man of executive capacity and broad vision. He was the founder of the Second Assyrian Empire, uniting all of the parts of western Asia under his rule. He held the empire together by the aid of a standing army and an elaborate civil service—a novel experiment in 745 B. C. He subdued Syria, Media, and Babylonia, and established his residence at Nineveh. He devised an effective system of finance, which was continued later in the Persian Empire. He invaded Palestine and defeated Azariah, the King of Judea, and exacted tribute from the Hebrews for years. (II Kings 15.) His panel is the one best preserved of the Assyrian panels.

Sennacherib, his successor, continued his policy and his conquests, kept up the taxing of adjacent countries, and celebrated his victories by a large panel on the rock.

The son of Sennacherib, King Esarhaddon (680 B. C.), not only held Syria but also invaded and conquered Egypt, driving out the Nubian King Tirhaka, and on his return he too added a panel to the mountain of history adjacent to that of Ramses, as a proof of his equality with the great Pharaoh and of his victory over the Egyptians. The king is shown with the curly beard and Kidives cap characteristic of the period, and is dressed in a long robe. In his left hand he grasps a sceptre held against his body. His right hand is held out as if offering something —possibly a sacrifice to the gods—as this posture is one common in Assyrian figures. As the conquest of Egypt was accomplished in 670 B. C., that is about the date of this tablet. (Shown on page 402 with that of Ramses.)

Thus five Assyrian kings left their

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triumphal records in stone on the face of the mountain—records which have defied the ravages of storm and time.

But the list is not yet complete.

When Alexander the Great made his invasion of the east, he too passed with his army around the face of this Cliff, and on the plains beyond met and vanit ascends around the Cliff. It is deeply scarred by ruts made by the Roman chariots. At present this road forms the best footpath up the Cliff to the level of the early tablets. (It is shown on page 401.)

It was Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (A. D. 170) who built this road and who founded a city on the plain just beyond

Tablet of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (A. D. 170), who conquered the Parthians and built the Roman road.

quished Darius. Seeing the earlier inscriptions, he concluded to leave a record of his exploits. This record in Greek text gives the number of his army and the names of some of his generals, and proclaims his conquest of all the east known to him. This expedition took place about 333 B. C.

The roads traversed by all these armies must have been crude highways. Some, like the Egyptian, were two hundred feet above sea-level; others, nearer the base of the Cliff. But when the Romans came through Asia Minor to invade Syria, they made permanent roads, paved with large stones well fitted together. The remains of such roads are to-day found all over Europe as well as in Asia. And to-day such a road is to be seen on the face of the mountain, rising from sea-level to one hundred feet above, and well graded as the Cliff. He named this city "Berytus" after his favorite daughter—a name which has come down to us modified into Beyrout. Antoninus made a successful expedition against the Parthians who ruled Persia at this time, and in commemoration of his deeds carved in Latin text on the rock near the Greek inscription left by Alexander a record of his army, with the names of his generals, Varus and Cassius.

Although they left no carved inscriptions, it is known that all the Crusaders followed the Roman road from Asia Minor into Palestine. The motley companies of soldiers, pilgrims, and adventurers who under religious impulse or political ambition were led to invade the Holy Land passed about the mountain. Baldwin fought a battle with the Turks at its base and, driving them before him,

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captured Beyrout in 1111 A. D. It was not until 1187 that the Turks under Saladin were able to expel the Crusaders.

For centuries afterward no one ventured to inscribe his name on the Cliff. But in 1860, after a French expedition into Syria to avenge the massacre of

Tablet erected by General Lord Allenby in celebration of his victories over the Turks.

date 1918. He also placed a second tablet commemorating the action of the desert mounted corps, composed largely of Australians and New Zealanders, which, cooperating with the Arab forces, had formed the right wing of General Allenby's army. This army surrounded the Turkish and German forces in Palestine, and thus accomplished the victory which will go down in history as one of the most striking military operations of the war.

Since Syria passed under the direction of the French, a new road has been built on sea-level at the base of the mountain —a broad motor highway, shown in the first illustration, more convenient and level than the Roman Road, though one may question whether it will be equally durable. In celebration of its opening in 1922, General Gouraud has placed a tablet near that of General Lord Allenby with his own name.

This completes the number of twelve panels which distinguish the mountain, and present on its face carved records of battles and events in the history of thirty-two centuries.

Christians at Damascus by the Turks, Napoleon III thought fit to utilize an old Egyptian panel by chipping out an inscription in honor of the god Ptah and substituting his own name and date—a poor record of one whose achievements were in no sense comparable with those whose inscriptions stand above his own.

But a greater man than Napoleon III was to follow. After driving the Turks before him through Mesopotamia and Palestine, and capturing Jerusalem, General Lord Allenby reached Beyrout and proceeded on along the face of the Cliff on his way north into Asia Minor. His victories had been notable, quite worthy of a permanent record. And so he had carved on the mountain near the sea a new tablet in honor of the Twenty-first British Army Corps and French Division and the

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The Micropterus Sonata

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RALPH BOYER

PAIN leaped at Wayland from ambush and held him fast. On its heels came terror and bound him.

He had no warning. Together, they overwhelmed him in his exaltation and dragged him down; changing the smile of creative satisfaction into a grimace; altering the chamber, aswim with tobacco smoke, into a murky torture-hole; transforming the prospect the window offered—the brown field where white hens strayed, the hills, kindling with the fires of October—into something grim, implacable, absolute, as all endings must be.

And this was the end. The thought wavered up, bubble-like, through a consciousness flooded with anguish, and he felt in his clenched palms the sweat of sudden horror. As the pain withdrew in diminishing pulsations, he heard, fading out in concert, the voice of the final chord he had struck—that doomful, crashing chord, completing the first movement of his great sonata. There was mockery in that.

The agony of an instant before was now a dull, boding ache, yet, freed from a physical bondage, his mind was only beginning to suffer. The attack had burst asunder the relaid foundation of his life and buried him beneath the ruins—rubble of hope, of ambition, of existence itself. He bit his lip to keep from crying aloud. The final chord still sang faintly. He raised his foot from the piano-pedal, throttling its voice, and stared at the ruled sheet before him, dotted and slashed with his freshly written notes. There was mockery in that too.

It was the best thing he had ever begun. Past anguish, he had discovered lately, had strengthened and purified his gift of music. During the months he had dwelt here, while hope and strength had flowed back into the emptied reservoir of his spirit, he had felt the sonata growing. This, he had told himself, with quickening fervor, should be the bright child of his travail, the recital of a soul's progress through fear and pain to serenity.

And now the beginning had become the ending. They might play this fragment some day—"Wayland's Unfinished Sonata"!

With a strange detachment, some part of his being watched his mind padding like a caged animal, back and forth, back and forth, between alternatives and shrinking from either. That final booming chord had been the challenge of the old enemy, returning with straighter terms. Wayland could stay here a little while, in the hills he loved, and then surrender. Or he could return to Bard and, with him as ally, go through the whole fight again—another operation, more fear, more ordeal, more pain, while Death waited even more confidently than before.

Wayland had been through it once. He shuddered, with an imaginative man's terror of agony, at the thought of facing it again. If he submitted, did nothing, surrendered, the pain would grow less toward the end. That was symptomatic. Bard had told him.

He raised his head from his hands and faced the softly opening door. Molly Dean, his sister, stood there in her blue house dress with a foam-capped glass of liquid ivory in her hands.

"Milk-punch time, Johnny," she said. "I waited till you stopped playing. Dick's been sitting on a pail under the window for a half-hour, listening. It's magnificent, honey— What's the matter?"

"Tired, I guess," he managed to say. He saw concern quicken in her face. If she knew she would make him go at once back to the city, back to the affrontingly optimistic doctors, back to more struggle,

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to evade the hand of Death, whose other names were Destiny or God.

"Not—not any pain?" she asked anxiously.

"I haven't a bit," he answered with entire truth. "Don't fuss, Molly."

"You've been at it too hard this morning," she said, offering the glass. "You mustn't overdo, Johnny."

She ran a hand fondly over his head.

"Why," she exclaimed, "you're dripping wet! Lie down for a while, dear. Please. Dick said you were going fishing with him, but I'll tell him you're too tired. Drink your punch and then rest."

He contrived to swallow a little, while she watched him.

"You've finished the first movement, haven't you? Oh, Johnny, no other composer living could——"

He turned his face away and spoke quickly and harshly.

"I wish you wouldn't bother me now, Molly; please."

"Oh," he heard her say in quick self-reproach. "I didn't mean to—honestly."

"I know," he muttered ungraciously.

"But you will rest before you work any more, won't you?" she persisted, her hand upon the door-knob.

"I'm not going to work any more," he told her, and kept his face averted until the door closed and he heard his sister's voice mingle with Richard Dean's in the kitchen.

Thereafter he walked the floor, head sunk forward, thin, strong fingers gripping each other. Once he paused and twisted his body experimentally. It might have been just indigestion, he told himself; twisted more violently, and gasped as the vanished anguish burned again for an instant.

He paused before the piano, staring at the scrawled notes and humming the sombre grandeur of the repetition beneath his breath. It was good. Momentarily he was artist and critic while pride returned. Then he appreciated with a grim half-smile how impersonally he had been considering the work, as though it had been written by a stranger, by one long dead.

Long dead! The urge to finish it, to leave the great sonata completed, a monument, gripped and then released him. He had spent six weeks on the first movement. It would take three months more of a well man's time and effort to bring it to its conclusion. And he did not have three months.

He turned away from the pianoforte and sat down, resolutely fighting back a rising terror. He was trapped. He knew that, but should one fight like a trapped animal? Death frightened him, but pain frightened him more. If he struggled against Destiny, or God—whatever you chose to call it—there was untold anguish ahead of him, and after enduring, suffering, withstanding——

He had seen Bard the day Dick, Molly's author husband, had driven into the city to carry the convalescent away to their mountain cottage. Wayland had known Bard in college. Bard was a good man, but because the stark terror in the soul of the musician had made him externally self-possessed and indifferent, Bard had accepted his composure at its face value and had spoken truth, unalloyed by tact, untinctured by consideration.

"I think you're all right, Jack," he had told Wayland. "All you need now is relaxation and enough work to keep you from getting morbid. You're a very lucky person, old man. Often after an operation like yours, there's more trouble and we have to go farther. Go away, get strong and fat, and write some more wonderful music. Then come and see me four months from now—if you feel all right."

"Yes," Wayland had agreed with sticky lips and tongue, "and if I don't feel all right?"

"If you don't," Bard had said abruptly, "if you have the least pain, you come back here as fast as the Lord'll let you. Then we'll—do what we can."

"Meaning," the composer had said, grinning widely to hide the fear nausea that contracted his stomach, "that if this thing gets hold of me again there's practically no hope?"

Bard had resorted to the cornered physician's favorite aphorism. "'While there's life there's hope,'" he had recited. "No, as a matter of fact, it's a little better than that. Bannon will operate, if it's necessary. He's the best man. You'll have a chance. I'm talking to you frankly, Jack, because you seem to think it's some sort of a joke."

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Drawn by Ralph L. Boyer.

"Goshamighty, Jack," Richard Dean bellowed, "step down into the boat, willya?"—Page 410

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Some sort of a joke! He had fought back hysteria that had urged him to scream with laughter and had asked almost flippantly:

"And if I don't come?"

Bard was indignant. "If you don't come, you'll have a lot of pain at first. Then that'll grow less. It always does. You'll think you're better and—blip! Like that. A month, maybe. Perhaps only ten days.

"I don't anticipate this," the doctor had explained as Wayland rose to leave, the smirk still lingering on his stiff face. "Only I feel you should know how matters stand. You'll remember, Jack?"

"Is it likely that I'll forget?" Wayland had responded slowly.

Now he wiped his forehead with a sodden handkerchief and stared absently at the table where the glass stood, still half full. Bard, he recalled, had prescribed milk punches. They were to build him up. He rose, crossed the room, and held the glass untasted. There was a train back to the city at two. He would require all possible physical fortification if he were going back.

Going back to start all over again, with the odds higher against him this time! Bard would be shocked, and would attempt to conceal it by a ghastly professional cheerfulness. Bannon would be brutally frank. Bannon was too big a man to need tact. Bannon and Bard would take him over, assume charge of all his being, as though he were a laboratory specimen. They would tell him what he was to do, and would resent, with a martyred air, even his questions. Wayland, the composer, who stood on the verge of greatness would have no volition, no independence of resolution or action. He would obey, or die. Their professional egotism would blind them to the fact that he had even this choice.

Then the hospital. The very air with its faint reek of antiseptics, the internes and orderlies, calm and unconcerned as creatures in another dimension, would sicken you. The nurse would be worse than these. She would be so dutifully kind, so determinedly cheerful. No one but he himself would be frightened, or even sincerely sympathetic.

He flinched as he thought of the ritual of preparation; the politely impersonal anæsthetist and the stifling cone over nose and mouth; the first choking breath, struggling against the gas; the upsurge of panic, and then the august intervention of the great warm hand wiping the slate of consciousness black and empty.

Thereafter pain-racked bewilderment; protests of an outraged body, dimly heard through the mufflings of an opiate; days of misery attended by speciously concerned men and women; the diminishing agony, the gradual emergence into the lassitude of convalescence, or else—a permanent erasure by the august warm hand.

Beneath his window hens were discussing excitedly some discovery. October haze had drawn across the flaming hills, muting their colors to pastel softness. In the kitchen Molly sang and dishes clattered. Here was peace and the heartening comfort of kindly, beloved folk. The pain would diminish. No one need know. And then——

He breathed deeply, replaced the milk-punch glass untasted upon the table, and turned away.

"Why argue with God?" he asked aloud, crossed the room, and lay, face down, upon his bed.

He found he could not sleep. It was his mind, not his body, which was weary, and presently the room seemed too small for all the thoughts that oppressed him.

In the kitchen he found Molly crooning over a flannel-lined cardboard box. She lifted her head with a bright smile as he entered.

"I really should have been a nurse, Johnny," she told him. "Look at the precious things."

Three black-eyed lumps of down squatted amid the flannel and uttered feeble pipings.

"Sick?" he asked.

"No," she responded, "just reviving. Their mother lost them, poor old fool, and they were out all night in the frost. Dick said they were dead when he found them this morning, but I've thawed them out and they're all going to grow up into grand big roosters."

He stared for an instant at the peeping, fluffy chicks.

"I suppose," he said at length, "you're flattering yourself that you've done them a favor."

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"Oh, you make me tired, John Wayland, when you try to be cynical," she complained, wrinkling her nose at him. "I did not either drag them back. They're game little things and they came to life of their own accord."

"The trouble with life," he said slowly, "is that we can never learn to take it or leave it alone."

"Don't you listen to him," his sister warned the occupants of the box. "You're good game little chicks, and I won't have your morals perverted."

"Game," he echoed, picking his words carefully and softening a voice that suddenly wished to screech. "It's game, I suppose, to break all the rules to get what you want. Those chicks ought to be dead, but they cheated and you helped them—so you can kill them unnaturally for broilers later on."

"Oh, yes," she sniffed, "and I suppose you cheated when you had your operation instead of dying naturally. And I suppose I'm in that swindle, too, because I fed you milk punches and made you take care of yourself all summer."

He fought back the impulse to confide in her, to run to her like a stricken child and confess, and peered with assumed interest through the kitchen window. She mistook his hesitation for confusion.

"Where's Dick?" he asked at length.

"Oho, smarty," Molly crowed, "I got you that time! You're an old fake, with your cynical pose, Johnny, and you know it. Dick's out on the porch, messing in his tackle-box. I told him you were too tired to go along."

"I might go," he hesitated.

"It would tickle Dick," she answered. "He's been trying to get you out fishing all summer, and it will be good for you to get outdoors while you can. I think it's going to rain to-morrow."

"Then I better get outdoors—while I can," he replied slowly.

II

"GOSHAMIGHTY, Jack," Richard Dean bellowed so that echoes started across the dull mirror of the pond, "step down into the boat, willya?"

Wayland turned on the pier so that he faced his brother-in-law and smiled feebly.

"I'm sorry, Dick," he said. "I wasn't thinking."

"You were thinking; that was the trouble," Dean grumbled, mollified. "I spoke to you four times in a row and you only stood there like a cigar-store Indian. Step in. Now squat down in the stern. You better pull this sweater on too. You look a bit dragged out to-day. Too much music, Jack. You ought to be a fisherman."

Curving ripples spread, flawing the smooth surface of the pond, setting nearby reeds to swaying and whispering. Dean backed the boat clear of the landing and hauled it around, while water sloshed loudly in the bait-car. At the far end of the pond a heron squawked indignantly, flapped up across the tapestried hills into an ash-white sky, and trailed away to the north.

The rower laid down his oars, lit a stubby briar, and looked at Wayland with friendly eyes. He picked up a short rod with a dappled yellow plug dangling from its tip, and offered it, butt first, to his companion.

"Ever cast?" he queried. Wayland shook his head.

"You do the fishing," he objected. "I'm just along for the ride, Dick."

Dean grinned with a trace of relief and pointed to another rod lying close to the composer's feet. "You'll have to fish, too," Molly's husband insisted. "I'll row along slowly and cast. You let this plug trail behind. You might catch something. It's a good day, but I'd like to see a little more breeze."

Ripples from their boat shook the reflections of the hills until they flapped like tattered banners. Beneath a sunless sky the little lake shone bright and opaque as quicksilver. There was a brooding, solemn quiet in the air, and, in the cove they crossed, tarnished lily-pads still floated.

"It certainly is," Wayland heard Dean say heartily. He roused himself and blinked.

"Is what?" he queried. His brother-in-law stared at him.

"Deliver me," he begged the landscape, "from genius! You just said, 'It's a good time to go,' and I agreed. If we don't get fish to-day, we won't ever get 'em. What's riding you, Jack?"

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"Nothing," the other smiled apologetically. "I guess I was thinking out loud."

"Huh," Dean grunted. "You hang around a piano too much, my son. What's the use of living on the edge of the best pond in the Berkshires if you never use it? Hah!"

He swept his rod forward. The reel whirred; the mottled plug soared through the air and dropped in the water a hand's breadth from the reeds, to wobble back toward them as Dean wound in.

"Pretty," Wayland commented. The other grunted again.

"I'd do better if I didn't spend so much time over my darned stories that I haven't got enough left for the important matters of life. If you'd let out about twice as much line, you'd stand a better chance of catching something."

Wayland obeyed and the following plug dropped behind. A water-bug, a dot of gun-metal on the sleek surface of the pond, spun dizzily about. The haze had thickened, dissolving the farther hills. A tentative breath of air flawed the surface of the pond and brought to the composer's nostrils the keen aromatic smell of withering foliage. Time and again Dean's reel buzzed and the plug splashed into the shallows.

Wayland watched the water writhe and coil in their wake. There was beauty in its fluid motion. There was beauty in the hazy serenity of the lake, in the hills where the colors were softened and merged by mist. There was beauty and the high peace of finality in the air itself with its dreaming chill, with its pungent racy odor—the smell of death approaching, naturally and unresisted. All his senses, he was aware, were stimulated, abnormally acute. He thought with a grotesque sympathy of his nose, his ears, his eyes, trying to squeeze the ultimate of sensation from a curtailed life.

"Ah," Dean exclaimed suddenly, "you would, eh?"

Wayland turned. His companion was reeling in steadily, but the short stiff rod had bent into an arc and no plug was visible on the pond's surface.

"Something," Dean grinned happily, "pulls like billybedam. Come to papa, baby. Oh, pshaw!"

"Lost him?" the other queried.

"No," his brother-in-law replied, reeling more rapidly, "it's just a pickerel. He struck so hard I thought it was a bass."

A blur of green, gold, and white shimmered in the black water. An instant later the fish came into clear view, sullenly permitting himself to be towed within reach of the landing-net. Dean slipped it below him, drew him into the boat, disentangled the plug from the mesh and dumped the wolfish, slavering pickerel into the bait-car with a scowl.

"More of them we get out of the pond the better," he grumbled.

"They're good eating," Wayland protested.

"Yes," the other admitted, "but no guts. If a pickerel sees he's licked, he quits."

"He fought at first."

"Yes," Dean conceded, "and then quit just as soon as he thought I had him for keeps. He's still quitting. You haven't heard a sound out of him, not a single splash, since I put him in the bait-car."

"He sounds to me," Wayland said slowly, "like an exceptionally sensible fish. Why fight back when you see you're licked?"

"Why," the author snorted, "why? Because that's the tradition of life—clean life."

"Oh, bah," Wayland replied. "The old bulldog spirit and all that bunk! If a bulldog had any brains he'd quit himself sometimes and admit he'd made a mistake. I'm for your pickerel. He's a good philosopher. You can't beat the inevitable."

Dean cast again before replying.

"What is the inevitable?" he asked at length. "You hate a quitter yourself, Jack. There's an enormous kick in the fight that goes on after hope is ended."

"There is not," the other contradicted with a twanging note in his voice. "The rat in the corner? Bunk! Why fight and make a ridiculous fuss when the odds are all against you? It isn't dignified and it isn't intelligent. I suppose you'd admire Socrates more if he'd kicked the jailer in the stomach and tried to steal his keys. Socrates and the pickerel had the right idea."

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"Oh, sure," Dean snorted, "and if every one had their idea we'd still be apes in trees. It's been the fight against the omnipotent force that has put you into this boat, rather than up on one of those limbs."

"Rot," Wayland replied, and his voice shook. "It's silly to argue with—well, whatever you wish to call it: Kismet? Destiny? God? When God has hooked you hard and fast, you'd better come on into the boat."

Dean stared thoughtfully and tugged at the oars.

"God," he said slowly, "hates a quitter."

With amazement he watched Wayland's face whiten and twitch. The composer gulped painfully before he spoke.

"Yes, your God may," he proclaimed shrilly. "Your God gets more fun catching us when we come in hard and fighting. Well, I won't, I tell you; I won't——"

Something struck his rod a tingling blow. The reel screamed fiercely. He gripped the cork butt as it slipped through his fingers and stared at Dean.

"Snagged on something," Wayland said stupidly.

"Snagged, hell," the author bawled. "It's a bass, fathead. Play him."

From a troubled spot on the water, far in the boat's wake, circles dilated. The reel still screeched and burned Wayland's braking thumb. He raised his tip and saw the bamboo bend in a passionate, tremulous arc. He felt with a strange ecstasy that ran from butt through his arm and into his spirit the power there below the surface where the ripples spread and faded. It was no longer a steady, sullen pull, but quick, uneven jerks and wrenches, the protest of something sentient and wrathful.

"Reel in," Dean rapped, "all the line you can, Jack. Keep your tip up. Reel in."

Wayland gained whatever slack the curving rod granted. Spray shook from the quivering line. The angry lurchings and yanks continued, but the reel gained. It was all over, Wayland told himself. Fish were wiser than most men.

"Look out," Dean bellowed.

The rod arched perilously. The reel gave a high, banshee squeal. Straight out toward the centre of the pond he went, boring along like a wild bull, an ireful rush that could not be checked. Dean backed water furiously after him. Wayland wondered if the thumb pressed against the spool were really raw and bleeding. And all the while the vibrating power of the great fish shook him like music.

He watched the rigid line slice the water. His hands were numb with strain and wet. A gust of wind roughened the surface of the lake and set an army of little gray ripples marching. In the woods behind him he heard leaves falling with a faint dry clatter, and still the unseen, angry thing, deep below the surface, thrust forward while the reel shrilled.

Gradually the stubborn fury of the rush slackened. The line ran out no longer, though the rod still curved. Then it straightened an instant, and Wayland, reeling in frantically, missed the fierce challenge along the bamboo.

"He's off," he said over his shoulder.

"Look out," Dean shouted.

Some rods from the boat the surface of the pond exploded. Clear out of the water shot a big dark fish. Through the spouting spray Wayland saw the tarnished gleam of his solid body and the great fighter's head of him shaking fiercely as he strove to knock the plug free. For a second's fraction he hung there, power and wrath incarnate. Fresh spray mounted as he dropped back and drove downward, down, down, while the tortured rod bent and the reel skirled.

Wayland checked him at last, but there was no hint of surrender. He fought back steadily, with rush after rush, fierce tremors of endeavor that shuddered along the rod, sullen yanks and short, vindictive plunges while the line slashed the water like a sword. Again he soared from the depths and flung himself clear of the water, swart, tremendous in his aura of spray, and at sight of his dark, quivering bulk something caught the composer about the heart.

For an instant the sun gleamed palely through a rift in the mist. The color of the hills leaped up like flame to meet it and sank as the haze closed in again. The strength of the fighting fish flared and dwindled, rose and fell. Dean knocked

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Drawn by Ralph L. Boyer.

"Snagged, hell," the author bawled. "It's a bass, fathead. Play him."—Page 412.

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his pipe nervously on the gunwale of the boat and a faint echo answered across the water.

"He's fading, Johnny," the author said at length; "you've got him—I think. Only, watch him."

He never yielded. He tugged and surged as often as before, but now there was less power in his struggles, and his torpedo-like drives could be checked almost before they got under way. A third time he leaped, but only his stalwart head and shoulders surged clear of the water.

Slowly the composer worked him in. Overhead the white sky watched. Ripples of the conflict wrestled with the reflections of the hills. Deep in the woods somewhere a bluejay screamed. Down beneath the troubled surface the fight went on, but now it was as though a smaller fish resisted there in the depths. He did not surrender or relax. No hint of weakening or softening came along the taut line and arching rod. Only it seemed his square, defiant body were melting away under the passion of resistance, which would endure until the last drop of physical power was expended.

The jay still called. This and the quickening shrill of the reel were the only sounds. Presently Dean stirred on his seat and reached for the landing-net. There was a rusty shining down there in the black water, close to the gunwale. There it hung an instant, motionless while the rod bent more sharply and the reel halted its compelling snarl. Then, very slowly, it rose through the wan strands of the dying water-lily plants.

Fighter to the last, he had braced his broadside against the steady torsion of the line. Gradually he took shape as the image forms on a developing negative. Wayland saw the great solid outline of him; the blunt head, the bull-like flare of the powerful body behind the spreading gills, the bronze sheen of his sides, and the spines of his dorsal fin, erect and proud as a war-bonnet. Even now he was not surrendering. He was being taken in spite of himself, and as Dean dipped the net he turned and drove downward again in a final, faltering rush. A moment later Wayland worked him to the surface once more and Dean lifted him into the boat.

The author held him up, a squat, thick, brazen fish, stubborn of head, great of girth, militant as a battle-axe, a swarthy, still feebly defiant avatar of courage. Then Dean dropped him into the bait-car and grinned at Wayland, who had collapsed on the stern seat, breathing hard.

"Four pounds, if he's an ounce," the novelist pronounced. "You've caught a fish as is a fish, old top."

"It was great," Wayland muttered inadequately.

"I told you so," his brother-in-law reminded him, picking up his rod. "You and your beauties of non-resistance!"

So absorbed was he in his cast that he did not see Wayland's knees draw up suddenly or mark the spasm that contorted his face. The composer bent over, pretending absorption in the snarled line at his feet, fighting back the necessity to writhe, to cry out. Gradually the agony subsided. He sat upright again and wiped sweat from his face.

Far away in the valley a mill-whistle hooted for noon. Dean laid down his rod for a moment and pulled at the oars. Then he paused and peered at his brother-in-law.

"You look like something that's been dug up, Jack," he commented abruptly. "Anything the matter?"

"Oh, no," the other denied glibly. "I guess I'm a little tired, that's all."

"You go on up to the house and rest," Dean directed, turning the boat toward the shore. "One four-pounder is enough for a day."

Heavy splashing came from the bait-car and something battered fiercely against its top.

"Got his wind back and wants to get out," Dean chuckled. "Only way to keep a bass quiet is to beat him on the head with an oar."

"I see," Wayland said slowly as the boat ground the shallows. He rose, lifted the lid, and peered down the wide dark back of his captive.

"Take him on up with you," Dean urged. "He's yours. Only be careful he doesn't flop out. Got him? Good. Careful, I say——"

Molly Dean met her husband on the path from the lake. He swung a lone

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pickerel and muttered to himself as he approached.

"Dick," she said abruptly, "Jack wants to catch the two o'clock to the city. You'll drive him down?"

"Why, certainly," he replied. "Anything wrong?"

"He insists there isn't," answered his wife with a puzzled frown. "He says he promised to see Doctor Bard again about this time, and, since he's finished the first movement of his sonata, he thinks he might as well go now."

"He darned well ought to see a doctor," Dean blurted, "he's going gaga, Molly. That's what's the matter with him."

"He was always erratic about his engagements," she smiled. "I suppose he just remembered."

"'Tisn't that," he snorted. "He caught the best bass that's been taken out of here in three years, Molly. And then, just before he got out of the boat, he hauled him out of the bait-car and deliberately dropped him back into the pond. Had the darndest expression on his face too."

"But why?" she asked him, staring.

"Yes, why?" her husband echoed indignantly. "He said something crazy about God being a fisherman and went on up to the house without another word. He's going nutty like all musicians, if you ask me."

The Micropterus Sonata, a metropolitan press asserted eighteen months thereafter, placed John Wayland, who had returned after a long illness, in the forefront of all American composers and ranked him permanently with the Great of the Old World. In the chorus of praise there was only a single carping note.

The critic of *The Planet*, whose approval had been passionate the day following the premier, gravely warned the composer the next morning against flippancy. This reviewer professed to be affronted by the title the great work bore. It was, he informed his readers, evidently a pointless and ill-advised jest. "Micropterus," he announced with a caustic relish, was merely the scientific name for a genus of fish. John Wayland had tried to be funny and had called the mighty music in which a soul struggled through ordeal to victory "The Black Bass Sonata."

Dean lifted him into the boat.—Page 414.

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Getting Into College

BY RAYMOND WALTERS
Dean of Swarthmore College

BEYOND their plans for Commencement a hundred and fifty thousand youths and maidens of graduating classes in public high schools and private schools throughout the country are pondering the problem that will soon confront them of entrance to college. Will their final school marks be up to the certificating standard? Or will they pass the "College Boards"?

To twice a hundred and fifty thousand others—their fathers and mothers—these questions appear even more momentous. In the first place, alike for the parents who are not college-trained and for those whose college days date back to the early nineteen hundreds, there is something perplexing in the current terminology of "Carnegie units," required and optional subjects, certificating marks, Old Plan and New Plan examinations, Scholastic Aptitude Tests, and the rest of it. Most disquieting of all are the recent tidings from certain academic walls that their gates will swing shut after limited, selected numbers have entered. Reasonable and right—in the abstract—this limitation of enrolment; but what if these selective procedures should not select our children!

Because it strikes home to so many and because it is a problem of broad social as well as educational significance, there would seem to be profit in a fresh and unbiassed report upon entrance into American liberal arts colleges to-day.

A word at the outset as to college facilities. In the days when parents of this year's applicants were in college, there wasn't any problem of accommodation. Colleges everywhere could and did admit all applicants who were qualified—and some who were not. As late as 1909 some twenty institutions holding place "on the associated list of the Carnegie Foundation for their educational excellence" took in more than half of their students with entrance conditions. And down to 1913 half of the students in some 800 institutions throughout the country had not met the advertised requirement of four years of high-school preparation.

To-day the picture is different. It is different chiefly because of the onward sweep of the American secondary schools which, since 1900, have increased in enrolment nine times as fast as the population of the country. There are now some 12,000 public high schools offering four-year courses, with 2,500,000 pupils, of whom nearly 400,000 are graduated each year. There are more than 2,100 private high schools and academies offering four-year courses, with total enrolments of 225,000 and some 35,000 graduates yearly.

These figures explain the source of the college expansion in the past quarter of a century—the increase from 104,000 liberal arts students in 1900 to approximately 500,000 this year. They explain the improved average preparation of college applicants—and likewise the present stricter enforcement of college entrance requirements and selective procedure.

As for the reasons which impel three students proportionately to go to college to-day for one in the days of their fathers, there is the proverbial mixture of motives. One likes to believe that there is at least a corresponding increase in those who go because they love learning.

To meet this inflowing tide—at its height since the World War—has been the problem of all sorts and conditions of colleges. Some State universities have had to handle an increase in students each year greater than the total enrolment of an old-time New England college. To provide for this growth legislatures are appropriating large sums to fulfil the democratic ideal of the State university as "the culmination of the free educational system of the State." In varying degree the private institutions have also expand-

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ed. Their funds for increased facilities and salaries come from subscriptions of alumni and friends obtained in endowment "drives"; sixty-eight such drives totalled approximately $150,000,000.

Scholastically as well as financially the burden has become heavy. Both aspects have led a number of institutions, mostly privately endowed colleges, to limit their enrolment. Some State institutions are forced to limit also; and many are encouraging the development of junior colleges where students may cover the work of the first two years.

PRELIMINARY STEPS

What is the problem from the angle of the student and his parents? Let us avoid the wooliness of the abstract by taking the humanly specific cases of your son and daughter, your John and Mary. They are in the junior or senior class of the high school—college preparatory section, or in the higher forms at a private school—boarding or country day school. Just what should be done?

Well, first of all, they should check up with their principal or head master or course adviser to be sure that their work of four years yields fifteen full and properly distributed "Carnegie units." Now a unit is simply a term to measure a year's study in any approved subject in a secondary school. For most colleges the required subjects include: English, three units; mathematics, two and one-half units (two in the West); history, one or two units; and a foreign language, two to six units. Various other subjects are acceptable as optional credits. The fact is that, instead of taking advantage of the options allowed by the colleges, students preparing for college in general pursue standard and traditional subjects in high school. This was shown in an investigation covering the Eastern and Southern States made by Secretary Clyde Furst, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

It is important to write early to the desired college for its particular entrance requirements and to learn its stipulations as to class ranking upon graduation, psychological tests, and general qualifications. The school principal will send the scholastic records of John and Mary direct to the college. If examinations are required in some or all subjects, a notice of this fact will be received from the admissions officer, together with other instructions.

CHOOSING A COLLEGE

Recognizing the advantages of a change of habitat, many parents want their children to go to college in another section of the country. Some of the Middle Western universities appeal markedly to Eastern boys. And there has always been, of course, a strong eastward tide.

Should John and Mary, living in the West or South, desire to study under the older trees and traditions of the East, they will be cordially welcomed—but not relieved from the more exacting entrance requirements. Most Eastern colleges call for more algebra, modern foreign languages, and Latin than the Western colleges, and are less likely to accept miscellaneous subjects, such as agriculture, business studies, and home economics.

One group of nine Eastern institutions —three men's colleges, a technical school, and five women's colleges—require all candidates to take examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board: Yale, Princeton, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Haverford, Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, and Bryn Mawr. Harvard and Radcliffe in general require examinations of the College Board; both are now experimentally accepting upon certificate students who rank in the highest scholastic seventh of certain schools which do not prepare for college entrance examinations.

If their records in accredited schools are notably good, applicants may enter without examinations at a group of Eastern colleges including Amherst, Bates, Bowdoin, Colby, Cornell, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Swarthmore, Williams, and Wesleyan. Columbia, Stanford University, and the University of Pennsylvania for several years have required the Thorndike psychological test, and Brown University the Colvin, or "Brown," test, in addition to good school standing. Since the institution, by the College Entrance Examination Board, of the Scholastic Aptitude Test—a psychological test—certain colleges are making it a requirement.

For all other colleges the general state-

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ment holds that they admit upon certificate if they are satisfied as to the character qualifications and the school record of the candidate.

TAKING COLLEGE BOARD EXAMINATIONS

If John and Mary plan to take the examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board in June, how are they to go about it? Well, the first move should be made at least a year ahead, if they are to enter college by the so-called Old Plan. By this plan the candidate accumulates fifteen units in preliminary and final examinations spread over several years. Under the New Plan the candidate whose school record is satisfactory to the college concerned takes comprehensive examinations in four fundamental subjects in June following his school graduation.

Special review in preparation for the College Boards is advisable. Most private schools provide for such review in the spring, and a few public high schools do likewise.

Applications to take examinations should be sent about April 1 to the Secretary of the College Entrance Examination Board, New York City. Examinations are held simultaneously, during the third week of June, in more than 300 cities and towns in nearly every State and also in Hawaii, Canada, China, England, France, and Switzerland.

The questions of the College Board are prepared by examiners who are of recognized standing in their fields and who are likewise experienced classroom teachers. The Scholastic Aptitude Test is prepared by a commission composed of psychologists in the colleges represented on the Board. A staff of 600 trained readers rate the answer books in New York City, with checking by head readers. As a rule the results are mailed by the middle of July to the candidate, to his school, and to the college for which he is applying; New Plan results go to the college only, and the college informs the candidate as to his acceptance.

Girls do better than boys in the Board examinations "in the ratio of 339 to 261," according to the statistical studies of Secretary Fiske. Mary will rate higher in the languages and in history than John, while John will show superior results in mathematics and in the natural sciences. In College Board examinations "the comparisons between the public and private schools favor the private schools in the ratio of 529.5 to 70.5. Of the geographical comparisons, 221 favor New England, 105 the Middle States, and 74 the South and West."

ADMISSION FACTORS OTHER THAN SCHOLARSHIP

While good scholarship is the first consideration at all the stronger colleges, there is an increasing tendency to take into account factors other than school records and entrance examinations. One of these measures is the now familiar psychological test, a method of gauging "capacity or power as opposed to achievement or preparation" which has been developed by Cattell, Thorndike, Terman, Colvin, Yerkes, and others. The leading example has been the Thorndike Intelligence Test for High School Graduates, used successfully as a criterion for admission to Columbia College since 1919 and at numerous other institutions. Last year the Scholastic Aptitude Test of the College Board was taken by 8,000 boys and girls.

Colleges are now interested to know what John and Mary do outside of the classroom. Back in 1745 the regulations of Yale College asked the candidate to bring "sufficient testimony of his blameless and inoffensive life." To-day the inquiries relate to more positive virtues, and many colleges are using the terms first suggested in the Rhodes Scholarships: Qualities of manhood or womanhood, force of character and leadership, and physical vigor. One institution, in its confidential rating scale to be filled out by the school principal, teachers, and others who know the candidate well, asks under the head of character as to "moral earnestness, loyalty, sportsmanship, modesty"; and under leadership as to "readiness to shoulder responsibility, tact, ability to gain co-operation of his fellows, courage to withstand mob spirit." Specific information is sought as to school activities—the hundred and one forms of societies, clubs, and teams which form the avenue for the development and expression of these qualities. Sometimes, alas, the re-

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port discloses that activities—each excellent in itself—have been so multiplied as to swamp the student.

The difficulties of measuring character, manhood, and idealism were emphasized by Professor E. L. Thorndike in an address before Wesleyan alumni, and he advocated college selection for intellect as good not only for itself but as a symptom of ability, character, and idealism. "The thousand highest intellects that graduate from high school this spring will beat a thousand average graduates in writing, music, debating, swimming, baseball, or any other worthy activity."

Physical vigor was once declared by President Eliot to be "well-nigh essential to attain success and length of service in any of the learned professions." Medical examination is now a part of matriculation at all colleges, and the lack of good health is sometimes a barrier to acceptance. As to the degree of physical vigor manifested in kicking a football sixty yards or running the quarter-mile in fifty seconds, it may be said that such ability is still welcomed, but that the best colleges do not make special concessions to it. The day of the athletic scholarship, while not quite over, is fast going. Notwithstanding the impression given by the sports pages, the college athlete is admired and respected on the campus more for his sportsmanship and courage than for brilliant individual performance.

How much difference does it make for John and Mary in the competition for freshman places if their parents or relatives are alumni of the college? Provided their own qualifications are acceptable, the answer is that it turns the odds their way. A distinguished alumnus of a leading Eastern university has put the argument for such preference upon the advantage to the nation of colleges "which try to keep their constituency of a kind that has made the individuality and influence of the college in the social and political life of the country. Certain families for succeeding generations have always been a part of it. Such traditions should be fostered."

Theoretically the doors are open to all. Practically it would be idle to say that color and race are not taken into some account by the privately endowed colleges. The most that can be said is that any qualified and worthy applicant can find hospitality at some good college among America's 700 collegiate institutions.

The applicant having low finances and high promise is encouraged and helped everywhere. At Yale, for example, the bureau of appointments finds part-time work for a thousand students. There is a genuinely democratic spirit in all this, for which foreign visitors have expressed admiration.

Lack of money will not keep out the good student and, so far as the admissions officers are concerned, an abundance of money will not carry in the poor student. Two years ago a wealthy father tried to enter his backward son at a much-sought university on the Atlantic seaboard and offered, as a token of his appreciation, to endow six scholarships of $10,000 each. When the director of admissions shook his head, the father promptly doubled the proposed endowment. He couldn't quite understand the second declination.

Still another question is that of priority of application. Here again, other things being equal, the early candidate is favored. But more and more the emphasis is placed not upon priority but upon superiority. With the increase in numbers the competitive system is an established fact.

TWO TYPICAL SELECTIVE SYSTEMS

An instance of the competitive system in the women's colleges is furnished in the policy of limitation of Vassar College, which determined upon restriction as early as 1904. In the decade from 1915 to 1925 the advance registration increased from 2,042 to 6,800. President Henry Noble MacCracken writes:

> In 1922 Vassar closed the registration for entering seven years in advance. This meant that students of the mature age of eleven decided upon their college. The absurdity of this led us to adopt the policy of selection, or full competitive admission, after February, 1922, honoring of course all advance registrations up to that date.
>
> There is no question that the quality of our students has steadily improved. They are splendid young women who are not afraid of the stiffest competitive entrance. Here and there we meet an alumna who is fearful that the college is composed solely of grinds, but a visit at the college usually convinces her that our student body is normal.

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"Satisfactory evidence that she is ready to profit by what the college has to offer" must be submitted by each candidate: "testimonials as to her character, ability, and health, an official transcript of her school record for the four years of the preparatory course, and entrance examinations." College Board examinations are called for, except that girls in the public high schools of New York State may substitute the New York Regents' examinations. A new provision is that all candidates must take the Scholastic Aptitude Test of the College Board. "While we consider the school record and the personal recommendations of our candidates, we have so many candidates who are equally highly recommended in their school work and in their personality that we are forced to give the greatest weight to the examination evidence." After 1929 the New Plan of four comprehensive examinations of the College Board will be required of all except New York high-school girls, who may continue to qualify by Regents' examinations.

There is interest in the way Princeton has proceeded in limiting its enrolment. For this year's freshman class of approximately 600 there were about 1,500 applicants. As an outcome of the College Board examinations, these were narrowed down to 900 who deserved the most careful consideration.

Four factors are weighed by the Princeton Admissions Committee. They are (1) the school record of each promising candidate; (2) his College Board examinations, considered both as to the number of units passed and the quality of his ratings; (3) the Scholastic Aptitude Test; and (4) the character and promise of the candidate.

"The only direction of the Faculty to our Committee," said Director Radcliffe Heermance, "was that the primary consideration for selection shall be scholarship and character. We interpret the term character in a general way along the lines of the Rhodes Scholarship ideal. We want to know about the kind of boy the candidate has been in his home and his school his moral and companionable side, and the type of initiative and leadership he has shown. We inquire of his head master or principal. We obtain letters about him from three others, preferably Princeton men. We have a statement from the boy himself."

This factor is based upon subjective judgment. The other three factors dealing with scholarship and innate ability are objective. "We require College Board examinations. They are a standard test. But merely passing examinations doesn't get a boy into Princeton. And if he has stood well in his school and shows a high score in the Scholastic Aptitude Test, a boy can offset poor ratings in the Board examinations." Director Heermance has worked out, on the fourfold basis indicated, a division of applicants into classes A, B, C, D, and E by which 564 were accepted last July and about 40 more were assured of admission upon making up minor deficiencies in September. The effort is to give rejected candidates as early a notice as possible to try elsewhere or to try again a year later.

AT CERTAIN OTHER COLLEGES

At Yale the University Board of Admissions is chiefly concerned to learn "how well or ill a boy has done his last job." This, in the words of the chairman, Professor Robert N. Corwin, "is his four years of secondary school work. If this work has been done well, as shown by his school record, checked up by certain representative examinations and by a report from the principal or head master as to the applicant's character, native ability, or intellectual promise, there are only six chances in a hundred of his later showing inability to carry college work."

On the character side the Harvard Faculty Committee on Admission wants to know about an applicant "what his attitude was toward his school duties, whether he was thinking of his rights and reaching out after them, or whether he was thinking of his duties and what he owed the school." Chairman Henry Pennypacker seeks to learn "what kind of power there is in the boy, how he has been trained to tackle a new and strange and perhaps a disagreeable task, and do that with all his might."

Dartmouth has a selective process by which some 600 freshmen are chosen each year from over 2,000 applicants. The main considerations are high scholarship,

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with special emphasis on the applicant's school record in the latter part of his course; character, as indicated by ratings from various independent sources; and promise of leadership, as shown in secondary school and other organizations. Sons of Dartmouth alumni, residents of New Hampshire, and candidates of districts far distant from New England are given some preference, and in all constitute about 30 per cent of any class. The college has the co-operation of alumni committees who interview and report upon each applicant in their respective districts. President Hopkins writes: "The results have exceeded all my expectations."

Chicago designates for its college applicants "seriousness of purpose, intellectual interests and attainments, intellectual promise and such personal characteristics as will make the candidate a desirable member of the college community."

The University of Michigan last year took the lead among State institutions in considering the personal qualifications as well as the scholastic performance of applicants.

Admitting without examinations candidates who are fully certificated, the University of California now requires those candidates who are not acceptable on certificate to take examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board. California is the first State university to enter into this relation with the College Board.

The University of Virginia acts on the theory that candidates "must have demonstrated, with reasonable certainty, that they are able and willing to profit by a college course."

Vanderbilt, which does not accept vocational units or any scattering subjects for admission, "admits only the best material" as to scholarship and character.

Stanford University, beyond scholastic and personal qualifications, requires at least a median score in its supplementary intelligence examination, and gives a preference to those who make 75 or over in examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board.

Oberlin uses a scoring blank for personal qualifications in which "alertness and originality" are among the qualities queried.

Amherst's selecting and rejecting process is begun early in the year. The evidence considered includes scholastic attainments, testimonials as to character, ability, initiative, responsibility, and industry, and "a certain amount of family history."

Swarthmore, which last year had more than a thousand fully certified applicants for 150 places in the freshman class, arranges to have the leading candidates interviewed by representatives of the college. In anticipation of the Swarthmore Honors Courses the emphasis in selection is upon intellectual attainments, and the character qualities sought as essential for success in honors work are "moral earnestness and idealism."

Williams, with its limitation to 225 freshmen, makes "careful inquiry concerning the candidate's personality as well as scholarship."

As to the large women's colleges, it may be said that they are trying to select the ablest and most promising girls from the great mass of candidates by methods already described; also that their limitation of facilities compels them to turn away many qualified candidates. All who know the situation agree that the Eastern States need more well-endowed colleges for girls.

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS

Perplexing indeed were the diversities in college entrance preparation imposed upon schools in the post-Civil War era. There was a first step toward reform in defining English and mathematics by a group of New England colleges in the early eighties.

Then came the activity of the National Education Association, beginning in 1891 with its Committee of Ten, of which President Eliot, of Harvard, was chairman, and its later Committee on College Entrance Requirements, of which A. F. Nightingale, a district superintendent of Chicago, was chairman. It was in 1899 that the latter committee presented its historic report "for the purpose of harmonizing the relations between the secondary schools and the colleges, to the end that the former may do their legitimate work as the schools of the people and at

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the same time furnish an adequate preparation to their pupils for more advanced study in the academic colleges and technical schools of the country." There was universal adoption of the definitions of entrance requirements drawn up by this committee with the co-operation of specialists.

Since 1907 the task of redefinition has been performed chiefly under the auspices of the College Entrance Examination Board, by commissions of college and school specialists in the several fields.

The regional and national associations of school and college men of to-day grew out of the problems of the 1880–1900 period. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, established in 1905, has made the college entrance problem one of its concerns.

THE CERTIFICATE SYSTEM VS. EXAMINATIONS

As has been indicated, the vast majority of American colleges use the certificate system; that is, students are admitted without examination if they are certified by an accredited school; or they take certain or all examinations if they are not certified. The system started in 1871 at the University of Michigan, where it was developed under the direction of President James B. Angell, father of President Angell, of Yale. Middle Western in its origin, the certificate idea spread to New England, and by the turn of the century more than a hundred colleges and universities throughout the country had adopted it. To-day, of 763 collegiate institutions listed by the United States Bureau of Education, all but a dozen use the certificate system with varying regulations as to the accrediting of schools and as to grades and class ranking for admission without examinations.

Basic in the certificate system is the aim to unify public education, "to correlate all grades of schools, from the kindergarten to the college, so that there shall be a straight and open pathway from the lowest to the highest." Beyond its original democratic aim, the certificate system has afforded latitude in the schools for trying the newer educational doctrines: John Dewey's conceptions of interest and activity; the findings of the psychologists as to the learning process, as to transfer of training, as to measurement.

Entrance examinations date back to the beginnings of all the older colleges. In the earlier years the president of the college examined each applicant, sometimes with the assistance of tutors.

The first examining agency in the United States outside of the individual colleges was the University of the State of New York. For more than forty years the Regents' examinations have been used as a basis for admission to colleges in New York and many other States.

President Eliot, in his 1880–81 Report at Harvard, made a reference to the possibility that colleges might "unite in conducting examinations at many different centres." In 1896 he advocated "an examining board, authorized to act for a large number of institutions." Doctor Eliot was the precursor of the present College Entrance Examination Board, and its supporter in the formative stage. The founder of the College Entrance Examination Board in 1900 and its chairman for twelve years was President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University.

Doctor Wilson Farrand has written:

> The growth of the Board's work is shown most strikingly by a comparison of the figures of 1901 with those of 1925. The number of colleges belonging to the Board has increased from 15 to 35, and there are 10 representatives of secondary schools instead of 5. The 9 groups of examiners have grown to 20, the 69 examination centres have been increased to 316, and the number of candidates has gone steadily up from 973 to approximately 20,000. Instead of 39 readers engaged in marking papers, more than 600 college and school teachers assembled in New York last June and carried on the work as smoothly and efficiently as did the smaller group in 1901.

As to the merits of the certificate system versus examinations for admission to college, there continues to be a wide difference of opinion.

The attitude of preparatory school leaders in general is that examinations such as are given by the College Board are an incentive to pupils and to teachers and have raised the standard of attainment in American education.

Public-school men in general say that they cannot diverge from their broader programme to train a special group for special examinations; that to do this

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would be contrary to the cardinal principles of modern secondary education.

How far apart the views of university presidents may be is revealed in the following recent expressions:

A written examination is usually the amount of information which can, under unnatural conditions caused by nervousness, be unloaded in legible form by the student within a limited period of time. The result is then numbered and handed in to be corrected by a group of men, centrally located, whose chief recommendation is familiarity with the process of grading on a mathematical scale the written agony of students whom they do not know.—*President Clarence C. Little, of the University of Michigan.*

In reading the papers of the College Entrance Examination Board one is struck by the fact that . . . in general the questions demand a comprehension and comment on facts with which every diligent schoolboy offering the subject must be familiar. . . . Throughout our lives we are constantly forced to muster all we can of our previous knowledge, and the habit of doing so can be cultivated by practice. . . . Teaching and examination are complementary processes, and each should be given the attention and time that experience proves to be wise.—*President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University.*

A new, supplementary plan has recently been proposed by a committee of the American Association of University Professors. In addition to careful selection at entrance the committee recommends a second formal selection at the end of the sophomore year in college of those undergraduates who prove themselves qualified to proceed to graduation.

Without regard to the wisdom or practicability of this proposal it may be said that it stresses the thought which underlies the leading selective entrance systems to-day, the thought which will doubtless dominate the experiments in method of the next decade:

A college education should be an opportunity reserved for those who can and who will use it.

Moira, Unbind Your Hair

BY CAROLINE ALLEN

MOIRA, unbind your hair, put on your sandals new,
Put on your daintiest, whitest frock and your cape of heaven blue,

Then take my hand and run to that far-away vagabond hill,
And until we've reached its greenest green we'll not have run our fill;

And the cape will be like wings as it flutters and dips and whirls,
And the wind will envy your shining hair and blow it in clouds and curls.

I will set you high on the crest, to be haloed by all the skies,
And I'll not be able to look for the dazzle that's in my eyes.

Moira, unbind your hair, and gather your dresses up,
And we'll search the fragrant fields for the yellowest buttercup;

But 'twill be long to seek for they've all their gold in their throats,
And the orioles will be pelting you with coloratura notes.

And when the shadows fade and the clouds grow soft like foam,
We'll watch the sun sink into them before we turn for home.

Then Moira, unbind your hair and shower it over me,
And from its dusky meshes I'll know I shall never be free.

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Adjustment

BY MARTHA MOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KERR EBY

GEORGE BINDON walked briskly down his driveway and paused for a moment at the entrance. He looked back with satisfaction at the brook and the elm-tree and the whitewashed stone house with the blue shutters. Real pretty, he thought. He looked up and down the main road and caught sight of a figure sitting on the fence.

"Why, she's still there," he murmured. "I don't know as I like that." He paused irresolutely. After all, if that girl chose to sit on his fence for hours at a time, it didn't do anybody any harm, even if it did look queer. He turned his back on her and walked up the hill. His shoulders expressed self-conscious indifference. As a matter of fact, she wasn't even looking at him.

He walked conscientiously for some five or six miles. It was a new thing, this walking. Ever since he had met the poverty-stricken artist he had been wanting to try things that he would have scoffed at ten years ago. It was a strange friendship, between George Bindon, successful real-estate man, and the penniless landscape-painter. They were both rather lonely. In George curiosity was only a little stronger than scorn. In the artist curiosity went hand in hand with the desire for a rich patron. They had talked together a good deal. It was through the artist that George had come to live at Glenwiddon. The property had only been one of many, a good bargain, with money in it. Then the artist had said that it was beautiful, unique. George had listened with interest. Perhaps it was true. Perhaps a fellow was a fool to have a place like that and not live in it. So that was how it was that George Bindon, bachelor of thirty-seven, was established with his unmarried sister in the house at Glenwiddon.

As for the walking, the artist was at the bottom of that too. George had been going to play golf one day, and had offered the artist a lift in his Packard roadster. The artist had refused. He said he was walking for pleasure, and was turning off soon into the woods. It was autumn, he said, and one should be in the woods. George drove on rather puzzled. He resolved to try it himself some day. This was the day.

When he came to the foot of the hill again, an hour and a half later, he stopped short in surprise. The girl was still there. Something fishy about that, he thought. He started slowly up the hill, staring at her as he approached. He fully intended to speak to her, to ask her if she hadn't anything better to do than to sit on his fence all day. But as he approached, he saw that she wasn't paying him any attention.

She might have been anywhere between nineteen and twenty-nine. She had dark hair cropped short, and long, narrow dark eyes. She was looking out over the valley, her chin resting on her hand. Her position was careless, even awkward. He noticed that her clothes looked expensive—not elaborate like his sister's, but there certainly was style in the short caracal jacket, the brown tweed skirt, and the heavy brogues. He tried to make it plain that he was going to speak to her. Damn it, she's not even looking. He hesitated in the road before her. Gosh, what am I going to say? She's not looking for a pick-up. If a fellow speaks to a girl like that, she might be offended. He walked on quickly, as if he had only stopped to admire the view. A few yards farther on he turned into his own drive. He stopped suddenly as he heard a voice behind him:

"Excuse me, but I think you had something to say?"

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He turned and stared at her. She was looking at him with an expression of polite inquiry. He felt as if he had just been introduced to her in some one's drawing-room.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured as he retraced his steps. He stood beside her with his hand on the fence. "It's—a nice day," he ventured.

"Well?" she asked, and she looked out over the valley again, ignoring his remark. She didn't seem at all inclined to help him.

"I've been wondering about you," he said finally.

"Have you?" She turned to him with a look of faint surprise. "I've never seen you before." The momentary interest faded, and she looked away again. He felt desperate.

"I've been wondering why you sit here on my fence for hours at a time. I've been noticing you every time I've been in and out the drive for the last two or three days."

She answered as if she were talking in her sleep: "'I saw an aged aged man, a-sitting on a gate.'" Then she turned to him with a smile: "That gave me the idea, and as there wasn't a gate handy I've had to do with a fence." He looked utterly perplexed. "So sorry," she said, "I thought you'd know your 'Alice.' The real reason is that I love this place. I used to live here as a child."

Real pretty, he thought.—Page 424.

"But you aren't even looking at it," he objected.

"No, but I used to have the north room looking out over the valley. I'd rather look at the view, which is unchanged, than at the house, which has had so many owners since I lived there."

"Well, there's not much chance of its changing owners again in a hurry. It's

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my home. Too bad you didn't buy it before I got round to it."

"I buy it?" She looked at him as if he had said a stupid thing.

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd get much kick out of just sitting there and looking at the view. What's the big idea?"

"Oh, I like to sit here. I pretend I own the place. I think of things I would do to it if I had it, and had enough money to run it."

"Well, I'm not going to sell it. I've had good offers, too. One party tumbling over himself to buy it. But I'm going to hold on to it. I'm one as knows the value of living in an artistic locality. I'm afraid you're just wasting your time thinking of it."

"Of course. What else should I be doing? Don't you ever waste your time?" At least, she had condescended to ask him a question.

"Not often," he said. "You know, I think you and I ought to be great friends. We both appreciate a beautiful place, and —and—uh—all that kind of stuff."

"Yes," she answered calmly, "I suppose we ought."

Not much pep to her, he reflected; suppose I kid her along a bit. He climbed up on the fence beside her. She was looking away again over the valley.

"Perhaps you're waiting for some one?" He winked as she turned to him again.

"I don't think I quite know what you mean," she said coolly. She ignored the wink as if it were a physical defect which she was too well-bred to notice. He thought he'd never met such a strange girl. Attractive-looking, too, with those long, dark eyes. He was suddenly extremely conscious of his own rapidly thinning hair and lined face.

"I mean—" he explained with uneasy joviality.

"Oh, yes, of course," she said. "Love sends a little gift of roses, and so on. By the way, are you married?" He was taken aback.

"Why, no."

"I'm sorry I didn't know that sooner," she said. Then she lost interest again.

"Well, really, I don't see what difference that could have made to——"

She interrupted him wearily: "All the difference in the world."

"How come?"

"I've just married your chauffeur." He jumped down from the fence and stared at her.

"Peter Faraday? What did you do that for?"

"So that I could live here, of course." Her tone seemed to say, what a stupid question—why else should I marry him? He felt vaguely annoyed. Also, he realized that it would hardly do for Peter Faraday to drive past and see his bride sitting on a fence with his employer.

"I must go," he said. "Good-by—Mrs. Faraday."

"Stella," she said slowly; "and I'll surely see you again. As you see, I often sit on this fence."

"Do you?" he answered. It sounded idiotic, but he was bewildered. He turned his back and walked quickly away toward the house. She remained where she was, looking out on the valley, until the sun had set over the hill behind her.

George Bindon was known among his friends as a good fellow, on the whole, but apt to do queer things. It was certainly strange that he should be discovered at lunch in a cafeteria, with a copy of "Alice in Wonderland" open beside him. Yet so it happened. The part he had played in conversation with his chauffeur's wife had not been entirely satisfactory to him. He didn't explain the book to his friends. He merely shut it up and talked hurriedly of golf.

In the late afternoon Faraday met him at the station. George looked at the man keenly for signs of anger or mockery. He saw only reserve and respect. Faraday was tall and slight. He had quiet gray eyes, and a long, droll upper lip. Whatever his thoughts may have been, his face was impassive.

"Have you got the mail?" George asked.

"Yes, sir." They climbed into the car. George had expected to find out a great deal by means of subtle questioning, in the five-mile drive to his home. It was hard to begin. There didn't seem to be any subtle way of asking a man why his wife had married him.

"Faraday."

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"Yes, sir?"

"Are you married?"

"Why, yes, sir. I think you've met my wife."

George observed him again. Faraday was intent on a bad stretch of road. His face betrayed nothing. George wished that he himself were driving the car. It would be easier to talk if he had something to do with his hands. How silly for a man to be afraid to question his chauffeur. He said, rather lamely: "Faraday, I didn't realize you were a family man when I engaged you."

"But, Mr. Bindon, you let me have the little cottage in the orchard. What should I be doing living there alone?" He spoke calmly. Evidently he considered the subject closed.

George gave it up after one more attempt: "It's a real pretty cottage, *I* think."

"Yes, sir."

George's sister was named Elaine. She had adopted it at the age of seventeen, in place of the more prosaic name of Anna. At dinner that night she began by being resolutely cheerful. George was preoccupied. She stopped soon, and began toying with her rings. She had complacent, dimpled hands, and a wisp of fair hair straggled across her forehead. The maid opened the door suddenly, and the draft blew out one of the candles.

The girl was still there.—Page 424.

"Candles are real cute," Elaine remarked, "but electricity's better to eat by. We must have an overhead light put in." George glanced round the low room with its great beams in the ceiling.

"Yes, it would light up the corners and make them more cheerful. But I kinda like them dark."

"You always had funny ideas," Elaine replied as she helped him to dessert.

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"To-morrow's Saturday," said George. "I think I'll come home in the afternoon instead of playing golf."

Elaine stared at him. "Why, George—how about your exercise?"

"I'll walk from the station," he said hastily.

"If you take up walking this way, you'll be wanting to dismiss the chauffeur soon. And then what'll I do, living way off in the country here?"

"I never thought of dismissing him," he said shortly. When the maid opened the door the candle blew out again. "I guess we *had* better have an overhead light," he added. But he thought regretfully of the dark corners and the distorted shadows on the walls.

The next day was a true October day, with a cloudless sky, coldly and remotely blue. George walked home from the station, and smiled at himself for having been so curious about a chauffeur and his wife. Why, it was simple. He would just go the rounds of the place, and drop in on them to see how they liked the cottage. It would be very formal and distant. He would have a chance to see if she pulled the same line when her husband was there—frigid one moment, and the next asking him to call her Stella. What was she up to, anyway?

He walked cautiously round the place, peeping into the barn and the old sheepfold, more like a sightseer at Mont St. Michel than a landowner looking after his property. He reached the little cottage in the orchard last of all. Faraday was outside, chopping up a great branch that had fallen from an apple-tree.

"Say," George began, "you don't have to do that. You get your wood free from the pile in the woodshed." Faraday put the axe down and slipped on his coat.

"I know, sir," he said; "thank you very much. But I like doing it. It's just one way of getting exercise."

George was amused. "You wouldn't think so if you had to do it."

"Certainly not," agreed Faraday.

Stella appeared in the doorway. "Why, George, I'm so glad to see you. Have you met my husband? But, of course you have. How silly of me! Peter, have you told Mr. Bindon that he *must* stay for tea?"

"I was on the point of doing so," Faraday said with a slight bow.

"I'm afraid——" began George.

"Don't say you can't, because you must," Stella interrupted. "We're both so glad to see you. I must go and put the water on to boil. I'll leave you two to follow. I hate to ask any one to come indoors on a day like this, but if you've been out as much of the afternoon as Peter has, you must be hungry." She vanished into the cottage.

"I'm afraid—" George began again.

"Oh, come now," said Faraday, "you must have a cup of tea with us. And Stella's really quite charming," he added with a deprecating smile. George yielded.

His main impressions of the tea were that Stella had on a dark-blue dress and pearl earrings, that she and Faraday talked very fast about various things of which he had never heard, and that they lighted candles when the sun went down. When he walked home they insisted on going with him. The great elm-tree beside the house was very dark and still. Stella threw back her head and looked up as they walked under it.

"My sister wants me to have it cut down," George remarked.

"Why?" Stella and Peter exclaimed together.

"She says it's dangerous. It may fall on the roof and smash it to pieces."

Peter stood still in the road.

"When that elm goes, it'll be time for the house to go, too," he said.

Then they said good night. George didn't quite dare to ask them to dinner. He was glad that he hadn't, when Elaine greeted him with the news that the cook had gone.

"And how can you expect any one to stay, when you want to live so far away in the country?" she complained. "They simply don't like it." George was silent. He was wondering whether Peter knew that Stella had married him only because he had a job at Glenwiddon. George found it hard to believe, but he had had it from her own lips. He felt sorry for Peter when the truth should be known.

In the morning George and Peter were strangers again. Faraday, the discreet chauffeur, drove Mr. Bindon to the golf club.

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As the autumn wore on, Elaine resisted this growing friendship between George and the Faradays.

"What would the neighbors say if they knew you were always having tea with your chauffeur?" she asked. But, as George pointed out, one's neighbors were so far away at Glenwiddon that they really couldn't be expected to know anything about it.

After the winter settled in, Elaine found that even a chauffeur's wife was better company than none. Glenwiddon was remote from the beaten track. Elaine longed for suburban card-parties and the latest phonograph records. The records, to be sure, George brought home every month, but he seemed to have lost interest in them. Even the latest blues pall when there is no one else to agree that "the saxophone in that one is just too cute." So Elaine went often, on one pretext or another, to the little cottage in the orchard. And soon Stella began to come to the big house—very seldom at first, but more often as the winter went on. George fostered this intimacy. He liked to think of Stella calmly suggesting and arranging,

"Thank you very much, sir, but I like doing it."—Page 428.

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while Elaine fussed and embroidered, and wondered what in the world they could have for dinner.

One evening he came into the living-room to find everything swept off the mantelpiece. Only two tall silver candlesticks remained. George was surprised. The thing had been covered with ornaments of every kind—souvenir shells from Atlantic City, pictures of themselves as children, dishevelled valentines, and a host of celluloid cupids. He found Elaine hovering disconsolately over these treasures where they reposed ignominiously in a corner of the coat-closet.

"It's Mrs. Faraday," she explained. "She said it was too bad to have a parade of cupids marching as to war on a respectable mantelpiece."

George laughed. It sounded like Stella. But Elaine was doubtful.

"I like it cosey," she murmured, "and those cupids do make it seem real homey."

"I know," said George, "but just let's try it this way. We may get used to it, you know." He spoke without much conviction. The cupids were a part of his birthright.

Faraday, too, began to come often to the house. At first he came only to fetch Stella. Later he stayed to talk. He would come sometimes without her, to shovel snow or carry wood. When the spring came, and there were no more great mountains of snow to be attacked, he came anyway. Elaine liked him, but she confessed to George that she always felt as if he were laughing at her.

"Nonsense," George said. He wouldn't for the world have admitted that he himself was a little suspicious of Faraday's courtly manners and obstinate reserve.

When the spring came in good earnest, the Faradays seemed to have made the house their own. They were always there, suggesting shrubs and vines, training ivy, and eternally on guard lest Elaine should plant nasturtiums. George listened meekly while they explained why this corner must be left bare and why that must have a barberry hedge. He was very firm with Elaine about the nasturtiums. To George the Faradays had become a part of the place. The novelty of the situation had worn off. He saw nothing absurd in having Faraday drop in to tea, and ask in leaving: "What time do you wish to go to the station, sir?" Faraday never dropped the "sir" in his professional capacity.

It was in June that the thing happened. George arrived at the station and Faraday met him with a chastened expression.

"It's Miss Bindon, sir," he said. "I had engine trouble just as I was starting to take her to the train this morning. Then we couldn't get hold of the cab, or any other car, because a tree had fallen on the telephone-wires—so she missed the train. She didn't take it very well, sir." George whistled. Elaine was to have been maid of honor at the wedding of an old friend. He himself had been called away on business, and had missed it, but Elaine had been looking forward to it for weeks. He foresaw a gloomy evening. Faraday said nothing more until he left him at the door.

"May Stella and I call this evening?" he asked.

"Do," George answered, and his face brightened.

Dinner was sombre. Elaine flung out a few remarks more or less to the effect of Doctor Johnson's statement that those who live in the country are fit for the country. She, the inference was, was fit for something better. After dinner she went straight to her room and shut the door. George was disturbed. He lighted a cigar and wandered out onto the terrace. It was a relief to hear footsteps on the drive, and then to see Peter and Stella looming up out of the darkness. They sat down beside him and lighted cigarettes. There was a comfortable silence, till Stella spoke thoughtfully:

"I don't think Elaine is very happy here. She misses her friends. It's so inaccessible in this beautiful Glenwiddon."

George was surprised. "Just what I've been thinking," he said. "But how about you? Don't you find it lonely?"

"Oh, I belong here," Stella said quietly. There was silence again, while George turned the matter over in his mind.

"I suppose the amount of it is that Elaine and I don't," he said finally.

"Well," said Stella judicially, "you *are* getting a little fat, so far from a golf course."

"That's not what I mean."

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"No, of course not. I was only fooling. You miss having neighbors all around—and you and Elaine must be awfully popular, too."

"Yes," George reflected, "we do have a good time in a gang. Bridge and dancing and lots of people to kid you along when you feel blue. I don't know what I'd do without you two here. I'd just sell the place and skip right out."

"I don't think we'll be here much longer," Stella said, "though goodness knows we hate to leave."

"What!"

"Yes; we've been left a legacy."

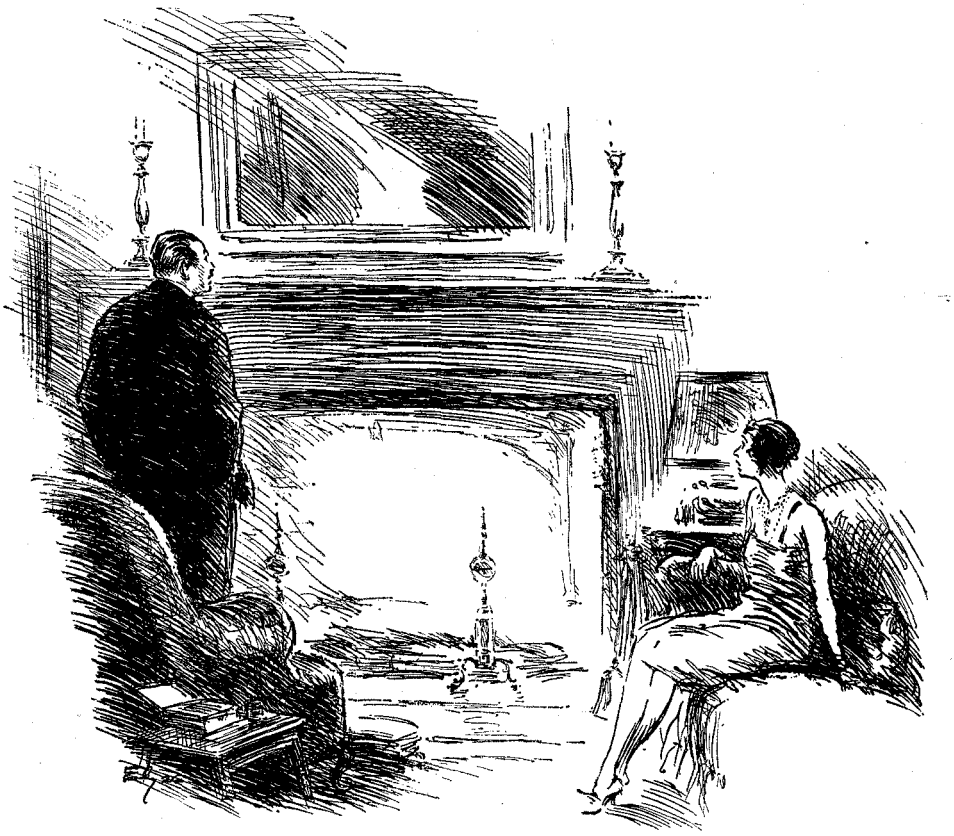
"That settles it," George exclaimed. "I'm going."

"You wouldn't consider selling to us?" Faraday asked.

"But—gosh. Is it a big legacy?"

"It'll do." Faraday spoke calmly.

George considered. Visions of a suburban home and a radio club floated before his eyes. Anyway, the artist had gone to Paris, and wrote long letters asking for money. George had grown tired of him. It was too strenuous, living the way a fellow like that wanted you to. He hadn't realized how much the Faradays meant to him. If he was going to lose them, why go on living here, with a discontented sister and a mantelpiece stripped of its cupids?



"I know," said George, "but just let's try it this way. We may get used to it."—Page 430.

"You're on," he said in the darkness, and he considered the advantages of a suburban porch as against a shadowed terrace on a June night.

George was genuinely sorry to leave, but he felt that Glenwiddon and the Faradays belonged together. The place with-

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out them would be unbearably lonely. Also he saw that they could have no part in the suburban life which Elaine was planning with such enthusiasm. She, at least, had no regrets. She babbled pleasantly of seeing them often at her "little sociables." George said nothing. When he left he shook hands with Stella and Peter with a fervor which surprised all three of them. When he had gone they looked at each other. They were more sorry to see him go than they had expected to be. Elaine had murmured something about "a little reunion." George had merely said good-by. For once the Faradays had been at a loss for something to say.

Stella and Peter sat on the terrace waiting for their guests. Some friends were motoring from New York to spend the week-end and see the new home.

"I think the chauffeur's uniform was very becoming," she said regretfully. Peter laughed.

"Did I tell you I had a letter forwarded from our agent to-day?"

"No. What's up?"

"He says Bindon has suddenly changed his mind and sold. He's upset because he can't find out who's bought Glenwiddon. I don't wonder he's annoyed, after his struggles to buy it for us in the autumn. He says if we'd only waited, he'd have got it all right."

Stella smiled. "Would he, though? I think it all goes to prove that when you want to get something out of an American business man who's a little tired of making money, the only way is to appeal to his sense of the fitness of things."

"Elaine helped, though," Peter said.

"Yes," said Stella. "Elaine helped."

A Prayer for All People

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

One cannot walk in Lynmouth
Along the tilted street,
For there the Lyn comes leaping down
Impetuous, swift, and sweet,

With fleck of light and shadow
On flowered window-sills
And gossip under kitchen doors
About the Devon hills.

The crimson cottage roses
Hang drenched above its rim.
God send you see the Lyn come down
Before your eyes grow dim!

One cannot lie in Lynmouth
But, dusk to dawn, he hears
As clear as bells along his blood
The beat of old, old years—

Lyn water crying "England,"
Forever on and on. . . .
God let you sleep in Lynmouth once
Before your dreams are done!

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"THE COPELAND READER" is a sturdy, substantial volume of nearly 1,700 pages, well printed, with clear space between the lines; a desk bible of good literature, adapted both physically and spiritually for those who read aloud and for those who have ears to hear.

Charles T. Copeland, or "Copey," as he is affectionately known to the sons of Harvard, has been identified with that institution for nearly fifty years, for it was in 1878 that he entered Harvard College as a freshman. He spent a year at the Law School, but, like so many other men of letters, "abandoned the law for literature." During the nineties, when scholarship in English was Germanized, Mr. Copeland went his way with independence and courage. Loving literature for its own sake, he has spent his life among good books and with those whom he has taught to love them. He has been a missionary to the Philistines, preaching the Gospel of Beauty not by annotation and commentary, but by allowing the harmonies of poetry and prose to fall like rain upon the mown grass. His audiences have been groups of undergraduates who have sought him in his college room; undergraduate classes who have crowded his lecture-hall; men and women all over the country assembled in various cities to hear him read his favorite authors.

It would be difficult to overestimate his beneficent influence; his method of teaching is to read aloud with intelligent emphasis, bringing author and listener together in intimate communion. An immense number of people owe to him their first love of good literature and their first attempts in literary criticism. As a theme reader, he was severe, penetrating, antiseptic, and constructive. "Copey" is beloved, as a Master is beloved by his disciples.

There was universal rejoicing when the Harvard Powers finally granted him the full academic recognition that his long and inestimable services merited. Since 1925 he has been Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, a chair formerly held by Francis J. Child and L. B. R. Briggs. He continues to live in his rooms in the College Yard, where, accessible to undergraduates day and night, he is a fruitful influence.

The late Professor Hiram Corson of Cornell taught literature in this same way —by reading it aloud. He always insisted that reading the masterpieces of literature to college classes—with due attention to proper emphasis—was not only the best way, but the only way to make them feel and understand. I remember his remark about a certain graduate student who showed promise in the field of scholarship. "He will never do at all," said Corson; "he has lost two front teeth."

As nothing is more deadly than elocutionary declamation founded on ignorance, so nothing is more instructive than intelligent reading backed by scholarship. The best readers I ever heard were F. J. Child and Horace Howard Furness, both of them profound scholars. As a graduate student at Harvard, I had the privilege of studying Shakespeare under Professor Child. He frequently read aloud in the classroom, and I am not exaggerating when I say that to hear him read a page of Shakespeare was more valuable than to read many commentaries. It was as though he threw a flood of light on the printed page, illuminating both the poetry and the minds of his pupils. When Doctor Furness was past eighty, I induced him to come to Yale and read Shakespeare to our students. The hall was crowded; every seat was taken, and many were forced to stand. Furness was as deaf as Beethoven; he could not hear the applause that shook the building. But as he appeared on the platform, carrying his huge folio of Shakespeare, his wise and kindly old face beaming with

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the wisdom and beauty of long and intimate association with the greatest of poets, the applause was followed by a hush of reverent expectation—we felt that we were in the presence of something venerable and noble. He read aloud for an hour and then retired for ten minutes of rest. He told me afterward he thought the students would take that opportunity to escape. Not one left the room.

Mr. Copeland has in "The Copeland Reader" made an Anthology of English Poetry and Prose, consisting of the selections that during his long career he has chosen for public readings. It is an extensive survey, the pieces printed being those that he personally prefers, for an Anthology made by one man is, I think, more interesting than if made by a committee, and therefore the result of compromise. Of translations, there are only three, the Bible (King James Version), Homer, and Plato. Of English authors, there is God's plenty, from the Ballads to 1926. One naturally turns with curiosity to the pages devoted to living writers, and one finds the following: Watson, Grahame, Barrie, Yeats, Kipling, Galsworthy, Hodgson, De La Mare, Chesterton, Masefield, Gibson, Colum, Stephens, Wister, Copeland, Wilkins-Freeman, Howe, Dunne, White, Robinson, Leacock, Warren, Frost, Anderson, Hersey, Macy, Rideout, Braithwaite, Gerould, Lardner, Woollcott, Broun, Aiken, Benchley, Allen, Gallishaw, Damon, Hillyer, Code, McCord.

In the Introduction Mr. Copeland promises that he will soon take a year off and write his Reminiscences. This should be a book of extraordinary interest.

Until last week I have regarded Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams" as his best novel; but "The Plutocrat" has put Alice's nose out of joint. This is a new phase of the international novel, with the triumphant American of big business dominating the ocean liner and cutting a swath among the natives and tourists in northern Africa. Earl Tinker is a creation—a person and a personage; he makes as deep and lasting an impression on the reader as on the people whom he meets. One begins by laughing at him, continues by laughing with him, and concludes by surrendering to him. Instead of being represented as contemptible, he is aptly compared to the ancient Romans, who moved among the inferior races of the earth like giants among pygmies. There is plenty of satire in this novel, satire subtle and sharp; but it is the self-styled intelligentsia who are on the receiving end of the shafts. Mr. Tarkington has always known how to tell a good story; but this is far more than a good story, though it is as compelling as any other of his narratives; it is, in construction, character-creation, ideas, and style, a work of literary art, a work that I am happy to think was written by an American. It awakens many thoughts in the reader, and marks a distinct advance in the career of its author. I cannot help comparing it with the story of that other successful American man of business, told by Henry James in "The American." There the good nature, the energy, the dominant will, the unselfish nobility of the American all came to defeat against the impregnable fortress of French family pride, defended by unscrupulous tactics; here the American triumphs in everything, and it is clear that he could have triumphed in love had he wished. The difference between the two books is not the difference between what would have happened and what would not have happened; for given people and circumstances, each novel is convincing. It is perhaps the difference in temperament between Henry James and Booth Tarkington.

Only a few of our writers can command a literary style equal to this. The descriptions in the first chapter—both objective and subjective—are adequate illustrations of the English language as it should be written.

Of all the Polar explorers numbered among the gallant dead, I most admire Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton. Joseph C. Belden, of Chicago, calls my attention to a passage in Frank Hurley's "Argonauts of the South," pages 191, 192.

Sir Ernest decided that an attempt must be made to reach Paulette Island, 350 miles to the N. N. West. There was a small hut, and a cache of food left in 1902 by the Swedish Expedition under Otto Nordensk-

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jold. Before setting out each man was provided with his share of the saivaged clothing, into which he changed. It was so evident that we could win through only by the barest margin that every superfluous ounce was seen to be a handicap and everything beyond the barest necessaries was abandoned. I observed Sir Ernest take a handful of sovereigns from his pockets and toss them down a crack in the ice. He lifted from the dump, that represented the trimmings of civilization, a pocket volume of Browning. "I throw away trash and am rewarded with golden inspirations," he said. Little indeed did he think at the time what a source of consolation and inspiration that volume was to be, not only to himself, but also to his tent-mates.

What a recognition of the value of imponderable forces, and what a compliment to Browning! Shackleton esteemed spiritual necessities above physical luxuries. To throw away material comforts and keep Browning is one more evidence of the far-reaching, incalculable influences of poetry. To sit down in the solitude of a study and to write a poem may not seem to some men to be actively participating in the struggle of life; but if the words there written under the kindly lamp put courage, resolution, bone, and muscle into heroic hearts and bodies in remote ice-fields?

One is reminded of that moment in unmapped Africa when Roosevelt and his son recited together stanzas from Browning's "Childe Roland." That poem was written in the poet's lodgings in Paris on the 3d of January, 1852; in the next century it was spoken aloud by two American explorers in a primitive and savage land.

Louis Tracy, author of the most exciting novel I ever read, "The Wings of the Morning," has just published a particularly engrossing tale of villainy balked by detectives, "The Law of the Talon." Lawton Evans, Superintendent of Education in Augusta, Ga., has profitably spent some vacation days writing "The Pirate of Barataria," an exciting story of Lafitte.

Along with the popular custom of writing biographies that shall either belittle or befoul men hitherto venerated, there are appearing biographies that are meant not to whitewash villains, but at all events to humanize them, to persuade the public that after all, you know, etc. One of the best of these is John Drinkwater's "Mr. Charles the King," an account of the life and career of Charles II of England. It is skilfully and plausibly written, and decidedly interesting. Nine out of ten contemporary works in biography might accurately be called "Revised Versions." Perhaps after a time opinions on morality may change so much that all biographies will have to be rewritten with the dynamics reversed. That is to say, not only will biographers insist that there were many flaws in popular heroes and many virtues in accepted villains, but that the villains were the heroes and their villainy their chief virtue.

Meanwhile I have been enjoying two autobiographies of two rather different men, "Memories of a Happy Life," by Bishop Lawrence, and "Once a Clown, Always a Clown," by De Wolf Hopper. Bishop Lawrence's life has been full of happiness not because he has been in "comfortable circumstances," but because he has continuously been busy in congenial and useful labor. No man should ask more of life than to be sufficiently strong to engage in productive work, and if ever a man has been chronically busy, this bishop has. He says wisely that the highest happiness in mature years is found in *routine*. There is no doubt in my mind of the truth of this. It also explains why men and women are happier than children; the latter's happiness consists always in something different, Christmas Day, a picnic, a change of some kind; whereas in mature years we hope that nothing will interfere with the daily programme. Instead of looking to something new and strange for an adventure, we find daily living one continuous adventure. Bishop Lawrence, instead of trying to serve God and Mammon, has served God and made Mammon serve *him*.

The hundreds of thousands who have been diverted by the antic humor of De Wolf Hopper will enjoy his modest autobiography. Dear old Barnabee, and Frothingham, of the Boston Ideals, Francis Wilson, and De Wolf Hopper were able to give enjoyment to successive

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generations, and will long be held in grateful remembrance. Perhaps the chapter in Mr. Hopper's book which will be read with the greatest pleasure is the one telling the complete history of his association with the immortal poem, "Casey at the Bat."

Into the Faery Queene Club come Mrs. E. S. Powell, of St. Paul, Minn., whose English instructor in college induced her to read the poem in the summer vacation—she must have been an inspiring teacher, for many American students do not spend their summer vacations productively; Mrs. Francis Rhett Bridges, of Umatilla, Fla., who read the poem with delight, and as a high-school teacher introduced many boys and girls to its spacious beauty. She thinks that instead of coining new words, we might restore to common speech some of the antique ones from Spenser—for instance, "noursle."

While some new words are being proposed and accepted, I wish we could follow the lead of the antique hunters and bring out to the light some of the mellow-toned ones of "Faerie Queene." For instance, "Noursle." You will remember how in the sixth canto of the sixth book, Calepine suggested to the childless woman to whom he gave the little babe rescued from the bear that she might "Noursle up in lore of learned philosophy." If we could noursle up the babes of this generation might it not sweeten and flavor our future supply of "applesauce"? How would you define noursle? It means more than teach; more than train; more than educate; more than nourish; and it means them all.

Miss Catherine Gaines, a student at St. Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minn. She read the poem before she was sixteen. Mrs. Herbert M. Fillebrown, of Pawtucket, R. I., has just completed the reading, and becomes a member. Miss Alice Constance Moore, a teacher in Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis., read the poem "years ago when I was teaching a country school. And under its magic spell, the bare, snowy wastes were replaced with the richness of Elizabeth's court, and I forgot the bluntness of 'my children' and their parents in the courtly demeanor of Sidney, Raleigh, and their gracious friends."

The English journalist, S. K. Ratcliffe, sends me a quotation from Stephen Gwynn's "Experiences of a Literary Man," concerning the famous Shakespearian scholar, W. J. Craig:

Yet even words were secondary in his delight: what he loved was poetry. Spenser was a storehouse of words, yet Craig told me how when a boy he discovered "The Faerie Queene" and simply "ramped through it." It was not the words that set him ramping; it was the music, the romance, the spell of a great poet, and he never forgave me for not worshipping as he did. He thought that because I disapproved of Spenser as an Irish politician . . . this lessened my appreciation of Spenserian verse.

Douglas V. Hillyer, of the Port of New York Authority, calls my attention to an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune*, which for the benefit of those who think New York is a combination of Sodom and Gomorrah in their most malignant form, I now quote entire.

HARD-BOILED NEW YORK

New York is a hard-boiled town. Consider an incident in a Broadway theatre last Friday night. At the end of the performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" a member of the cast made a little speech saying that inasmuch as Sir Arthur Sullivan was the author of some famous hymns, and as it was Christmas Eve, the company would like to sing the first verse of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." And thereupon, with the audience standing, they gathered in a group and sang the great hymn with all the earnestness and fervor of a camp meeting.

Such a Godless old city!

The germs of advertising travel faster than those of the flu. I went to New York, Friday, January 14, to see Tom Cushing's play "The Devil in the Cheese." I liked it so much that on Saturday I said so *coram publico*. On Sunday, January 16, the theatre advertisements in the New York *Times* contained my tribute. On Wednesday, January 19, the niece of Buffalo Bill wrote from Cody, Wyo., to Tom Cushing, saying she had seen this recommendation in *The Times*, and asked for a script copy of the play to read to her group of workers.

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Upon Buffalo Bill's birthday, February the twenty-sixth, you will doubtless read and see and hear much of our great doings out here next June, but in the meantime, let me personally invite you to come out and join us in dedicating to my uncle, Colonel Cody, the most picturesque and dramatic museum in the world. We are to have a log theatre, a converted bunk-house of old—and in time will I hope be able to give some entertainment.

The last time I saw Buffalo Bill was in Buffalo, December 28, 1905. He was dining with some friends and I could not help thinking of the possible contrast in his own mind between the luxurious surroundings of that dinner and those of many meals he had eaten elsewhere. He looked handsome, genial, distinguished; as became a man who had hobnobbed with all forms of life from the cloven hoof to the crowned head.

I am glad a dramatic museum in Wyoming is in his name, and I wish his gallant niece all success. Buffalo Bill could never be forgotten in any case, but this form of memorial seems particularly appropriate.

The annual dinner of the FANO CLUB will be held on Browning's birthday, May 7, 7.30 P. M., at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn. All members who intend to be present will please write to me, as this is the only notice of the dinner that will be given. Members who cannot attend will send me an original poem, written either in English or in Italian.

The latest ones to join are Mr. and Mrs. Emil P. Albrecht, of Philadelphia, who took excellent pictures of Guercino's masterpiece.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

By Major-General J. G. Harbord. Beginning sentences with the verb, like "Came a day when," etc. This is particularly common in the captions of motion pictures. "Came the dawn."

By Doctor Horace Hart, of Short Beach, Conn. "Some one is always being *rushed* to the hospital." He cites: "Mrs. —— was rushed to the McClellan Hospital for an emergency appendicitis operation." "One would imagine that she had been shot through a pneumatic tube."

By E. O. Cornish, of Vancouver, B. C., *Benedict* and *Prototype*. "The misspelling of the first and the back-ended application of the second are my continual irritations. *Proposition* would have been a strong competitor a few years ago, but that one is nearly dead from senile decay." It is true that this word has lost some of its vogue. Years ago I remember hearing it attacked in a speech by Augustus Thomas.

By James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Mo., *Scotchman* or *Scotch* (for Scotsman or Scots) and the accursed failure of the dotted line between stamps.

A citizen with a slightly peevish air stopped at the stamp window and thus addressed the clerk: "Is there anything in your experience or expert knowledge," said he, "that informs you why a postage stamp, especially one of the current two-cent issue, prefers, nay, almost insists upon tearing apart from its fellows at any other place than where it is perforated? except, of course, the universal innate cussedness of inanimate things."

Replied the clerk: "I have considered this subject exhaustively, both by request and upon my own account, and have concluded that your question, fore and aft, contains the whole truth. They do persist in tearing where they are not intended to, and there is no Christian reason for their perverseness."

By Gilson Brown, of Alton, Ill., *Colorful*. "Every football contest this fall in the mind of the sport writers was a colorful game, and now we must listen to radio announcers who insist that the instant programme is most colorful. It is a riot of color."

By Doctor Anne E. Perkins, of Gowanda State Homeopathic Hospital. *Fed up*, *dope*, *hike*, *exquisite* (with accent on second syllable), *corker*, *listen*, *applesauce*, *for Pete's sake*. Personally I hate *exquis'-ite* and *ad'-dress*.

By Mrs. Robert Koehler, of Philadelphia. *Out of town* (when a lie), *get in touch with*, *just fine* (applied to how are you, or they, or anything under the sun).

By Miss Eloise Jordan, of Lisbon, Maine. *Blue willow ware*, *Burke's Speech on Conciliation*, *Letters of George Eliot*

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Collected by her Husband. "Even at nineteen her letters lacked the youthful spirit." Well, George Eliot never was a girl and her friend Herbert Spencer never was a boy.

I shall have to retract my statement that Southey has no friends—not even an enemy. I have received letters from various parts of the earth, which prove that Southey still has readers who are his friends.

Another error I penitently acknowledge. In the January SCRIBNER'S I credited a particularly valuable and interesting letter to John S. Newberry. The letter was written by his uncle, William B. Newberry, of Cleveland. I am sure that one reason for John's success as a teacher of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is that he has so excellent an uncle. In one sense I am glad I sinned, because it drew from W. B. N. a charming letter, too intimate to quote.

I remarked in a public lecture that I had never heard any Englishman use Dickens's w for v, "weal" for "veal," etc., nor had I ever met an Englishman who had heard it. Yet Dickens could not have been mistaken; he must have heard it every day. Professor Robert Menner, of Yale, gives me interesting information.

Professor Wyld of Oxford, perhaps the foremost authority in England on the history of our language, confirms your opinion. He states that "This was formerly a London vulgarism, but is now apparently extinct in the Cockney dialect. Personally I never actually heard the pronunciation, so well known to the readers of Dickens, Thackeray, and of the earlier numbers of Punch."

You may be interested in the history of this vulgarism, which was once common in this country as well as in England. Like the incorrect use of initial h, it was inherited in the London dialect from neighboring country dialects of the fifteenth century. Henry Machyn, a merchant tailor of Elizabeth's time, writes in his diary *walue* for *value, woice* for *voice, wacabondes* for *vagabonds* and on the other hand, *woman* for *woman.* In 1791 Walker, the lexicographer, lists this interchange as one of the four faults of the Londoners. (The others were: not sounding h when it ought to be sounded and inversely; not sounding h after w—i. e. saying *wile, wet,* for *while, whet;* and not pronouncing final s in combinations like *posts, fists.*)

English settlers brought this bad habit over to America, and American grammarians are constantly complaining about it at the end of the eighteenth century. Noah Webster, in his Dissertations on the English language, Boston 1789, p. 112, remarks that "The pronunciation of w for *v* is a prevailing practice in England and America: it is particularly prevalent in Boston and Philadelphia." He adds in a footnote that he never once heard the pronunciation in Connecticut. The practice used to be ridiculed by an old line that ran: "weal, winegar, and wenison make wery good wittles I wow," which I remember hearing my father recite.

S. K. Ratcliffe writes from London:

The reason Fowler does not discuss Aren't I? may be that he has always heard southern English. It is the rarest thing to hear the expression in the South; we seem to evade it mostly. In Lancashire, where I spent my childhood, everybody used it without shame. When I came to London at twelve I had never heard any alternative. Children in the South are apt to say it. The Irish, as you know, say Amn't I? The county and smart people have on the whole tended to keep the old Ain't I? The precise folk perhaps would like to see us driven back into the Jane Austen usage, Am not I?!

As for the pronunciation of Issue, you are not correct in saying there is a sharp difference between England and America. You hear the sh sound here, from ordinary cultivated people, quite as often as you hear the clean ss. I think that in ordinary talk I naturally give a slight sh; in speaking on the platform I should almost certainly use the other.

Professor H. Carter Davidson, of the University of Idaho:

As a teacher of English and Public Speaking in High School and University I have come in contact with as many examples of ill use as would seem possible in a language of only three hundred thousand words. I have passed through the stages of disgust, anger, and hopelessness over such usages as "hectic" meaning "wild, exciting," "nice" meaning "pleasant or agreeable," and "awful" meaning "very." But the worst fault of them all, a fault of speaking rather than of writing, is the "feminization" of every

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word which precedes a lapse in thought or speech. I have counted as many as forty "A's" interpolated between words in a two hundred word speech. Especially does that abomination, "and-a" grate upon my ears, and I would gladly nominate it for the Ignoble Prize of 1927. The only cures I have discovered for this disease are perfect fluency, mental alertness, or the removal of the vocal organs.

Professor Fred Newton Scott, of the University of Michigan:

Aren't you and your correspondents, in your sweeping attacks upon hackneyed words and phrases, taking a wrong attitude? The aim, so it seems to me, should be not to drive these expressions out of the language (for that, if it could be done, would only impoverish our vocabulary), but to use them in so bright and original a way as to give new force and meaning to the context. I can think of no better example than Keats's "And no birds sing"—surely the very acme of commonplace, and yet one of the deathless lines of English poetry, if any such there be. I am convinced that one day, perhaps even in our day, some person will use "relict" or "the present writer" (Dean Inge missed his chance at the beginning of his article in the January SCRIBNER'S) in so touching or so grotesque a way that it will instantly become one of the treasures of the English language. It would be very delightful to be that person and to be known for all time thereafter as the winner of the noble prize.

From Benjamin Kimball, of Boston.

For recognition of a happy word—unusual if not new, I offer this at the seat of judgment.

An old mariner of wisdom and sagacity and (consequently) brevity, spending his old age in the snug harbor of Nantucket replied to an enquiry as to whether it was likely to rain the next day "Well, I donno; it mought happen to rain, an' it mought happen not to rain, and there's as much to be sot on *happentry* as on certainty."

From Lansing R. Robinson, of Brookline, Mass.

My wife noticed an advertisement in a Boston paper, reading:

SUZANNE M. PIPE

Concert Artist, teacher of voice and piano.
Suzanne teaches them to pipe a roundelay

and presumably can coach in pipe organ technique.

We have a restaurant keeper on Haymarket Square and his sign reads Munch's Lunch. Can't you just see them munching Munch's delectable batter cakes? Since the war, Boston has named several hundred intersecting street corners after gallant soldiers, but it makes me shudder to observe the awful abbreviation for "Square." Every sign reads Michael McGonnible Sq., Giovanni Buttoni Sq., Ralph Sherman Brown Sq., Heinrich Obermeyer Sq., and so on. I can't escape reading Sq. every morning, for, worse luck, we live on Washington Sq. Somehow that Sq. seems flippant and out of place in our seat of culture.

Ailurians from all over the world write me about the virtues and intellectual qualities of cats. David H. Fee, editor of *The Daily Notes*, Canonsburg, Pa., sends me an editorial from the Pittsburgh *Post*, calling attention to the fact that when a certain farmer's wife in Michigan was helpless in the grasp of a robber, her pet cat flew to the rescue and drove the invader away. Mrs. W. L. B. Hill, of Kelseyville, Calif., sends me a clipping from the London *Observer* which is perhaps the oldest cat reference. From Bartholomew (note the last syllable) Angelicus (thirteenth century).

He (the cat) is a full lecherous beast in youth, swift, pliant, and merry, and leapeth and reseth on everything that is to fore him; and is led by a straw, and playeth therewith: and is a right heavy beast in age and full sleepy, and lieth slyly in wait for mice: and is aware where they be more by smell than by sight, and hunteth and reseth on them in privy places: and when he taketh a mouse, he playeth therewith, and eateth him after the play. The time of love is hard fighting for wives, and one scratcheth and rendeth the other grievously with biting and with claws. And he maketh a ruthful noise and ghastful, when one professeth to fight with another: and unneth is hurt when he is thrown down off an high place. And when he hath a fair skin, he is as it were proud thereof, and goeth fast about: and when his skin is burnt, then he bideth at home; and is oft for his fair skin taken by the skinner, and slain and flayed.

When I read the entertaining autobiographies of actors and public speakers, I am led to recall the fact that few of them made their début at so early an age

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as I. When I was a child, Saratoga was crowded every summer by ministers of the Gospel and by race-track gamblers. My father, curiously enough, belonged to the former class. I used to walk the streets and gaze with envy and wonder at the multimillionaires who adorned the vast verandas of the United States Hotel and the Grand Union Hotel, for I had been told in awe-struck whispers that on the "American plan" they paid five dollars a day! At our modest hotel, there were evening parties, and professional entertainers often appeared. In the summer of 1874, when I was nine years old, I made my first appearance on any stage. I sang "Mygel Snyder's Party," which is surprising enough, but not nearly so amazing as the fact that I was asked to repeat it!

Some time ago I received a characteristic letter from Professor L. B. R. Briggs, written from Amsterdam. He said he had not yet seen his biography, which had been out for some months, but that he had told the author "(a) to wait till I died, and (b) then not to do it."

Robinson Smith writes me from Nice: "Tennyson's grandson is named Alfred Stanley Browning Tennyson. At Eton he was called Shakespeare, for short."

Walter R. Spofford, the Chicago librarian, commenting on my pronunciation *Peeps*, says he was brought up to say *Pepps*. So was I. He refers me to the late Professor Wm. Henry Hudson's "Idle Hours in a Library," where an amusing rhymed version of the various pronunciations is given. I say *Peeps* because that is the only pronunciation heard at Magdalene College, Cambridge, where the library of the diarist is kept. By the way, a new one-volume version of the Diary has just appeared called "Everybody's Pepys," abridged and edited by E. F. Morshead.

A bill is now before the New York legislature providing censorship for stage-plays. It is greeted with the usual uproar from managers, playwrights, and actors. It should be remembered, however, that if this bill becomes a law, it will not be the fault of prudes and narrow-minded citizens; it will be the result of the greed, selfishness, and disregard of common decency displayed by certain managers, playwrights, and actors, who have transgressed so often and so flagrantly that they have brought the shadow of the censor on the art of the theatre. *Excess leads to prohibition.*

The year 1927 marks the centenary of the death of Beethoven—it will be celebrated in every town in the world. As these lines I am now writing will appear in print toward the end of March, they will synchronize with the centennial day, March 26. The Ninth Symphony will be played by New York, Boston, and Philadelphia Orchestras, and by many others, both in America and in Europe. The Metropolitan Opera House in New York revived "Fidelio" on January 22, and I had the pleasure of hearing it for my first time in America. It was a better performance than I had ever heard in Europe. The members of the cast sang as if inspired; and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Bodanzky, played superbly. Despite the fact that the opera is a glorified melodrama, and has some tense moments, the most thrilling part of the performance was the Leonora Overture No. 3, played just before the last scene. Beethoven wrote better for instruments than for the voice. The only disappointing parts of the Ninth Symphony come in the choral conclusion.

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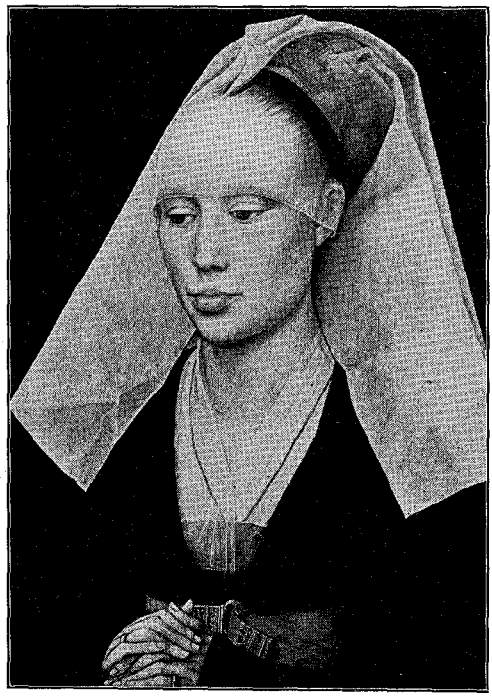
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THERE are exhibitions and exhibitions. Most of them are, so to say, matters of routine. They are delightful things, for contact with works of art is always delightful. But the average show is just one more link in the chain of critical experience. This winter an exhibition was organized in London, so rare, so remarkable, so absolutely unique, that I voyaged across the Atlantic to see it. It was an exhibition of Flemish art, from the Primitives down to Alfred Stevens, and it would be impossible to speak in too fervid terms of its importance and distinction. I have known Flemish art all my life. In fact, I plunged immediately into the subject when I made my first visit to Europe more than thirty-five years ago, landing at Antwerp and exploring the museum there. I have been studying it ever since, in museums and churches everywhere, and in private collections. I can recall many masterpieces that were not included in the London exhibition. Nevertheless, I felt when I saw that exhibition that it exposed the traits of Flemish art in their length and breadth a little more luminously than they had been exposed elsewhere on any previous occasion, not even excepting the memorable displays arranged in Belgium at intervals during the last twenty-five years. Before commenting in detail upon it, I must explain just how the event came about.



A Portrait of a Lady.

From the painting by Roger van der Weyden belonging to Secretary A. W. Mellon.

There exists a body known as the Anglo-Belgian Union, the purpose of which is to foster friendly relations between the two countries so peculiarly allied through the Great War. Under the auspices of this Union the present exhibition was projected, and strong Belgian and British committees were formed. Conspicuous on the first of these was M. Paul Lambotte, director of fine arts in his own country, and M. Hulin de Loo, whose name shines like a beacon-light in the literature of Flemish art. On the British side there were specialists like Sir Martin Conway, Mr. Lionel Cust, Mr. Campbell Dodgson, and Sir Robert Witt. Another member of the committee, Sir Joseph Duveen, undertook to secure American participation, and, thanks to his good judgment in selection, our collectors were represented by about a score of the finest things on the walls. Nothing was lacking to give the affair the highest official *cachet*. The exhibition was organized with the co-operation of the Belgian Government, and the governments of Austria, France, Denmark, and

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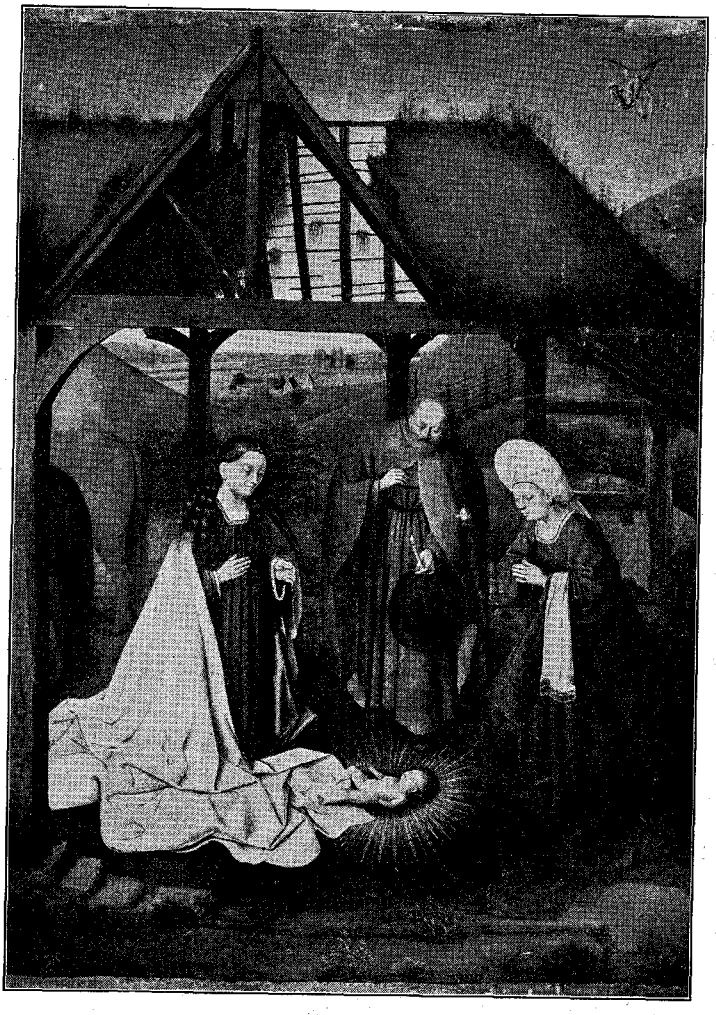
Hungary also took part, lending important pieces. Austria, for example, sent from Schönbrunn a marvellous group of tapestries. The patrons for the occasion were the King and Queen of Great Britain and the King and Queen of the Belgians. Finally, to afford a perfect place for the paintings and drawings, the sculptures and tapestries, the Royal Academy gave up to the exhibition its ten or twelve spacious galleries at Burlington House. It made a tremendous sensation in London. Nothing quite like it had ever occurred there before. There were nearly eight hundred exhibits listed, many of them practically priceless. They were valued, it is said, at fifty millions, but that seems to me a modest figure considering the rarity and splendor of the collection. It was brought together to be seen for two months, through January and February. A monumental edition of the catalogue is in preparation, to be richly illustrated in photogravure. This will beautifully preserve memories of the exhibition. But even without it the masterpieces at Burlington House will stay ineffaceably in my mind.



The Adoration of the Christ Child.
From the painting by Petrus Christus belonging to Henry Goldman.

They were consummately well arranged by the Hanging Committee—on which M. Lambotte and M. Hulin de Loo had as

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colleagues Sir Robert Witt, Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, Mr. Campbell Dodgson, Sir Frank Dicksee, and other distinguished Englishmen. The arrangement was, of course, chronological. As you entered the first room you stepped into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and into the company of the Van Eycks and their more immediate followers. The second room was given to the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. In the third room there was inevitably a dislocation of the chronology. It is an immense chamber, and it cried aloud to be adorned with the gorgeous full-lengths of the seventeenth century. Rubens, Van Dyck, and Jordaens dominated this gallery. In the fourth and fifth rooms the art of the sixteenth century was resumed, and thence the record was carried on through Moro, Breughel, Brouwer, Teniers, and the rest until the end of the story was reached in a choice display of modern Belgian painting and sculpture. Early Flemish art was produced generally on a small scale, and so the pictures in this exhibition were legitimately presented in a double line, but they were nowhere crowded, and thanks further to the sculptures and tapestries, the ensemble was perfect. London, as I

The Presentation in the Temple.
From the painting by Jacques Daret belonging to Edward Tuck.

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have indicated, enthusiastically rose to it. When I went to Burlington House every day I had to be sure of my hours, especially in the morning. As the forenoon wore on the crowds grew terrific.

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WHAT was it, precisely, that they had come to see? The work of a race of painters preoccupied with religious themes but functioning with their feet upon the solid earth. The Primitives were not painters of manners in the ordinary sense of the phrase. They had no traffic with familiar life save when they painted portraits. But in an extraordinarily simple mood they would depict a scriptural subject as a thing seen. Their art is a remarkable fusion of idealistic and realistic motives. Divine things are felt with true mystical emotion and they are portrayed with an uncannily accurate touch as regards human form, landscape, and architecture. It is important to remember, also, in approaching the school, certain technical factors which were of great moment in the development of its methods. These had a dual origin in Primitive Flemish sculpture, which accounts in great measure for the plastic effects in early Flemish painting, and in the art of the old miniaturists and illuminators whose minutely wrought Books of Hours foreshadow the exquisite craftsmanship that was to follow. It is essential to remember, too, the revolution brought about when the Van Eycks turned from the egg medium of tempera to the subtler potentialities of oil-painting. This enormously increased the flexibility and range of the school without diminishing, but, on the contrary, enhancing the jewel-like brilliance taken over from the miniaturists. I am sorely tempted to pursue this phase of the subject, but in a brief paper I can only glance at it and commend the reader who wants to go into the nuances of analysis to the best book in English that I know in this field. That is "The Van Eycks and Their Followers," which Sir Martin Conway published in 1921. With that volume and with Mr. Weale's "Hubert and John Van Eyck," brought out in 1908, the student may obtain a fairly exhaustive view of the matter. Apropos of the recent dates of those books, I may note in passing the essentially modern character of the definitive criticism that has been arrived at with reference to early Flemish art. It is only in recent times that the subject has been documented and set in a proper perspective by men like Weale and Hulin de Loo, Conway and Friedlander. The really constructive literature of the Flemish Primitives is a product of no more than the last half-century. That was one more reason for my going to London. Burlington House assembled in quantity and quality a unique mass of evidence in a study that is still going forward.

Anne Marquise de Vere.
From the painting by Mabuse belonging to Mrs. S. Scott.

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IT could not, to be sure, bring certain major contributions upon the scene. Everybody concerned, both in Belgium and in England, balked at the risk of bringing from Ghent the prodigious altarpiece, The Adoration of the Lamb, by Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, which is to Flem-

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ish art what the Sistine Chapel is to Italian. And Jan's great Arnolfini double portrait was not fetched from the National Gallery. (The Flemish room at that institution is one of the shrines of the world.) But the brothers were to the fore just the same. Hubert's picture of The Three Marys at the Sepulchre, from Sir Herbert Cook's collection, is one of the outstanding treasures of Flemish art, as gravely beautiful as a strain of noble organ music. It is, besides, a very representative composition. The sepulchre is set in the centre of a landscape. The women and soldiers before the angel are in entirely naturalistic attitudes. In the background the towers of Jerusalem are lifted as though above the grimly picturesque mass of a mediæval walled town. You see in this design, as in a microcosm, what I may call the formula of much Flemish art.

Portrait of a Gentleman.
From the painting by Moro belonging to J. Horace Harding.

The Bible supplies the theme. Nature and man, faithfully interpreted for their own sakes, supply all that remains necessary to the organization of the picture. There is an interesting difference between a work like this of Hubert's and a kindred work by an Italian Primitive. The latter is characterized by a kind of childlike sweetness. He moves haltingly in a newly discovered world of art and beauty. The truth engages him, but he touches it with

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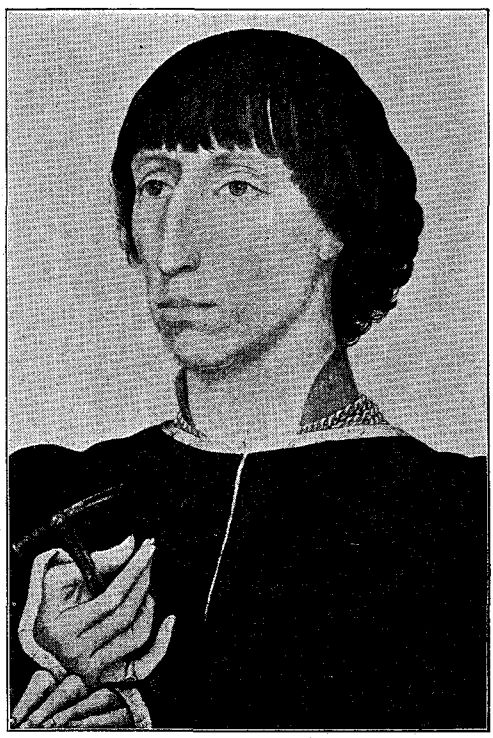
a hesitant hand. Hubert is more sophisticated, if one dismisses all thought of what is meretricious in some connotations of the word. He not only knows exactly what he wants to say, which is nothing if not a true report of observed fact, but in technique he is magnificently at his ease. The secrets of form and color are at his finger-tips. He knows the mysteries of landscape-painting, of perspective, light, and texture. Moreover, he can draw like a superman, showing it not only in the contour of an anatomical form but in the fall of a drapery. One trait you will find running from him through all the school. It is a certain vertically linear drift, a kind of austere and stately angularity. It is, for me, one of the most beguiling aspects of Flemish art.



Lionello D'Este.
From the painting by Roger van der Weyden belonging to Colonel Michael Friedsam.

Jan Van Eyck as a religious painter appeared in the exhibition to the Bruges Museum. In this you have not only supreme delicacy of line but the same quality in the supersensitive modelling. With the Primitives one is always returning to the enchantment and beauty of workmanship, workmanship inconceivably firm yet never hard, workmanship so pure, so exquisite, that beside it the draftsmanship, say, of even so great a modern master as Degas somehow seems crude. I followed these technical triumphs through an astounding array of portraiture and religious painting, too numerous a company of masters, indeed, for me to celebrate its salient figures in detail here. The crucial men were all present: Petrus Christus, Robert Campin, Jacques Daret, Roger van der Weyden, Dierick Bouts, Hans Memlinc, Hugo Van der Goes, and Gerard David. Quentin Matsys and Jan Mostaert were beautifully represented, and there were numerous examples of the Italianized Mabuse and Van Orley. Antonio Moro loomed superbly at his due point in the chronology, and there was a magnificent group of those fertilizing masters of landscape, Patinir, Bosch, and Breughel. In short, the world that lies back of Rubens was brought before us, fully peopled by its major artists. It is an unforgettable cosmos, partly because of its authentic devotional genius and partly because of that portentous craftsmanship to which I cannot too often refer. The technical rectitude of the Flemish Primitives is as impressive as their mystical sentiment.

less monumentally than Hubert, but quite as poignantly. His Madonna of the Fountain, from the Antwerp Museum, a panel less than eight inches high, gleamed like some rich reliquary, scintillating in blue and red and gold. I remember also his little Saint Barbara, likewise from Antwerp, in which the main figure was bodied forth substantially enough, but in which the architectural background is so much lacelike tracery. The sureness and the fineness of the drawing in this piece defy description. Those miracle-working Flemings could handle the brush with a Chinese delicacy. Besides his religious pictures, there was one of Jan's greatest portraits, that of his wife, which belongs

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THE mysticism evaporated in the seventeenth century. The technique remained, transformed, but at bottom tenacious of the same august standard that was erected by the founders. Line became bolder and even took on something like coarseness, but it had the old way of expressing truth, and in its new, more modern state, it set that truth upon canvas in a racier, more robust, way. Rubens, Van Dyck, and Jordaens are the great exemplars of this seventeenth-century expansion. There were some other significant personages. I remember with gusto, for example, a swaggering full-length, the Portrait of a Man, by Sustermans, from Dorchester House. But the heroes of the big state room remained the members of the triumvirate aforesaid, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Jordaens. They made an effect of overwhelming brilliance, Rubens in his tempestuous force, Van Dyck with his courtly elegance, Jordaens with his air as of the sturdy burgher giving himself up to material delights, like some jolly gourmet. They were represented by some of the most renowned canvases in Europe. King George lent Van Dyck's The Three Eldest Children of Charles I and Rubens's Isabella Brant, both from Windsor Castle.

Madonna and Child.
From the painting by Hans Memling belonging to Sir Joseph Duveen.

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Colonel Fremantle lent Rubens's great Gerbier Family, Mr. Henry Goldman, of New York, the same master's Francesco IV, Fifth Duke of Mantua, and Sir Audley Neeld the powerful Pieter Pecquius. Besides the portraits, there were numerous landscapes by Rubens and one of his best animal pictures, the Lioness at Play, belonging to the Earl of Normanton. The Van Dycks were equally dazzling. Side by side with the one from the King which I have just mentioned, there hung the renowned double portrait from Althorp, The Earl of Bristol and the Earl of Bedford; and then in a succession of radiant full-lengths, now courtly and now martial, Van Dyck reassembled, as it were, some of the most resplendent figures that have ever gathered round the steps of the British throne. It was a fitting climax to the Flemish exhibition.

There are a few other phases of it on which I would pause if I had the space. I would like to dwell on the sinewy strength, the infectious exuberance of Jordaens. I would like to touch upon the technical beauty in the work of Alfred Stevens among the moderns, and it would be especially interesting to traverse the drawings from the fifteenth century to the seventeenth. But on Van Dyck's note I bid farewell to one of the greatest exhibitions of modern times. It is the note of sheer splendor.

Francesco IV, Duke of Mantua.
From the painting by Rubens belonging to Henry Goldman.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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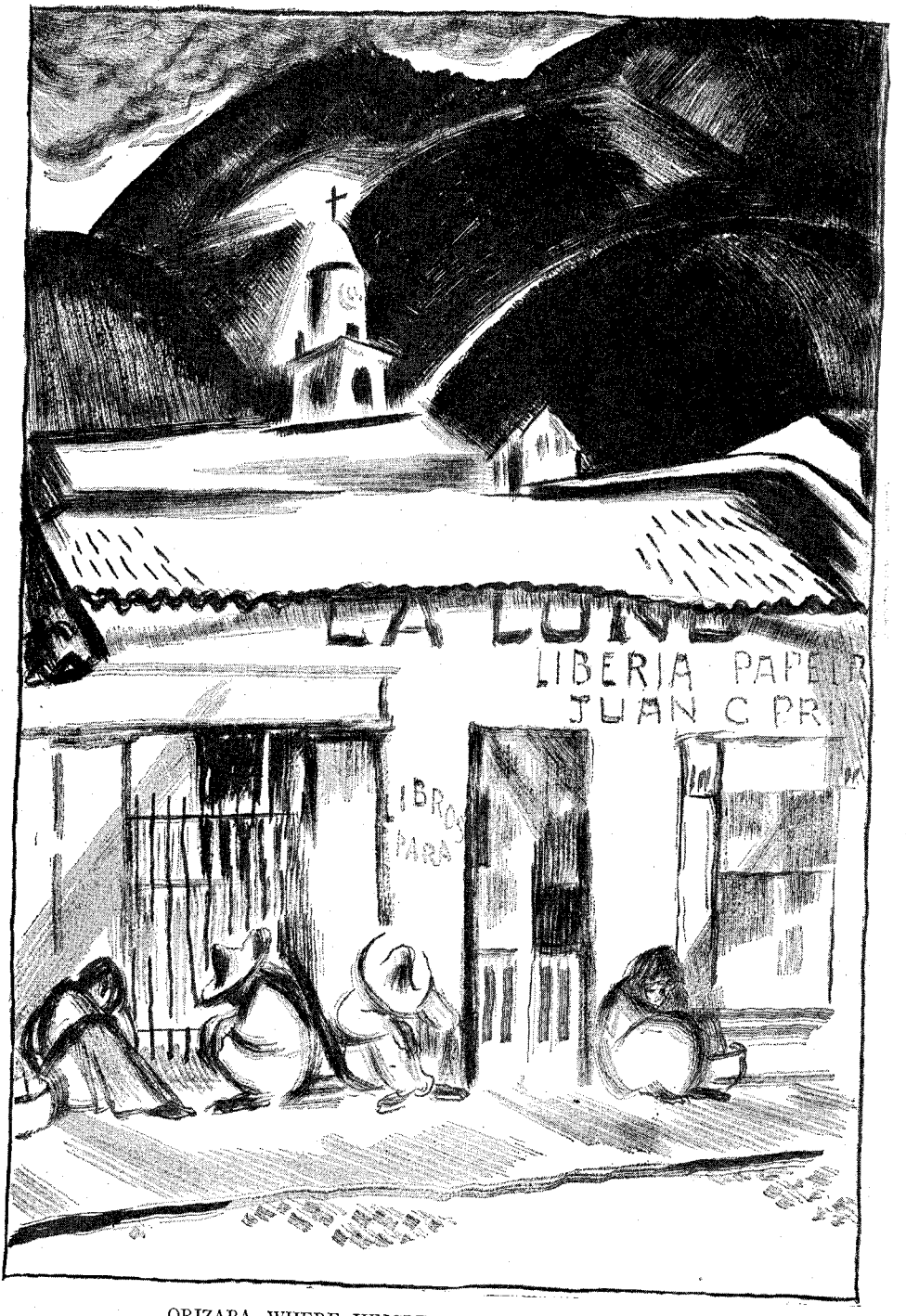

ORIZABA, WHERE JUNGLE AND MOUNTAINS MEET.

See "Canciónes Mexicanas," page 457.

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